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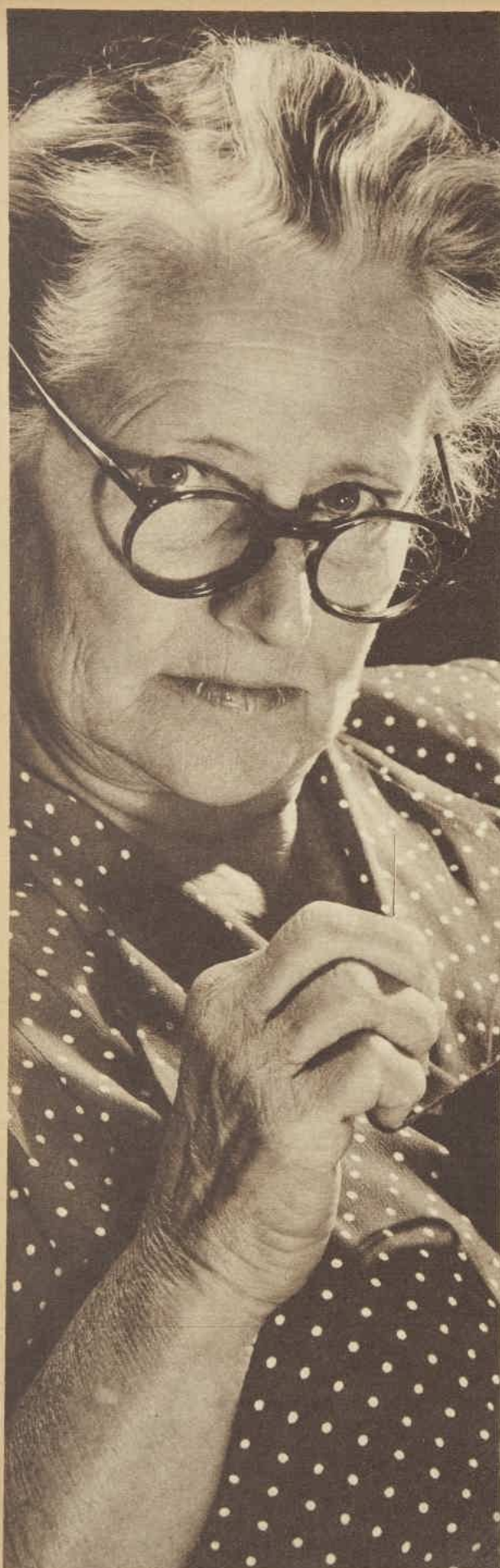
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Special Section
AUTUMN GARDENING

Pages 35 to 54



Issued by the Government of the Commonwealth of Australia.

*"Jack is a wonderful son
but my goodness
he's hard to wake up!"*

"Jack was always one for sleeping in — hard to wake up — but once he does, he makes up for lost time.

"Jack woke up only a few weeks ago to the danger facing Australia. He joined the C.M.F. and now he reckons there's nothing like it — wishes he'd joined up long ago.

"It seems to me it's time we all woke up to the dangers that surround Australia today. I don't want to see my son involved in a big war. No woman does. But the only chance we have of securing peace and saving thousands of lives is to prepare now to defend ourselves effectively. I'm proud to see my son facing up to a man's job, in the King's uniform."

More and more young men are "waking up" and joining the Citizen Military Forces for home training, and in the event of a major war, for service wherever needed to defend Australian lives and homes. They realise that training for war saves lives!

Encouragement of their menfolk in this important step is one of the finest things Australian women can do for Australia, because Australia's future safety — and their own security — depend upon our young men being fully trained to carry out the great responsibilities which may suddenly confront them.

**EVERY MOTHER SHOULD ENCOURAGE HER
SON TO JOIN THE C.M.F. THE TRAINING HE
GETS MAY ONE DAY SAVE HIS LIFE.**

Sweet thing

BY TED SCHURMANN

BILL NEWTON, the young, newly appointed managing-director, sat in his office chair, gnawing at a chocolate bar. He ate with concentration rather than with relaxation and pleasure.

Carefully he smoothed out the wrapper from the chocolate bar, as though it was a table napkin that had to be used again next meal. He studied this wrapper for a moment, then put the last piece of the chocolate into his mouth. After a time he suddenly got up from his chair.

He left his office via the door bearing his name and the additional information: "Managing-Director, Acme Confectionery Co." He hurried upstairs to the manufacturing plant. Bill was hurrying everywhere these days, doing everything with great zest and enthusiasm.

Quickly Bill completed routine inspections of the plant, called on some clients, dropped in at his printers to discuss a minor improvement he had in mind on the wrapper of the candy bar, then called on his solicitor. The appointment with the solicitor had been made the previous day and Bill kept it to the minute.

"Hullo, Freddie," Bill said to his solicitor.

"Morning, Bill. Bring me a chocolate?"

"You can buy your Acme Chocolates in the shops. Everyone else does."

"Do they? I'm glad. Business must be booming."

"It's not bad," Bill admitted. "Our Blue Boys are a great hit."

"Blue Boys?"

"They're our new chocolate line with the blue cellophane wrapping. Everyone's eating them."

"Then I must try them," Freddie said. "There's no doubt that Acme is fast becoming the big name in confectionery."

"No doubt at all," Bill was confident. "The only genuine opposition we're getting at the moment is from Palmer."

"You mean Palmer of Palmer Sweets?"

"You've heard of them?"

"Yes." "Palmer turns out some good lines," Bill admitted, "but we're going to make him sit up and take notice. Meanwhile, I want some advice, Freddie."

And Bill raced on to outline some of the problems he was meeting and which he was leaving to his solicitor to untangle.

Bill left Freddie's office round about noon, lunched at a little shop run by one of Acme's clients, then drove out to see more clients in a distant suburb.

Later in the afternoon, whilst making his way back to his own premises, he was suddenly confronted



Rival competitors were nothing to worry about, thought Bill, but he had reckoned without the unknown factor in the beautiful shape of Palmer.

by a big brick building, with the lettering: "Palmer Sweets," surmounting the upper story. Bill had never met Palmer. He stopped his car. It wouldn't hurt him to drop in to call on the man who was providing his toughest competition.

Bill went in and looked for an inquiry counter. He found some offices. An important-looking man came from one of these.

"My name's Newton, from Acme," Bill snapped at him, "I want to see Palmer."

The man called back into the office he'd just left: "Chap from Acme here wants to see Palmer."

After a few moments, another voice said: "Okay. Send him in."

Bill went in. The man at the desk within said: "Palmer'll see you right away. Go through." With a pencil he indicated another door. Bill marched through.

In the inner office, Palmer sat at a big desk—but Palmer was a red-head, with lovely curved lips.

"I got here first, even if I didn't have an appointment," the girl said, glaring up at Bill.

She was tastefully and no doubt expensively attired, but it was the lips Bill noticed first. It was slowly that he started to notice other things, for Bill was taken aback.

"Your name was Mr. Newton, wasn't it?"

"Ye—yes."

"From Acme?"

"Yes."

"And you want to buy some of our confectionery lines?"

"Yes. No, no. I—I—listen, you are Palmer, aren't you?"

"Certainly. Sit down, Mr. Newton, and tell me what's troubling you."

Bill dropped into a chair facing the desk.

"Nothing's troubling me. That is, nothing except . . ."

"Well, Mr. Newton?"

"Round at Acme, everybody calls me Bill."

"Now, don't underrate yourself, Mr. Newton. I'm sure your position entitles you to a mister. What are you, by the way?"

This was what Bill wanted. He sat up. "I'm the managing-director," he trumpeted.

"It was nice of you to drop in," the girl said, quite unmoved.

"I'm the managing-director."

"So you said. So am I."

"No, you're not. Not of Acme."

"Certainly not of Acme."

"Tried our Blue Boys?"

"Your what?"

"Blue Boys. My own creation. Taking the town by storm. I'm warning you, Palmer, competition's going to be keen."

"Exactly, Newton. Keen's the word."

"There's one thing I'll hand you," Bill said.

"Yes?" She raised an interested eyebrow.

"You're very beautiful."

"Is that all?"

"I'm afraid so," Bill said. "Now I must go. Call round some time and sample a Blue Boy."

"Glad you called," Palmer said. "Any time you're short of sugar, don't call on us. We need all we can get to satisfy the ever-increasing demand for Palmer's superior sweets. Good-bye."

Bill went out and got into his car. He drove thoughtfully. Business was going to be very keen.

He rang Freddie from his office. "Freddie, I've just met Palmer."

"Impressed?"

"In some respects, yes. She's a—I mean Palmer's a she."

"Yes."

"You knew all the time?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

Please turn to page 4

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FREDDIE seemed unconcerned about the whole thing. "I didn't think it was important," he said.

"Of course it is. Most important."

"In what way?" "I-I'm hanged if I know," Bill said.

"What did you phone for, anyway?"

"I-I'm hanged if I know," Bill said. He hung up.

Two nights later Bill attended a dinner of the Manufacturing Confectioners' Association. At the dinner, on Bill's left, sat a man who carried the smell of burnt sugar in his clothes. On his right was Palmer, who carried a beautiful smell, sweet, too, but not sugar.

"I love the perfume you're wearing," Bill told her, "and when I love I really go to town."

"To-night I'll call you Bill, Mr. Newton," the blonde Palmer said.

During the soup Bill figured it all out. He would marry Palmer and thus ensure his own lifetime happiness, and at the same time combine the two most promising confectionery concerns in town. It was going to be just too easy. That was, of course, provided Palmer said yes.

"I've got a scheme involving you and me," he said to her. "Tell me about it."

"Not until after the fish," Bill said.

"You may have forgotten by then."

"No," Bill said, "this is something I'll never forget."

After the fish, he started: "Now your firm and my firm."

"Let's not talk lollies," she said.

"All right. I'll have to think up another approach."

After dinner there were speeches and toasts. And after that, he said: "Please may I drive you home?"

"Thanks, but I have my own car."

"I hope it won't start," Bill said.

"You're a nasty man," she said.

"What's your name?" "Palmer."

"I mean what else can I call you?"

"Call me Palmer. Good-night Bill."

He watched her walk away. Outside, his own car wouldn't start. Not until he realised he hadn't turned on the ignition. He decided he mustn't think of Palmer all the time.

He found himself thinking of her again next morning when Doug Niven, one of Acme's best salesmen, came into the office.

"What is it, Doug?"

Niven tossed a miniature blue bon-bon on to the desk.

"Thanks, Doug, that's a nice gesture. But it's a bit soon after breakfast, so if you don't mind I'll put it in my pocket."

"Have a good look at it," Niven said harshly.

Bill frowned. "What's the matter? What's wrong with my Blue Boy?"

"I said a good look."

Bill unwrapped the confection. The chocolate looked good to his expert eye. He glanced at the wrapping he'd removed. He looked closer, then jumped in his seat.

"Yeah," Niven drawled, "it's from Palmer's. Note the touch of originality. They call them 'Boy Blues.' Different name. Ha ha."

Bill glared at his salesman.

Sweet Thing

Continued from page 3

Then he snatched at his telephone directory, flicked the pages savagely, dialled a number.

"I want Palmer!" he snapped into the phone. "Palmer! It's not a good morning. Listen. I've just seen one of your Blue- your Boy Blues. . . I will not eat one! Now you just listen. That's the lowest, meanest piece of copying I've ever seen in my business career."

Bill spluttered. "Can't you think of anything of your own? I-I'll take you to court for this! That line's going from the market, it's what? . . . It was not a pleasant evening. Ah!"

Bill banged down his receiver. He quickly dialled another number. When the number answered, he belatedly:

"Freddie! I'm coming to see you right away. Not in an hour, now."

A little later he banged his car door and walked smartly into the building where Freddie had his office. In the office was Palmer, not seated in the client's chair, but sprawled across Freddie's table, with her face very close to Freddie.

"I got here first," she said. "Hullo, Bill," Freddie said.

BILL addressed Palmer: "Hullo, you cheap, chiselling cheat. You little—"

"He sat beside me at dinner last night," Palmer said to Freddie, "and was quite amiable. Talked of far-reaching schemes he had evolved. What were they, you didn't get round to telling me?" she asked Bill.

"My present scheme is to gather up every piece of your miserable firm's confectionery and ram it down your throat."

"Take a note of that," Palmer said to Freddie.

"What's she doing here, anyway?" Bill appealed to Freddie.

"I'm reclining on his table," the girl said.

"I-I wish you confectionery people would come one at a time," Freddie moaned. "One of you is plenty."

"I get it," Bill snarled at his solicitor. "You've been double-crossing me."

"Bill!" Freddie said, pleadingly.

"Bill!" Palmer said.

"Now I understand all the hush-hush business about Palmer," Bill went on. "You never discussed her before I met her, because she was a client of yours, too."

"Precisely," Freddie said.

"I never discuss one client's affairs with another. And

there's no reason at all why Miss Palmer shouldn't be my client as well as yourself."

"Just call me Palmer," Palmer said.

"But I would prefer to see my clients one at a time. After all, neither of you made an appointment."

"I got here first," Palmer said.

"Shut up, can't you," Bill told her.

"Please stop fighting," Freddie pleaded.

"I came here to fight," Bill was not still a moment. "She wants fight and she'll get it. Look, Freddie, either you protect me or—"

"Don't worry, Freddie. I promise not to hit him," Palmer said.

"I make no such promise about you!" Bill roared.

"Look, Freddie," Palmer said sweetly, "I know of one nice, easy way in which the atmosphere in this office could be cleared. But as he doesn't look like going, I'll go myself. I'll phone you later."

Bill looked at the door, then turned to Freddie. "Another minute and I'd have strangled her. Now listen, Freddie, do you know what she's done?"

"Yes. She's copied your top-selling line, and it's a perfectly legitimate piece of business, and I wouldn't advise fighting it in court, and, please believe me, I'm always very loyal to you as one of my most valued clients and friends, and please don't look like that, Bill. She's a nice girl really."

"Freddie, it's—it's low. I think up the biggest thing in chocolate since somebody thought of putting nuts in it. It's my idea—my brain-child. She can't touch it in popularity or appeal. So what does she do? She copies it! What—what's the chocolate business coming to?"

"Nuts!" Freddie said.

"Thank you for your expert assistance. All right. I'm on my own. But remember what I said. She wants fight. She's going to get it."

"Wait!" Freddie said. "I hate to see you sore. I wish I could help you. Let's have lunch together, anyway."

"All right. But not a word about her."

"Certainly not," Freddie said.

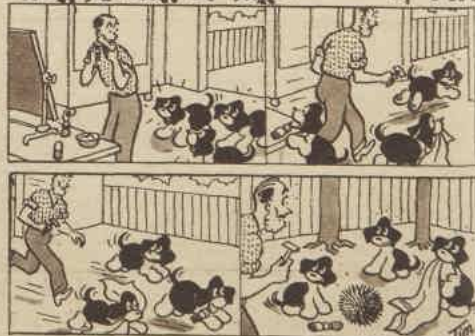
Palmer's name might not have been mentioned at lunch, but Palmer was not forgotten. Palmer saw to that. The fight was on and she seemed determined to carry it into every corner of Bill's existence. He saw her mark everywhere.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff-Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 17, 1951

Cyanide for supper

GAZING ahead of her, Susan sat quite still, staring fixedly at a new horror—which was herself. Why had she argued so vehemently just now, decided so passionately against taking the fact of the cyanide's disappearance to the police? The answer was to be found not in pity for old Andy but in what she would gain by Margaretta's death.

If she nursed her secret and another attempt were made—a successful one this time—she, Susan, would be free. Free to break off her engagement with William, to try to make Bob fall in love with her, knowing that in doing so she wasn't involving him in the ruin of his career.

Oh, she'd benefit by Margaretta's death all right! And it wasn't human not to long for love and happiness for herself.

She started up out of the chair. All at once she knew exactly the way murderers reasoned: I have as much right to happiness as she. I have more right. No one has any right to happiness, to life, who stands in my way. I am all-important. I have uniquely the right to commit crime, to do anything so as to achieve my ends.

Up to this moment she knew she hadn't honestly believed that any of these people could have been capable of this poisoning. But now, here had she been within an ace of conniving at Margaretta's death because she was in the grip of a passion that made death so desirable.

She went to the glass and combed her hair. Inescapable fact: the more she hated Margaretta, the more she knew that she must do everything in her power to safeguard her.

The telephone rang. It was William. Not to say anything special but just how was she and what was she doing and what sort of day had she had, and that he'd picked up her watch from the jewellers and they'd put in a new glass.

They chatted for a while, William doing most of the talking. She found it hard even to think of what he was saying.

"Are you still there?" he asked. "Of course."

"I thought we must've been cut off."

"No. No."

"Are you all right, darling?"

"Just a bit tired. I've been standing trying on the—trying on a frock."

"Those dressmakers. Have a rest now. I won't be along for about half an hour."

"Yes. . . I will. Good-bye for the present."

She put back the receiver. Escape before he came and wanted to know where she was going, wanted to go with her wherever it was. It was only a little after five.

She snatched up her bag and went out. Margaretta's door was open. Susan paused there, said airily: "I'm just running out to post a letter."

Margaretta swung round. "Why, Susan, you don't need to go out for that. Here, Una, go down with Miss Wynne's letter."

"It's all right, I'd rather go down myself." Oh, the irritation of this endless interference!

"Nonsense, Susan! It won't go any quicker. Klinger can take it when he goes. Or Hugo."

Hugo said, giving Susan a fellow-sufferer's glance: "Perhaps the poor girl would like to get out for a small breath of air."

Susan smiled at him, waved a hand, and crossed the hall and hurried down the stairs.

From a house a little farther down the road a taxi was just driving away. She ran across and hailed it. The driver reached out and opened the door for her and slammed down his flag.

He looked over his shoulder at her in

Margaretta pointed dramatically at her glass. "I'm convinced there's something suspicious about that drink," she said sharply.

quiringly as she got in. The girl was sitting sort of dumb looking.

"Where to?" he asked. His tone was injured. "To— Police Headquarters."

The westering sun poured blatantly in the window of Detective-Inspector Grogan's office.

Susan's face, in its searching rays, had grown noticeably strained in the past half-hour, during which Grogan and Manning had so effortlessly helped her to tell her story: that she had remembered immediately after the murder a tin of cyanide on Phipps' kitchen shelf; that she had gone there next morning and while he was out had taken it; that, not knowing quite what to do with it, she had hidden it in her room, from where, last night, it had mysteriously disappeared.

"Of course," she said for the third time, "it may have nothing to do with Eddie Heatherington's death. It may have been there for years and Mr. Phipps had forgotten all about it."

"Yes, that's right," Grogan agreed. "Not that it's a very usual thing to have lying around on kitchen shelves, is it?"

"No. But I know he was troubled with rats there once."

Manning asked the question she'd been waiting for: "What makes you so sure the stuff in this tin was cyanide potassium? Funny a young lady like you knowing it at sight."

She'd had her answer ready from the start. Rolling a cigarette round in her fingertips, she said: "Why, you know I was brought up in the country. I've often seen it. Far too often, I'm afraid. The rabbits on the place get very careless with it."

Grogan nodded. "I know, I've heard the old joke, 'Where's the cyanide, Bill?' 'In the tucker-box with the bell and hobbles!'"

She laughed. He reached over and lighted her cigarette, flicked the match into the ash-tray, and asked: "Now, look, Miss Wynne, you must have some idea who took this stuff out of your bedroom?"

She shook her head: "I haven't any idea. Everyone was sort of milling around the place after six o'clock."

Manning's sudden stir made his chair creak ominously.

Susan saw in a flash what she'd revealed, and began to talk quickly. "There was one rather odd thing that happened at about half past eight. I tried to get into my room and it was locked on the inside."

At Grogan's questioning she told in detail just what had happened; who was there and where they had all been, so far as she knew; and how Mrs. Gaiford had declared that there was no mystery about it at all, that she must have left the door locked herself and gone out by the other door into the bathroom and through her, Mrs. Gaiford's, room.

But the sergeant wasn't diverted. Almost before Susan had stopped speaking he said: "Why did you say 'after six o'clock'?"

She turned her head and looked at him, hoping that her face showed nothing of her sudden panic. "What?" she said vaguely.

The long-lashed blue eyes were too wide for innocence, he thought; too wide by half!

"You said 'after six o'clock,'" he repeated. "Why did it have to be taken after six?"

MURDER and marriage are mixed incongruously when EDDIE HEATHERINGTON is poisoned by cyanide in the flat of MARGARETTA GAIFORD, a week before the wedding of her nephew, WILLIAM JENNINGS, to wealthy SUSAN WYNNE.

Others involved include CLIVE and VERONICA RAWLINGS; Veronica's father, ANDY PHIPPS; HUGO FREEMAN, art decorator; KLINGER, masseur; UNA, housemaid. DETECTIVES GROGAN and MANNING, in charge of the case, pursue numerous lines of investigation.

For Susan, the whole affair has a further staggering complication. Never really in love with William, she has now fallen deeply in love with BOB ADAMS, tenant of the flat opposite Margaretta's, and she unwittingly involves him by asking him to analyse a tin of crystals that she found in Andy Phipps' kitchen.

The crystals prove to be cyanide, but Bob cannot persuade her to tell the police, and then the tin disappears from her room. Trying to decide what to do next, she is struck by a sudden dismaying thought. NOW READ ON:

She couldn't govern the quickened heart-beat and the color it sent rising to her face. "Oh, I—I didn't mean that."

"Look, you say it was in the morning you went down to Phipps' place and took this stuff. That right?"

"Yes."

"Then you went back home and hid it in your drawer and went out shortly afterwards to lunch with your fiancé and were out all day. Yet you specify after six as the time it must've been taken from your room. See? If you were out all day, why doesn't it seem more likely to you it was pinched during your absence?"

"Because, as I said, there were so many people in the place after six, having drinks, having dinner, playing bridge."

"How do you know who was there while you were out?"

"Oh, no, of course, I—I don't know."

"No."

They were both looking at her steadily. Grogan said: "Sure it was in your room all day?"

"What do you mean?" she stammered.

"You know what I mean," he said indulgently. "At the first, you didn't say you thought the contents of this tin was cyanide; you said it was. Then you say it was taken from your room after six. Now we're suggesting that it wasn't in your room all day, that you gave it to someone to analyse it and they didn't give it back to you till later in the day."

ILLUSTRATED BY KEMBLE

Please turn to page 61



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LUCAS
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SPORTSWEAR

It rained on Friday

A short story by LILIAN CHISHOLM

ILLUSTRATED BY RON LASKIE

I SUPPOSE if it hadn't rained on that particular Friday, none of this story would have happened at all. It was such a miserable day I decided to turn out John's bureau. I settled myself comfortably on the floor in front of the desk and started off on my self-imposed task.

In the top drawer I found the first letter I ever wrote to John. It had been about two months ago, strangely enough, when I went to stay with mother for a month because she was ill.

Then I found a little woollen lamb—and I sat and held that in my hand for a long while, remembering the day John brought the absurd little thing home with him.

"This is going to be my first present to our first, Laura," he told me, with a shamefaced grin.

But our "first" hadn't stayed with us long enough to look at the little woollen lamb, and sometimes I believe a part of me died then, along with my baby.

At last I began to put the papers back, neatly and methodically. And then—I found it. It was a photograph of John and one of the loveliest girls I have ever seen, and they were laughing together, with a tasty little picnic lunch spread out on the grass before them.

I sat there, just staring at that photograph, trying to make sense out of it. Who was this girl with whom John was on such happy terms?

I felt a bit sick. I shut up the bureau, with the offending photograph, and I went into the kitchen to get a cup of tea, but found I couldn't.

When John came in I was sitting listlessly on the bed, staring at a world which had suddenly turned upside down. I had to make the biggest decision of my life in the split second between hearing him open the front door and knowing he was on the way upstairs to look for me. Should I keep silent—or should I ask him point blank about the photograph? I decided to say nothing.

"What is it, Laura?" he asked. "Are you ill?"

"I'm all right now you're here," I said. "I felt a little off color and came up to rest—that's all."

We went out that evening, and I tried to pretend I was enjoying myself, but later when we were going to bed he asked me, quite suddenly, what was wrong.

"Wrong?" I said quickly, much too quickly. "What on earth could be wrong?"

"That's for you to say, isn't it, Laura?" he asked slowly.

He didn't say any more, but from then on, everything was changed. Sometimes I wished I had decided to tax John with the photograph, and then, at other times, I was glad I hadn't. I wanted to prove to myself that I trusted him, believed him, yet I knew very well, in my heart, that I was doing nothing of the kind.

One evening he asked me why I never wore a brooch he had given me.

"The one I gave you when you came back from your mother's

place," he added, watching me intently. "Laura, you haven't lost it? It was valuable—"

"No, I haven't lost it," I told him shortly, but I didn't tell why I had never worn it. Every time I looked at the brooch now I couldn't help wondering if John had bought it for me, feeling guilty.

Under all this constant strain of anxiety and gnawing suspicion, my headaches grew daily worse, until I began to dread getting up each morning. John asked me, several times, to see the doctor, but I refused stubbornly.

Of course, the day came when I knew I could postpone my visit to the doctor no longer. I plucked up courage one morning and set off for the surgery. I had a long talk with the doctor, and he asked me a seemingly never-ending string of questions; he sent me home with a prescription.

As I walked home slowly I came to a great decision. Something had to be done to put my life and John's back on to its old footing, and I was the only one who could do it.

There was only one way, and that was by cutting out this nagging suspicion. Doubts must have no place in my life if it was ever to be happy again.

I reached my home, feeling more at peace than I had done for months past. And with a growing sense of serenity surrounding me I went upstairs, changed my frock, did my hair, and put on the brooch John had bought me. It sparkled on my dark frock, and I touched it with my fingers caressingly. I had laid my ghost at last, I told myself.

I was setting the tea when the doorbell rang. I turned the gas down low under the kettle and went to the door.

It was the girl in the photograph!

For a few seconds everything seemed to go crazy, and next thing I remembered was on the couch in my own sitting-room, with the girl kneeling beside me, making me drink some water.

"What a greeting!" She laughed when I opened my eyes. "That's the first time anybody has ever swooned at sight of me. Feeling better?"

I sat up, humiliated at what had happened. The girl was even prettier than in the photograph, but I liked her—and that was something I certainly hadn't expected!

All the time she was making tea—she insisted on doing it—she talked to me from the kitchen, her voice raised so that I could hear in the sitting-room.

"I've always wanted to see you," she told me. "Your husband is certainly crazy about you, isn't he? Wasn't it marvellous the way he came along that day, just as we wanted a man to complete the picture? I could have fallen in love with him myself—if he hadn't been such a bore about you, my dear! Too bad that after we took all that trouble the picture never got used—funny, wasn't it?"

"Crazy," I said, then decided I'd better stop pretending. "Look here, I just don't know what you're talking about."

She came into the room, carrying the tea-tray, her eyes positively dancing.

"Don't tell me I'm letting any cats out of any bags!" She laughed. "Of course, I remember now, your husband wanted to keep it as a surprise for you when the picture came out—only it never did."

She lit a cigarette. "I'd better start at the beginning. We were having a picnic, you see—Mr. Smithers and myself. Smithers is my boss—or was. He's an advertising agent, one of the best, and he often used me as a model."

She colored a little. "He wanted to get a picture that day to advertise some sandwich spread," she said, "and we were expecting a young chap to join us to complete the picture. He didn't turn up—but your husband did. He got a puncture on the road just opposite, and we persuaded him to be in the picture. Smithers offered him payment, of course, and that seemed to encourage your John no end!"

The girl laughed and then went on, "He said it would come in very handy to buy his wife a present and he rambled on about a brooch he had seen or something. But, even so, he was a bit shy about posing." The girl paused to sip at her tea.

"Anyway, to cut the story short, in the end, your John posed with me for this picture—but soon after that I had a row with Smithers and walked out of the office. The picture was never used by Smithers, but on the advice of a friend I sent it to a film agency. It seemed they liked my face, and sent for me. To-

day I have signed a contract, my dear—can you beat that? I felt I simply must come and tell your husband what wonderful luck the old picture had brought me."

I just couldn't think of a thing to say, for thinking what a fool I had been to torture myself the way I had done.

It had all been so simple after all, so incredibly simple! And because of this foolish little episode which had turned out so fortunate for this lovely girl, I had almost wrecked my marriage and had certainly undermined my health!

Only one thing was I glad about, and that was that I had fought my own way out of the problem before I had heard the true story. I would never cease to be glad of that!

The girl left soon afterwards, unable to stay long enough to meet John when he came home. "Tell him from me that I owe everything to him," she told me gaily, as she left. "And tell him that I believe everything he said about his wife—now that I've seen her!"

John noticed the brooch the moment he came home.

"You're wearing the brooch at last, dear," he said happily. "I'd been so worried about it—I was sure you must have lost it. You acted just like somebody who has lost something and doesn't own up!"

"I did lose something, John," I

whispered. "Something very precious. I was too scared to admit its loss even to myself, but it's all right now—I've found it again, and everything is lovely."

He thought I was talking about the brooch, and I was glad to let him go on thinking it. Then I told him about the girl who had called and about the story she had told me, and he grinned at me, as embarrassed as any schoolboy caught in some mischievous prank.

"That's great news," he told me eagerly. "I've been dying to tell you about that picnic, darling, but I was waiting for that picture to appear on the hoardings first. I wanted to give you the biggest surprise of your life—and now the picture won't be used! But I'm glad about her news—she's a nice kid, deserves to get on."

"News!" I got up and sat myself on his knee. "Call that news? Wait till you hear mine . . ."

He was looking at me intently, bewilderment in his eyes.

"Remember a little toy lamb you once brought home?" I asked him after a moment. "I have an idea it will come in useful after all, John. I went to see Dr. Cresston this morning."

But the rest of my news didn't matter. It couldn't be told, in any case, because my lips were otherwise occupied at that moment.

Over John's shoulder I could see the little bureau, standing there. To-morrow, I thought serenely, I'll take that photograph out, have it framed, and hang it where I can see it always, for ever, as a kind of warning of what can happen . . . if you don't have enough faith.

(Copyright)



I stared at the photograph, trying to recognise the girl with John.

Buccaneer's Prize

By John Paul Heffernan

CONCEPCION ALVAREZ was as round as a butter firkin, but her spirit was as bright as the bangles she wore in her ears. And love was on her mind. Not for herself, heaven knew!

Those days were far behind, decently interred with her beloved Jose, who rested in the calm churchyard behind the cathedral of Panama. Not for herself, but for her charge, Maria, Castillo de Santiyana y Montego, that dark-eyed girl whose skin was as soft as the petals of a jungle flower, her lips as red as the hibiscus.

Concepcion sized like a fat pot too long over the fire. To think that her Maria was to be served like a ripe dish at the banquet table to that insufferable Don Luis de Valdejo! The little duenna had been in an adjoining room during the stormy scene between Maria and Don Diego, the girl's father.

"The marriage has been arranged," Don Diego said with the autocratic formality of old Spain. "As a dutiful daughter, you will comply with the wishes of your father. You forget," he said, allowing a note of hurt to creep into his voice, "that the father of Don Luis once saved my life."

"How could I forget it?" Maria flared. "Having been suckled on it since I was a babe, I've come to wear it as a lodestone around my neck. And because the duke saved your life—even before I was born—I'm the purse you toss at him in gratitude!"

"No man," her father said, "throws purses at the duke. Even my wealth does not give that licence. But this is different," he added; unbending enough to give a woman reasons for a man's choice; "the duke and I are old friends. What greater joy could two old soldiers find than the hope that their blood will be mingled through their children?"

"But Luis," she protested, "is so—so fat and crawling."

"Were your mother alive,"—and the ghost of an ancient sorrow trailed across his face—"she would explain these things to you. Young girls are so prone to foolish dreams of romance and high adventure. Well enough for common folk, who have nothing to venture and all to gain, but a girl of your birth has an obligation to her blood. Don Luis is expected shortly, and when the Lenient season is over you will be married to him before the golden altar."

The flat finality of Don Diego's voice denied the possibility of compromise. The old man was used to obedience, and Concepcion, trembling behind the open door, almost wept for her Maria.

Maria had not slept well that night and had been up to watch the sunrise tint the Pacific red and start feathers of steam rising from the sullen jungle. Four leagues from Panama the island of Taboga rose mistily from the sea, compliantly shifting its hues against the sky as morning brightened.

"It will be hot to-day," Concepcion said. "Arturo and Pancho are the wise ones. This morning they are going to Taboga."

"Taboga?" The suggestion was all Maria needed. It would be pleasant to defy her father; he had forbidden her ever to go beyond the limits of the town.

"But Don Diego, child—" Concepcion said skilfully.

"Don Diego is not to be advised," Maria said sharply. "Now go and see that it is arranged for us to go with Arturo and Pancho."

Some time later Maria composed herself on pillows in the sternsheets of the boat, safe from the sun under a gay awning that had been rigged for her. While Concepcion rattled her tongue with Arturo and Pancho, the girl addressed herself firmly to a book of English verse. An English slave in her father's house had, in return for her kindness, taught her all her knew of his language.

Juan they had called him, by his first name as one did a slave, but the big ring he wore bore

a proud crest with fine quarterings and Maria had known that he had been a gentleman in his own country. Perhaps even a nobleman before shipwreck had delivered him into Spanish hands.

With a stolen key from her father's drunken steward Maria had helped the Englishman to escape. And before he slipped off into the jungle, with gold she had given him jingling in his ragged breeches, he had bowed over her hand with old-fashioned courtesy and made her a promise.

"If I get back to Devon," he had said, "I shall plant a rose for you there. And I'll tell my wife that she owes my life to you." And then he had gone off to fight his way back to his strange island, where, so he had told her, mists parted to reveal roses climbing the walls of ancient cottages, and downs ran green to meet the sea.

Suddenly the lines irritated her and she flung the book aside. What romance could there be with Luis, who reminded her so much of something she might find under an overturned stone?

Arturo, sensing his lady's impatience, leaned heavily on the tiller, and the little boat nosed obediently toward the saucerlike beach of Taboga.

"No!" Maria said sharply. "We will go behind the island. I am in no mood to be devilled by people with pineapples and fish that have been too long out of the sea."

Arturo gave her a single doubtful glance; then, perceiving the storm gathering in her eyes, prudently changed his course and began the laborious task of tacking around Taboga. When the slanting island finally loomed between the small boat and distant Panama, they saw a tall ship placidly riding her anchor chains offshore.

Arturo licked salt spray from his lips, anxiously scanning the stranger's trucks. "No flag," he said, crossing himself. "A pirate, surely!"

"Dolt!" Maria said. "Would a pirate come so close to Panama without a fleet?"

"The Englishman, Morgan, came to Porto Bello last year, lady," Arturo reminded her, "and this ship has the mouths of brass guns sticking from her ribs. It is not good."

But she was adamant and Arturo, with a prayer that was echoed by the braying Concepcion, headed the little boat for a sheltered beach that Maria indicated with a determined finger.

When they reached the shore, Maria and Concepcion, leaving the men to fuss with their boat and worry about the strange ship, selected a shady spot for their lunch and set about spreading a cloth on the smooth sand. And as they knelt setting their places for the meal, they fell into each other's arms with fright when the man spoke to them.

"Venus and her handmaiden!" he said, laughter bubbling out of his voice like water escaping from a frothing kettle.

Maria, clutching the trembling Concepcion, was conscious of a pair of oversized boots planted firmly in the sand and a tall young man dressed in faded breeches and a white shirt open at the throat.

He had a good face, she concluded swiftly. It was the sort of face that had been made without hesitation, firm and well-ordered, with an upward twist at the corners of the lips, and deep blue eyes that danced devilishly at her from a bronzed face that suggested old friendship with sun and sea.

His blond hair, barely brushing his big shoulders, gave him away for an Englishman.

His left fist was planted solidly on his hip and his right grasped a long rapier whose burnished blade ended abruptly in a ripe pineapple.

For a moment she had been frightened, but when she saw the pineapple, his warlike stance seemed more like the bravado of a small boy, and her relieved laughter made the white slash of his grin broaden across his face. Following her glance, he took the pineapple, tossed it in the air and caught it deftly again on the point of his blade.

"I take it then," he said, "that I am invited to the feast?"

Maria's glance, distracted briefly by motion, flicked to the beach, where Arturo and Pancho, like a pair of pouterous cats, were advancing on the Englishman's rear. But the Englishman, although his gay smile remained fixed on his face, was obviously a man who trusted his back only to a friend or a high wall.

"You may tell them," he said in good Spanish, "that people on my ship yonder are watchful. I keep my guns loaded with all manner of useless metal when I'm ashore."

"It's all right, Arturo," Maria said. "Stay with the boat. I will call you if I need you."

ILLUSTRATED
BY BOOTHROYD



**He was a daring raider,
but gentle-mannered
and chivalrous when he
wished to be.**

Then, while Arturo and Pancho returned doubtfully to the boat, she said, in English: "You're bold, aren't you?"

His eyes flashed pleasure at the use of his own tongue. "Shall we say that I examine my roads before I ride along them?"

Maria looked at the tall ship riding quietly off-shore. It had none of the slatternly air of a pirate craft, she was sure. The ship, like the man who stood before her, looked sure of herself.

His amused voice broke through her consciousness: "Now that you've carefully viewed my craft, may we not lunch? Soon the little red ants and all the busy bugs of the tropics will consume the feast while you stand staring at a perfectly ordinary ship."

"It is not an ordinary ship," she said, feeling that her remark pleased him. "You are perhaps," she said after a moment's silent thought, "a clean pirate."

He grinned. "Have me for a clean pirate then, if your romantic fancy dubs me so. But I'll give you my honor on it—never once has the tip of my mainyard bent to the hanging of a man nor have I ever thrown a poor woman to the great fish o' the Pacific."

While Concepcion cringed against the bole of a palm, he thrust his rapier toward the sky, loosing the pineapple, then, as it fell, he cut it neatly in halves with a swift stroke of his weapon, allowing the severed halves to tumble at Maria's feet.

"There, m'lady," he said, "poor work for an honest yard of English steel, but it's a neat division and my contribution to the feast. Let us eat!"

Please turn to page 69.

"Perhaps I am bold, but fortune aids the bold!" he told Maria, and Concepcion chuckled quietly.



A SHORT STORY
complete on this page

THE ferris wheel spun its giant circle; the boats and planes turned in their little ones. Everything in the hot and dusty amusement park was moving in horizontal or vertical arcs. Janet put her son Nick on his favorite merry-go-round horse, the black one with arched neck and flaring nostrils, and fastened the belt around him. "You watch for Penny and David," Nick told her, staccato delivery propelled by one long breath. "Well as soon as they come! You will, won't you?"

Janet's reply to this demand was sharp. She went to sit on the nearest bench. As the music began to mark the rhythm of still another moving circle she closed her eyes, thinking about the edge of irritation in her voice just now. It had not been irritation with Nick, but with herself. She too felt an eagerness to see Penny and her father, David.

Janet was young, pretty, and tired. The tiredness came from holding down a job and trying in every other waking moment to make up to her son for the time she was away.

She was also lonely. And in all the past spring and summer of bringing Nick to the amusement park on Saturday afternoons, she had never felt lonelier than at this moment when she knew she would soon see David again.

Penny appeared. Penny was a sturdy little girl with a snub nose and beautiful blue eyes who seldom let Nick forget she was all of five and a half years old to his mere five. Now she said hello to Janet and stood impatiently by, watching Nick ride his black horse with a daring that was all for her.

Penny's father sat on the bench beside Janet. Deliberately she kept her eyes away from his face for a minute, as a self-punishment for wanting too much to see it.

"Penny warned me that Nick would ride off without her if we didn't hurry."

She smiled and allowed herself to look at him for a moment then, at the thin, dark face with the white line of a grin and the blue eyes like Penny's. The music swelled into gaiety, and the amusement park was the enchanted place it had been all summer.

The merry-go-round slowed to a stop and Penny climbed on the horse beside Nick's. Two small hands waved good-bye as the merry-go-round burst into sound again.

Nick yelled, "Hi, David! Bye, David!" while the horses started their proud ascent.

There had been no David to wait for when she had first started bringing Nick to the amusement park in the early spring. In April she and Nick had moved out of the big empty house on the other side of town and into the little apartment within walking distance of the park.

On those first visits she had hoped with all her heart that Nick didn't feel their incompleteness as a family as keenly as she did. The place seemed to abound in happy family groups. It wasn't that all children came with both parents. Not many did.

But if you were as conscious of incompleteness as Janet was, you could sense in their boisterousness that the missing parent wasn't far away, was busy with homemaking tasks.

She had missed Nick's father mostly on her own behalf until then, missed him with an ache that two years had not dulled. That spring an emotional weight had shifted and she missed Nick's father most of all for Nick.

The shock of the short, awful illness that had taken him from them without warning, the painful void in which she had lived for so long—both had passed and left in their place the bitterness of incompleteness. Bitter for her then and now. Bitter for Nick in the fatherless years ahead.

In a few breathless sentences Penny had formed an ardent friendship with Nick at the start of summer. It was this, perhaps, that deluded Janet briefly into thinking that David looked like Nick's father. But he didn't really. He was uniquely Penny's father. His name was David, not Tom, and any resemblance between them wasn't physical.

As she came to know him in the succession of Saturday afternoons that the children arranged to share, the illusion of resemblance



Playtime in the Park

By
**ELIZABETH
WILSON**

ceased to matter to her. All that mattered was knowing him.

These limits were defined on all sides by the mother of whom Penny had boasted to Nick, the blonde and beautiful mother, very busy at home on Saturday afternoons. So Janet asked none of the kind of questions that would have intruded on the busy home life. Whatever his reasons, David asked none of her.

They talked of everything but themselves and somehow they came to know each other in spite of it before summer was over. Janet knew a good deal about David, at least. She knew the penetration in his humor, his gentleness with no vein of weakness in it.

Now, however, even the heat of this summer day could not banish the chilling knowledge that winter weather would soon bring the Saturday afternoons to an end.

The children stood in front of their parents, "The ferris wheel!" they demanded in chorus. Nick pulled at her hand. "It's your turn to ride with us," he reminded her.

She sat between the two children on the gently rocking seat and David lowered the iron bar that locked the three of them in. The wheel lifted them swiftly into the sky in its breath-taking arc and brought them to earth again. As they moved in the giant circle she kept her arms around both children, harboring them in a security she could never quite feel herself.

But her eyes stayed on David there on the ground, now near, now far—fixing his thin amused face in memory. After to-day she might never see him again.

When their seat was at the top of the arc the wheel paused to let someone off below. It did not start again. In a moment she could see by the little flurry of people around the machinery that something had gone wrong. Even at that distance she knew that David's upturned face was no longer amused. She watched him work his way through the gathering crowd into the shed that housed the machinery.

"See how close the hills are," she bade the

children. In the pure and sparkling air every fold of the brown hills was sharp. In the shelter of her one arm, Nick was relaxed. Penny was suddenly rigid and moved out of her other arm.

"Where's my daddy?" she demanded. "I don't see him!"

"He'll be right back," Janet told her.

Nick crowded in sudden perversity. "He's gone home!"

"You've got a mother," Penny said oddly, "and she's here with you. But I've only got my daddy and I don't see him!"

"Your mother's always too busy at home," Nick reminded her. It was a taunt and it wasn't like him.

Janet saw David come out of the shed and pointed him out to Penny, whose panic suddenly vanished. "My mother," she informed Nick, "is prettier than your mother." Then she glanced up at Janet in quick embarrassed apology. She added, "But you're nice."

"Thank you," said Janet.

DAVID was signalling that all was well. In the same moment the wheel began to move slowly.

They tried to be as casual as possible and put the children for a final ride on the train that circled the park. Janet sank on the bench beside the tracks with relief, but the ground under her had felt firmer before the ferris wheel. It still rocked perceptibly.

There was something about the tension and relief just shared, the way he now handed her a cigarette with a wordless grin which made it possible for her to voice the puzzlement that nagged at her.

"Penny had only one bad moment up there," she told him, "the moment when you disappeared from sight. She said something . . . something about having only you. And in the next breath reminded Nick that her mother was prettier than his mother!"

His grin was gone. His eyes followed the departing train. "Penny has a very pretty mother," he said calmly. "But Penny hasn't

seen her for a long time. A few years ago she found someone who suited her better than I did. Gayer, I hear, and certainly richer."

She found herself covering her sharp, confused reaction with another question, a blunt one: "How did you get custody?"

"I just wanted it very much," he answered, "and Penny's mother wanted—to travel light."

Now that she took a moment to unravel her reaction, she found that a painful part of it was disappointment. If this were his status, why had he been so incurious about hers?

There was only one possible answer. He wasn't interested. Then, to her distress, disappointment tricked her. She heard it in her own voice as she asked plainly and shamelessly, "Haven't you wondered about never seeing Nick here with his father in all this time?"

His laugh was abrupt. "I not only wondered, I asked. I found out via the Nick-Penny grapevine that besides being bigger, stronger, and handsomer than — he's also busier!"

His eyes met hers suddenly and searchingly, as the echoes in her question and his own answer reached him. And what she saw in his look was all the reassurance she needed. She told him about Nick's father.

She listened to him voice her own impasse: "And I was so careful," he said, shaking his head, "to keep hands off your full and happy home life—even with questions!"

The little train was approaching. She waved happily at the two grubby extended hands and wondered, why didn't I guess?

She turned to David, suddenly free to turn to him with this or any other problem. "So both our children invented parents for those they were missing . . . They fooled each other, but I don't think very well."

"They fooled us—for too long," he reminded her, and he enclosed her hand in his own. "Let's see what they say about this." He waited a moment until the train had stopped and Nick and Penny were coming across the path. Then David bent and kissed her in a way that Janet knew was not for the benefit of the children alone.

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FROM ALL LEADING FASHION STORES



RECRUITS in the Women's Royal Australian Air Force, Leading Aircraftswoman E. Bligh (left), L.A.C.W. B. Bartlett, and A.C.W. Moran enjoy nice tablecloths, white crockery which the wartime W.A.A.A.F. did not have.

Peacetime airgirls land on their feet

Amenities make life easier for newly recruited Wraafs

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

"March straight and don't wobble," bawled the drill instructor to the flight of smart-looking young recruits.

I was standing under a shady tree on the R.A.A.F. Station, Richmond, N.S.W., watching R.A.A.F. Corporal Carter put the first 25 rookies in the newly formed Women's Royal Australian Air Force through their paces.

DRESSED in cream button-up dresses which are the working dress of the W.R.A.A.F., but wearing the popular old W.A.A.A.F. wide-brimmed hats fur felt, these women are the nucleus of the first detachment of women to be recruited in peacetime for any of the services.

It was hard to imagine it was nearly 10 years since A.C.W. Patrick had tried so hard to "march straight and don't wobble."

It was also difficult to imagine that young women would in peacetime give up their comfortable homes, free and easy lives, and pretty clothes for life in barracks, strict discipline, and service routine.

But service life holds a fascination for these girls.

My mind slid back to ten years ago when I, a baffled and miserable aircraftswoman, was being shouted at by drill instructors, "Pick up your feet, Canary Legs."

I unhappily wore long yellow campus socks while training in civilian clothes, do-

ing physical training and route marches until exhausted, attending lectures on service law, and being made to scrub ablutions and latrines.

And a lot of other thoughts came rushing into my mind:

The numbness of the new recruit used to a comfortable home with pictures on the walls, privacy, a soft bed . . . The angry resentment of discipline, the seemingly severe punishments, having to learn to button up an overcoat, and when to pull gloves on and off . . .

Getting used to bare barracks, short hair, lights out, leave passes, bed of straw, and the harsh feel of grey service blankets . . .

And the shame of having been caught practising saluting trees along the camp drive . . .

The trick of pretending to scratch your face when trapped into saluting without a hat . . .

The length of Collins Street, Melbourne, when, as a new rookie in uniform, I sneaked shop doorway by shop doorway, up this fatal highway



EX-W.A.A.A.F.s L.A.C.W. G. Fitzgerald, who was a cook's assistant during World War II, and L.A.C.W. B. Chapman, who was a driver, have rejoined as drill instructors.



W.R.A.A.F. RECRUITS wearing the cream cotton button-up working dresses do physical training to keep themselves fit for service life. Many of the girls hope that the regular exercise will help them to reduce.

dodging saluting airwomen and troops, to avoid the embarrassment of saluting in public . . .

My mother calling out to me when I stepped off the train at Central Station. Calling her daughter by her Christian name, and I didn't even look round . . .

I had changed my name for a rank and number.

I travelled by troop trains, I ate at canteens, spoke lightly of CO's, MO's, DI's, PT, KP, US, DRO's, SAO's, and the WOD. . . my family thought I had gone mad.

I put up with them kindly, but amazingly enough was glad to get back to my mates.

But the rot had set in. I was actually glad when my leave was over, and I could get back to the people who spoke my language . . .

But this was 1951, and here are women taking their place beside men in the services.

Among the 10 musterings in

the new W.R.A.A.F. (pronounced W.A.F. for convenience) are clerks, medical orderlies, stores and equipment assistants, stewaresses, mess girls, and tailors.

Seven of them have been in the wartime W.A.A.A.F. An ex-cook's assistant and an ex-driver are going to become drill instructors.

They were a mail sorter and a cafe proprietor in civilian life and hankered after the old service life.

Among the recruits, whose average age is 22, are four stenographers, a secretary, a couple of clerks, shop assistants, a children's nurse, a machinist, and a waitress.

This flight and a similar one training at Laverton, Victoria, will be the nucleus of the 832 women needed to complete the peacetime W.R.A.A.F.

Trim, brown-haired Flight-Officer Eleanor Brett, an ex-W.A.A.A.F. officer, who has been looking after her mother

at home in Perth since being demobilised, is in charge of training the N.S.W. section of the W.R.A.A.F.

She will later go to Pearce, W.A., to train the 37 girls for the Western Australian section of the W.R.A.A.F.

Her new W.R.A.A.F. summer uniform is very different from the old wartime one. Instead of the khaki suit or shirt and skirt, she wears a grey loose-weave rayon dress buttoned all the way down the front. Her felt hat, which matches her dress, is a complete change from the peaked blue cap worn in wartime. Airwomen have a similar uniform.

It is perhaps a good change.

I remember with mirth my embarrassment when a man in a Melbourne tram bonded me his twopenny fare and, after looking more closely at my badge, leapt off the tram in confusion.

I kept the twopenny.

Nylon stockings replace the lisle for "walking-out," although lisle are still worn on the unit. An over-the-shoulder bag with black matching gloves is an interesting innovation.

The bag will do away with the necessity (most unservice-like) for bulging pockets.

The black flat-heeled shoes are the same as before, but instead of the uninviting cotton underwear, Wraafs are given £10 with which to purchase undies.

"The new W.R.A.A.F. will be very different from the wartime show," F.O. Brett told me.

"We have a great deal more discipline, girls have to behave themselves with much more decorum when out in public, and we are more particular about choosing our recruits," she said.

"The scrutiny is particularly severe with officers. We are very short of suitable women officers, and have many applications, but it will be difficult to get into this new peacetime service. The standard is very high. There will be 30 officers."

HAPPY SMILE on face of rookie A.C.W. A. Holohan, of Matland, as she proudly displays her bed-linen issue. She has joined the W.R.A.A.F. as a clerk.

Flight-Officer Brett said the 25 women recruits already in training were a specially selected group.

"They are a cracker lot of girls, and we expect a lot of them," she added.

"We will not have to put up with the worries of the wartime W.A.A.A.F. If they give any trouble out they go."

When I asked her if the girls still had to wear their hair short and no nail lacquer she replied: "Yes, the hair is even shorter in the W.R.A.A.F., and make-up is discreet."

"But a great innovation which should please them is the single room the majority will have, with sheets and pillowslips on the bed."

I had a look at the spotless barracks, and I envied the privacy of the small rooms now provided as against the crowded intimacy of the big barrack rooms of the W.A.A.A.F.

The beds had springs instead of the old wire-fence type. The mattresses were real ones, not "donkeys' breakfasts," as we called them.

The sheets and pillowslips made it look quite home-like, except that the airwomen still have to fold their blankets up in a neat pile instead of making their beds in the usual fashion.

Although the troops have private rooms, the barrack-like atmosphere is maintained. No pictures or ornaments are allowed, only a small mirror is tolerated.

Kit and room inspections are even more strict than in wartime, I was told.

But the one article of clothing I missed was the favorite blue jeans—that good old all-round garment which could be used for hundreds of jobs has been replaced by a more attractive and decorous cream frock similar to that worn by wartime airwomen in hospitals and messing staffs.

After a couple of hours with the new W.R.A.A.F., watching them drill and do physical jerks, visiting their recreation room, seeing their training schedule, I could see that things had not really changed much from the days of the wartime W.A.A.A.F.

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Cafe where film stars count for nothing

Colony Restaurant is haunt of international glamor set

From GEORGE MCGANN, of our New York staff

Nearly half a century ago Gene Cavallero, a kitchen boy in an Italian cafe, wanted to migrate to Australia.

His friend A. O. Romano, who was also learning the restaurant business from the bottom, used to dream of going to America.

BUT fate scrambled their ambitions.

Cavallero, who wanted to go to Australia, is now owner of the exclusive Colony Restaurant, the second home of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and of every other member of the international set who passes through New York.

Romano, who longed for America, made a fortune as owner of Romano's Restaurant in Sydney.

These two old friends recently met again at the Striped Bar of The Colony Restaurant and spent a reminiscent afternoon over glasses of fine French champagne.

Oddly enough, although The Colony Restaurant is situated in a much bigger city, it is much smaller and far less impressive to the eye than Romano's in Sydney.

Where Romano's can accommodate more than 350 people comfortably, The Colony would be extended to serve more than 250 persons at one time.

It is just large enough to serve "the right number of the right people," as society columnist Cholly Knickerbocker once observed.

The eye-popping prices on Cavallero's hand-written menu help to keep the "wrong" people out of The Colony.

A tasty hors d'oeuvres at The Colony is almost the price of a complete dinner at a lesser cafe. For instance, smoked salmon is listed at three dollars (£A1/10/-) and black

caviare costs four-and-a-half dollars a dab.

A small grilled steak costs eight dollars and an ice-cream 85 cents. There are no listed prices for Specialites de la Maison such as Scotch grouse, French duck or snails, and lobster thermidor.

M. Cavallero charges guests for these dishes what he thinks they can afford to pay.

He soaks the rich to feed the not-so-rich. One millionaire may pay 15 dollars for a dish which a down-at-heel aristocrat will get for two dollars or for nothing. An impressive list of genteel guests grace The Colony with their distinguished presence, but they receive only token bills which are never paid.

"It is easy to be a gentleman if you have wealth," Cavallero always says when asked about his charitable attitude, "though it's mighty difficult if you haven't."

The accent is on quality rather than quantity at The Colony.

That is just as true of its clientele as its food.

The Colony is unquestionably the smartest, the most fashionable, and the most correct lunching and dining spot in the world.

Its patrons form a tight, devoted little band, whose common denominator — if there is anything common about them — is not so much wealth, but an exquisite appreciation of the things that wealth can command.

The Colony never seeks new custom. The only desire of



COLONY CLUB OWNER Gene Cavallero talking to luncheon guest Mrs. Orme Campbell, who was formerly Dorine Beresford, of London, at her exclusive table near the famous Striped Bar of the restaurant.

Cavallero and his suave staff is to keep the old customers happy and to keep them coming back.

Many of The Colony's patrons are completely at a loss on Sunday, when its small white entrance door remains shut. They have no other place to go in a city of seven and a half million people and what seems like seven and a half million restaurants.

When the Windsors are in America a table is reserved for them permanently in the very best part of the dining-room. No one else is ever seated at it. This is the famous Table No. 1, for many years the exclusive property of William K. Vanderbilt, the millionaire and gourmet whose early custom helped give The Colony the stamp of top quality.

The most pitiless and rigid caste system in the world is in vogue at The Colony. Social position is of far more importance than mere wealth or fame. A dispossessed duke or a former king, even though broke as most of them are, is more welcome at The Colony than the reigning king or queen of the movies.

The dining-room of The Colony is divided into three parts.

The first eight tables to the right and left of the narrow French doors are known as the Royal Box.

Here the Windsors, the King and Queen of Yugoslavia, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is the brown on the upper crust of New York society, America's elder statesman Bernard Baruch, and Miss Beth Leary, who has not missed luncheon at The Colony one day in the past 25 years, are among the favored few whose tables are always waiting.

The second section is called Midships.

Valued and decorative customers Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowski, the wife of the long-haired conductor, authors Clare Boothe Luce, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Somerset Maugham, and Michael Arlen, actress Sarah Churchill and her lean, black-haired husband, Tony Beauchamp, or distinguished visitors such as Sir Alexander Korda, Lord Louis Mountbatten, and Winston Churchill are happy to be seated Midships.

The rear section, which is cut up with alcoves where unwanted guests may be hidden from view, is known as the Doghouse.

Into the Doghouse go the nouveau riche, the out-of-town celebrity-seekers who want to boast that they have actually dined at The Colony, and practically all film stars — regardless of their earning power or popularity among the general public.

People like Frank Sinatra, who evoke gawking stares in lesser restaurants, are ushered to the very farthest reaches of the Doghouse, and are ostentatiously ignored by the more favored clients.

Cavallero, who probably has not seen a film for 20 years, regards film folk with a kind of well-mannered suspicion.

There are a few notable exceptions among film people who have achieved "respectability" who have the privilege of a seat Midships or at the bar, which has become fashionable for luncheon in recent years.

Among these favored film personalities are Lady Peel (Beatrice Lillie), Marlene Dietrich, Robert Montgomery, Annabella, Lady Sylvia Ashley (and now her newest husband Clark Gable as well), Myrna Loy, Deborah Kerr, Cole Porter, Charles Chaplin, and Gloria Swanson.

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GENE CAVALLERO (left), with Mrs. J. Oakley Rhinelander, Mrs. Orson Munn, jun., and Gene Cavallero, jun., inspects the buffet table at The Colony Restaurant.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 17, 1951

Sister Kenny tells why she has returned home

She will supervise work on polio from Queensland

By SISTER ELIZABETH KENNY

When I left America to return home to Australia, many friends asked me why.

Some remembered the times during my ten years' sojourn in America when my heart was filled with despair—when it seemed futile to go on, when the obstructive forces seemed too great to overcome.

I AM happy to reassure these people. I left America with a feeling of peace and contentment, the feeling that comes with a sense of a mission fulfilled.

I left with a deep sentiment of gratitude toward the great American public—most especially the women—who supported my work, who gave me a chance to bring hope to thousands of children threatened by the great crippling, infantile paralysis.

I have been called, at times, a boastful woman. I don't doubt that I have occasionally made statements that seemed boastful to some people, especially those unfamiliar with the decades of struggle that followed my discovery of a new method of treating polio.

I know I have been bitter at times and even "cantankerous." But it was hard to be calm—as some well-meaning friends counselled—when the lives, health, and happiness of children were at stake; when anxious mothers cried out vainly for help that could have been provided, but wasn't. It was hard to be patient when a treatment whose value had been demonstrated by decades of experience was coldly denied to those who needed it desperately.

Now I feel the long fight is won. The torch that was lit in the Australian bush 42 years ago can safely be passed to other hands to be held aloft and kept burning. I pass it on to the women of the world.

The United States has become a second home to me, but everyone who has participated in a long struggle abroad keeps feeling the nostalgic pull back to the beloved homeland.

I am now content to give in to that pull, leaving the bitter controversies and frustrations behind, remembering only the victories over pain and forgiving those who set up obstacles along the path.

When I went to America in 1940 I bore with me a letter of introduction from the Premier of Queensland to the head of a great foundation, spelling out my mission in these words:

"Miss Kenny's mission to the United States is to obtain scientific assistance to complete her research and in the compilation of a book which she has been urged to publish setting out by description and illustration the Kenny system of treating the disease in the acute stage. She does not

seek personal gain. Her mission is being undertaken on the advice of a group of medical men. The government has associated itself with her mission by providing transport for her and an attendant to America and for their subsequent return to Australia."

The Kenny method is now generally accepted as an integral part of the treatment of polio. Sister Kenny Institutes for training therapists in this method and for advancing further research have been set up in several American medical centres and are being planned in others. A book has been written and published. A documentary film explaining my methods in detail has been made, thanks mainly to the loyal and earnest efforts of my dear friend Rosalind Russell.

Many doctors who at first vigorously opposed my methods and ideas are now using them as a matter of course. I remember—no longer with bitterness—how my mission was almost frustrated at the very outset. The head of the great foundation, on whose sympathetic support I had pinned my hopes, informed me that he didn't believe I could find a hospital where my work could be demonstrated. He advised me to go home.

I was on my way back, in deep despair, when my journey was checked in Chicago



SISTER KENNY at the desk of her suite at Lennon's Hotel, Brisbane, where she stayed before moving to Toowoomba.

by an understanding Mayo Clinic orthopaedic surgeon who advised me that a serious epidemic of polio was raging in Minneapolis. I might find a chance to demonstrate my discoveries there, he said.

I remember especially two sisters, aged 14 and 18, who were among my first patients.

I had been aroused from bed at 10 p.m. to be told that the girls were being brought to Minneapolis from an outlying area and would arrive at midnight and that they had to be put into respirators immediately on arrival. I was asked if I cared to be present when they were admitted.

I scrambled out of bed and rushed to the hospital. The ambulance bearing the sisters—Ruth and Doreen Andreas—was five hours late. The girls had to be given oxygen to sustain life en route.

They both had a severe type of polio and had "complete involvement"—that is, their trunks and all four limbs were apparently paralysed. I asked for permission to keep them out of a respirator for a few hours while my assistant and I "worked" on them.

By "working on" polio patients I do not mean moving them about without regard to suffering or discomfort—often a harmful procedure—but rather minimising pain by comforting applications and both psychological and physical "re-education" of the affected parts.

Both those sisters are alive to-day. One is a happy wife, and the mother of two children; the other is a successful artist.

I remember with satisfaction two other cases during that early period in Minneapolis. Rita, aged eight, was apparently dying when she reached the hospital. The last rites were administered at her bedside. The child's parents stood by waiting for the end.

A distinguished orthopaedic surgeon, who had heard of my work, and who later became a most valuable collaborator, suggested that since hope for the child had been given up I be called in for consultation. But the surgeon had to spend an hour with the child's doctor before he consented.

With my hot moist packs and other procedures I fought against the treacherous disease that had apparently set the mark of death on this beautiful child. I stayed at her bedside for eight hours, and then felt the joy of watching her eyes close in restful slumber instead of being stilled by death.

During my stay in America I personally worked with approximately 7000 victims of infantile paralysis. I have had the great satisfaction of seeing most of them get up and walk after many had apparently been condemned to lifelong crippling.

Continued on page 26



Cashmere Bouquet's bride of the month

is dark haired Irish beauty, Marie Walsh. In a drift of gleaming bridal satin and creamy blossoms, she became Mrs. Fred. France.

Like thousands of other women, Marie uses nothing but Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. She adores its exquisitely fine, silk-sifted texture and the way it clings so perfectly. To give a golden tone to her creamy skin, she chooses Honeygold.

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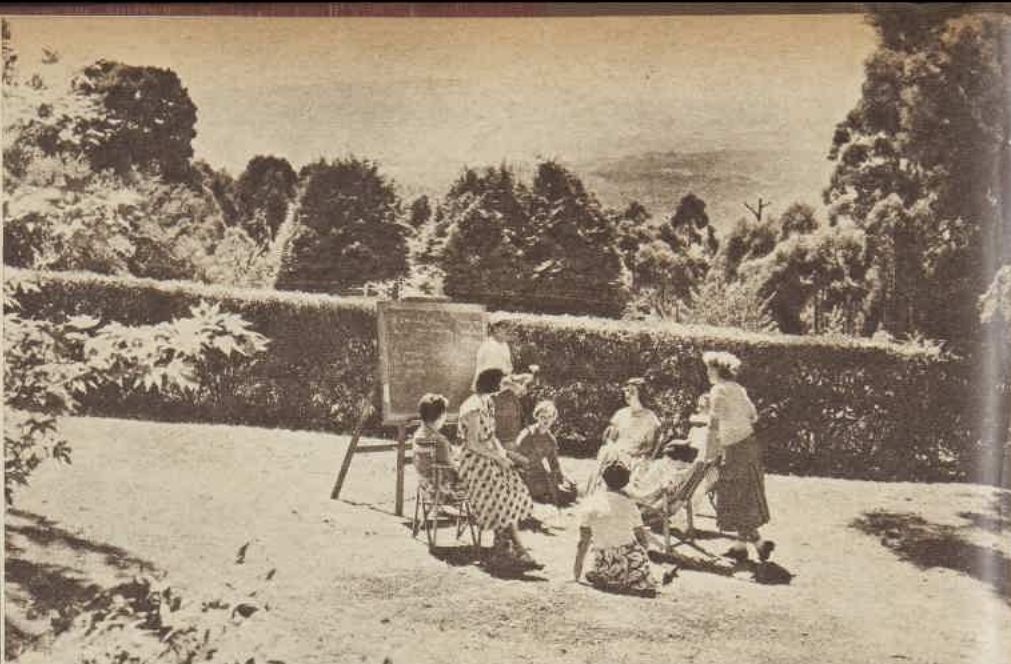
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HN 8-A



IN THE GROUNDS of Le Colombier, finishing school near Melbourne, the riding master, Joseph Stadelmann, gives a lecture—on gardening. This talk followed a French lesson from Major Chable.

Girls given French polish at Swiss finishing school

By MARY COLES,
staff reporter

I have just completed a concentrated course in culture as a "new girl" at Le Colombier, a Swiss finishing school for young ladies of sixteen and over, in the Dandenong Ranges 30 miles from Melbourne.

Launched a year ago by Major Jacques Chable, a former Swiss Army officer, and his attractive wife, the school aims to give girls with the time and the money "a feeling for elegance in everyday life." There are ten pupils this year—five more than last year.

ALTHOUGH rather a long way over sixteen I felt as shy at first as my fellow freshers, Marie Antoinette Gurr and Pamela Mason of Sydney, and Alison May, Beverley Wales, and Evelyn Newstead of Melbourne.

On the first morning in class, held in the comfortably furnished drawing-room, Major Chable very smartly dispelled any ideas that Le Colombier was a "snob school."

"Having plenty of money is good for the nerves, but nothing else, unless wealth is accompanied by discrimination and good taste," he said with a shrug.

His pep-talk about the responsibilities of a girl who had time on her hands gave me a much wider appreciation of the time-worn crack, "poor little rich girls."

"Le Colombier is not an ordinary school. This you must remember," he went on. "We do not teach in the ordinary sense, but we give you the opportunity of developing yourselves."

"You will not leave here as sports champions or 'blue stockings.' Women who have

developed only their intellects are unbearable.

"Neither will you find out from us how to walk like a mannequin or make up your faces. Charm cannot be bought in a little box! But you will acquire the indestructible loveliness of women whose minds are mature and gracious."

"French and German languages you must study with earnestness, to help you in your understanding of the arts."

"The arts are so very important. You ask me why? I tell you it is because art is the highest form of human expression."

"Culture is an intimate understanding and appreciation of people and nature."

"This is how the Greeks built up a magnificent ancient society. They met and talked to people who thought differently from themselves."

Thoroughly roused by this time, the Major swung round and pointed an accusing finger at the radiogram.

"To-day the radio replaces thought and conversation for most people."

"It is very sad. But you will learn to listen to it intelligently."

"You will learn interesting cooking, too. Always, as women, you must remember keeping house is the basis of so many nice things in life."

"A home is not like a garage for the parking of a car. It is somewhere you like to be because it is so pleasant to be happy with your family and friends."

"I hope please you will pardon my English and profit very much while you are here," he said, breaking off with an engaging bow.

Fair-haired Madame Chable looks a little younger than her husband, who is in his mid-thirties.

Daughter of a Swiss hotelier, she told me that from the time she was "finished" at a strict French-Swiss finishing school for young ladies, she longed to conduct some day a finishing school for girls and run it on more relaxed lines.

She envisaged her school as similar if not quite so ambitious as London's famous Monkey Club for debutantes.

There, besides learning cultural and social graces, the girls went to social functions with male escorts and entertained them back at the luxury "school."

Le Colombier is a homelier, less sophisticated version of the Monkey Club.

Madame told me that example rather than instruction was the basis of Le Colombier's educational system.



TEA AND TOAST for supper, made by Gladys Tully (left) and Pamela Davy. Girls can use the kitchen at any time of night to make snacks for themselves.



PAINTING each other's nails completes the toilette of Pam Mason (left) and Marie Antoinette Gurr, both of Sydney, before they set off for a function in Melbourne.



RIDING LESSONS are given at the school by Joseph Stadelmann. Here he explains technique of jumping horses to Deidre de Burgh Whitehouse (left) and Alison May.

Each girl learns how to run a home, how to be a hostess, all in an easy recreational way.

One day we drew up a list of public figures and jumbled the names together.

From the jumble of about forty personalities, twelve were selected "out of a hat" to be guests at an imaginary dinner party.

The guest list comprised the Duchess of Kent, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Molotov, Madame Eve Peron, Sydney Piddington, Rita Hayworth, Peter Hamburg, Mrs. Menzies, Madame Rambert, Marjorie Lawrence, and dance-band leader Graeme Bell. The girls had to decide how to place them.

The plan of seating drawn up by Gladys Tully and Pamela Davy was considered the most correct, considering all the factors involved. The Duchess of Kent was seated on the right of the host with Mr. Churchill next to her as a compliment to him, and also because the girls thought he should be kept away from Mr. Molotov. The Archbishop of Canterbury was seated on the right of the hostess, Mr. Molotov on the left of the hostess, and Mrs. Menzies at the left of the host.

Major and Madame Chable came to Australia 18 months ago from Switzerland, where the Major had been an educational instructor in the Swiss Army.

Also on the staff is Joseph Stadelmann, Major Chable's former batman, who was later a crack horseman of the Swiss Government's remount depot.

Mr. Stadelmann, who arrived recently in Australia with his wife, is riding master.

A Swiss cook completes the staff.

With the other new girls I turned to Gladys Tully, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Tully, of Argyle, Willaura, in the Western District of Victoria, for advice.

Gladys, Pam Davy, of Taroona, Hobart, Elizabeth Wise, also from Tasmania, Ann Parker, of Canowie Station, Hallet, S.A., and Deidre de Burgh Whitehouse, of Mornington, Vic., were pupils last year.

Following their example, we new girls made our own beds,

tidied and dusted our rooms, formed teams to set and clear tables and dry dishes.

When chores were finished, there were French, German, and cookery lessons, and in between we were free to play tennis, read, pile into Major Chable's station wagon to drive ten miles to Croydon Golf Club, or exercise horses under the expert eye of Joseph.

Joseph, who is a vision of sartorial splendor in his well-cut riding jacket, breeches, and boots, changes to khaki shorts and rubber knee-boots to work in the garden.

Crack rider

ONE of the most enthusiastic horsewomen at Le Colombier is Deidre de Burgh Whitehouse, daughter of Commander and Mrs. de Burgh Whitehouse, who lived in Malaya until the war.

Her father is now back in Malaya "dodging bandits," and Mrs. Whitehouse and Deidre will return there after Deidre has completed her education.

Pam Davy is "polishing" for a trip abroad next year with her mother, Mrs. Lindsay Davy.

Dainty Marie Antoinette Gurr, of Sydney, whom we all mentally dubbed "Princess Margaret," hopes later to make a career of singing.

Antoinette and Pam Mason, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Mason, of Pymble, Sydney, told me that shopping for their finishing-school "trousseau" had been a great thrill.

"Especially discarding black stockings for nylon," said Pam.

Most girls at Le Colombier have two ballerina party frocks and an evening gown.

They visit Melbourne once or twice a week to attend celebrity concerts, theatres, pictures, art exhibitions, the National Gallery, and lectures by interesting personalities. Once a term they attend a big charity ball in town.

The Chables regard these social activities as a means for the girls to achieve Hazlitt's definition of elegance—freedom from awkwardness or restraint.

There are no strict rules at Le Colombier. Girls may smoke in class if they want to, as long as they equip them-



MADAME CHABLE (extreme left) hands round bowl for girls to draw names of guests for imaginary party. From left: Evelyn Newstead, Pam Mason, Pam Davy, Beverley Wales, Gladys Tully, and Marie Antoinette Gurr.

selves with ashtrays before sitting down.

Madame has a gentle technique of curbing any kind of excess not in keeping with grace and dignity.

One day she found a crowd of us in a room, discussing pin-up film stars through a haze of cigarette smoke.

She spied a newcomer trying to enjoy her first cigarette. "Oh, my poor dear. I am so sorry. You will feel very sick," she said. Madame's solicitude for the rest of the day, inquiring at intervals whether the novice smoker was feeling all right, made the rest of us feel that smoking was perhaps a little unladylike.

Girls who were in residence last year told me that when they attended a Cup Week ball in Melbourne last November, Major and Madame Chable gave a festive air to the table by taking along a lovely silver punch bowl.

"It was put on the table and filled with fruit cup and a

dash of claret to make us feel really grown up," the girls said.

"It looked so much nicer than the bottles parked under some tables."

I felt quite a pang when my assignment ended and I had my last look at the superb view of the Dandenong Ranges from the rambling garden.

Besides being too much on the wrong side of sixteen for the school to salvage my social graces, I remembered that fees are 200 guineas a term of 17 weeks. There are two terms a year.

But most girls told me their parents did not consider the amount excessive in comparison with ordinary boarding-school fees.

The 200 guineas a term includes everything—from transport every time a girl has to go to town to tickets for concerts, films, dances, golf club fees and tuition, and the entertainment of friends for tea and tennis at week-ends.



MAJOR CHABLE greets Elizabeth Wise, 17, on her return to the school after a holiday in Tasmania with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alistair Wise.



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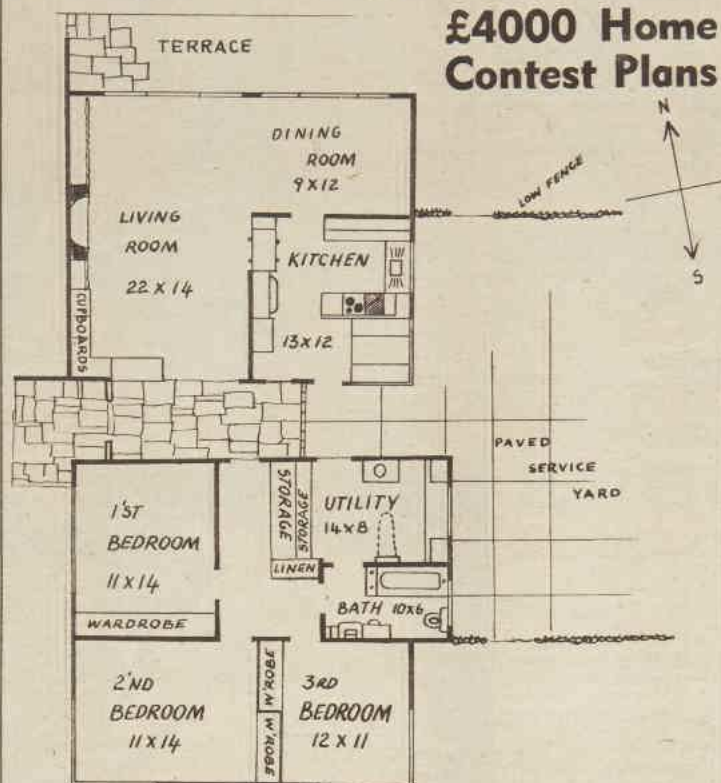
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£4000 Home Contest Plans



THIS PLAN, drawn by Mrs. Keith Colby, of Belgrave Heights, Victoria, is for a simple house built of white-painted bricks, with a dark red tile roof and turquoise door.

Husband makes bricks while wife plans house

A "cement bricks widow" was how Mrs. Keith Colby, of Belgrave Heights, Dandenong Ranges, Victoria, described herself when she was told she was a £50 prizewinner in The Australian Women's Weekly Plan-A-Home Contest.

Mrs. Colby's plan is published on this page.

HER husband was so busy making cement bricks for their new home that he did not have time to discuss house designs with her when she was planning her entry in the contest.

Her design is an adaptation of the house they will build as soon as her husband can get a contractor to lay the bricks he has been making with an electric cement-mixer.

The Colbys have two children—Susan, who is four, and Peter, six.

Mr. Colby is a carrier.

After living in rooms for some time after Mrs. Colby's arrival in Australia from Canada six years ago, they bought an old-fashioned house at Belgrave Heights under the War Service Homes scheme. Now the house is almost paid off they have decided to build another rather than modernise it.

Mrs. Colby was ecstatic to think that her entry was among the finalists in the minor prize section.

To add to her elation was the thrill of sharing the good news with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Penhale, and

her sister Helen, who are on a visit from Canada.

Mrs. Colby's problems were to design a house which would be protected from winds and yet would make the most of the view to the north.

The extended brick wall on the terrace in her plan is designed to do this, as well as to ensure privacy.

Polished hardwood floors are used throughout, with the exception of the hall, which has a blue-stone floor the same as the terrace and front porch. Mrs. Colby has definite views on furniture.

"Nothing ultra modern or so-called modern—the over-stuffed suite, waterfall fronts, and sandblasted glass," she specifies.

"I like the blending of 18th century mahogany with a few modern pieces."

Mrs. Colby has a cocktail cabinet built in between the kitchen and living-room rather than a servery between kitchen and dining-room.

Living and dining area has soft grey walls and woodwork. Large square rug in front of the fireplace and in the dining area are grey with a darker grey scroll.

JUDGES' REMARKS

• A simple, straightforward solution of the problem. Advantages are segregation of living and sleeping quarters, and the breezeway which connects the two elements in the plan.

The fireplace is painted white brick, and the built-in cupboards contain a radio-gram, bookshelves, and a woodbox.

Two chairs are slip-covered in heavy linen, a dark red background with a fairly large floral design, and the sectional sofa in dark red ribbed wool.

The dining section has been planned round a beautiful old highboy that Mrs. Colby already has, and she says she has chosen a table and chairs in similar design, the chairs upholstered in red and grey stripes.

Drapes match in both sections.

Although the bathroom is fairly small, Mrs. Colby allowed for two doors, one leading to the garden.

This is so the gardener of the family, or the children, can shower and change without walking through the house.

In the main bedroom Mrs. Colby uses grey walls, carpet, and curtains, and a flowered quilted chintz bedspread. The lampshades are wine-colored with white bases.

The boy's bedroom is panelled in natural pine, with Colonial-style pine furniture.

The girl's bedroom has turquoise walls and woodwork.

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Engaged couple plan own house

● Mr. Bill Miles, of Boulder City, W.A., used glass extensively in his plan — reproduced on this page — and his fiancée, Miss Betty Nouchy, worked out a modern furnishing scheme to suit the house.

THE design won a £50 consolation prize. Mr. Miles and Miss Nouchy hope to use the plan for their own home.

Mr. Miles, who is not working at present because of illness, was a draughtsman in the Great Boulder mines.

He has had no experience as an architectural draughtsman.

He has always taken a great interest in drawing, but has never had any instruction.

In the covering letter with his entry he said that the contest had given him and his fiancée "many headaches," but they had thoroughly enjoyed every moment of it.

In Western Australia both cool breezes and bad weather come from the west, and this aspect was fully considered in the plan.

The northern wall of the dining area, which commands the best views, is glass from floor to ceiling, with double glass doors opening out on to the back terrace to allow easy passage from the living-room and kitchen on to the terrace where there is an outdoor dining area.

The kitchen is placed on the eastern side and avoids the hot summer sun. Its view window enables an eye to be kept on the children as well as providing a pleasant outlook.

A glass-walled porch (obscure on eastern side) with two doors presents uninterrupted views of the kitchen and is designed to shut out bad weather.

The designers' fondness for glass is also apparent in the furnishings. The living-room and dining area has mist-blue walls with off-white wood trim, frieze, and stepped ceiling. Cupboards and bookshelves are off-white standing on a black trolley.

A curved china cabinet with a squared glass wall above it partially seals the view from the living-room into the kitchen.

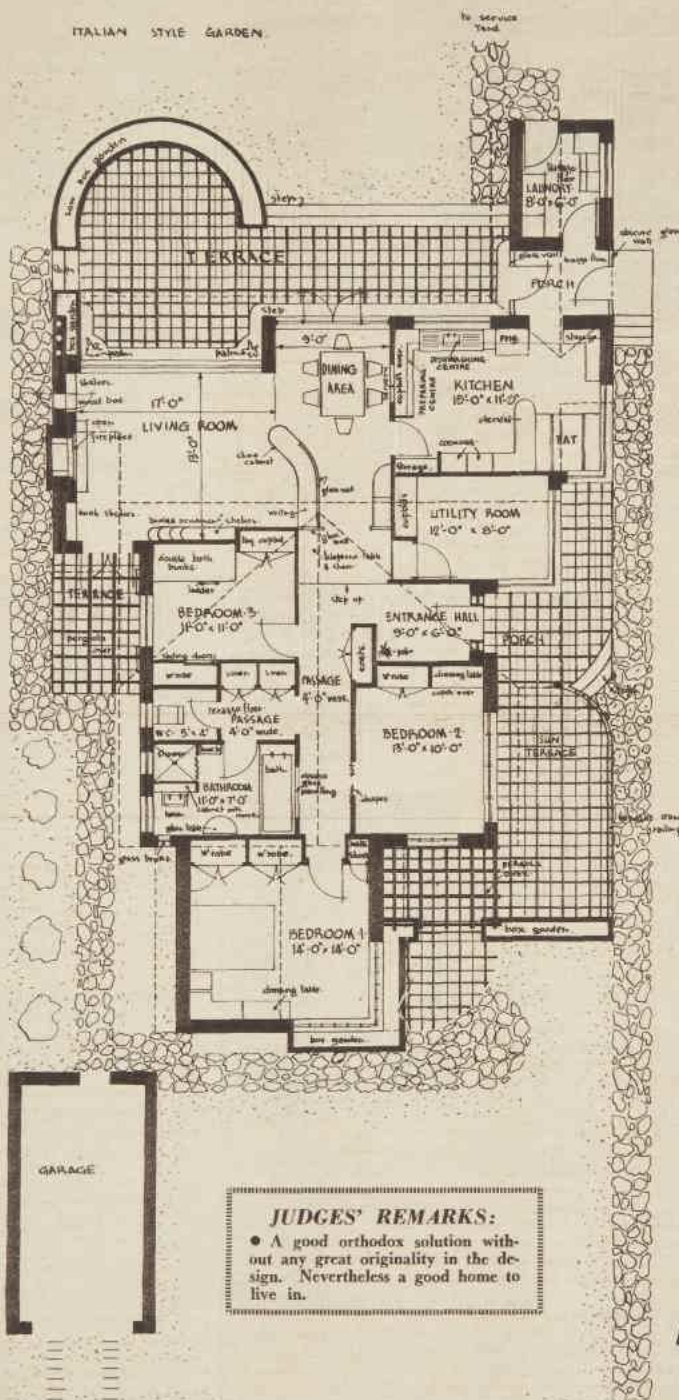
The utility-room serves as a sun-room, and it could be used for sewing and ironing or as a play-room or guest-room.

Exterior walls are glass from 18 inches above the floor to within two feet of the ceiling.

Design of the furniture is modern.

The built-in china cabinet, to Mr. Miles' design, in the living-room is of plateglass with a vitrolite top, and shelves, and have a mirrored centre. The plateglass doors carry a sandblasted motif in mist-blue and the unit stands on a black trolley. Contents may be seen from living and dining areas. A writing bureau of silver ash is built in the inner end. Above the unit is a squared glass wall.

A carpet with a wine background matching that used in the hall and passage, which



JUDGES' REMARKS:

● A good orthodox solution without any great originality in the design. Nevertheless a good home to live in.

PROJECTION of the rooms and the use of terraces make this plan by Mr. Bill Miles, of Boulder City, more imposing. He would have low-slung gables with widely overhanging eaves. The building would be of brick.

have peach-pink walls, covers the living-room floor. The velvet drapes are of a similar shade, with more red in it.

Lounge chairs have loose covers of a cream figured material and the remainder of the furniture is of silver ash upholstered in blue.

An unusual feature in the kitchen is the overhead cupboards designed by Mr. Miles with doors underneath. They are fitted with sliding wire baskets on brass rods which drop down to bench height.

Color scheme for the well-arranged kitchen is biscuit and cherry.

The master bedroom is a

green room. Soft pastel green walls are offset by a polished blond wood trim and off-white ceiling. The built-in dressing-table and cupboard units are of similar blond wood.

Gold scatter mats are placed on a cream wall-to-wall carpet, and the floor-length bedspread and chair seats are covered with gold-and-white glazed chintz. Window drapes are of gold marquise.

The second bedroom is furnished as a nursery with pink and silver wallpaper on all walls except the wardrobe wall. Furniture is white with blue spots, and the floor cover-

ing is grey. A door has been discarded and drapes of grey chenille substituted. Curtains are cream chintz with a brightly figured nursery motif.

The boys' bedroom is intended for two lads, and has a double-berth bunk in chrome and white, with a chrome ladder. Color scheme is dove-grey with white walls and ceiling and floor covering in burgundy felt with cream window curtains.

Apricot and orange tiles are used in the bathroom with obscure glass panelling.

Two more consolation prize-winning plans will be published next week.

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BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

Lovers of the hard-boiled will read no more than two pages of Raymond Chandler's "The Gentle Art of Murder" before experiencing the exquisite sense of finding themselves once again at home.

ITS seven stories were written during Chandler's days as a writer for the cheap detective magazines, and range from very good to not quite so good Chandler.

But as a storyteller, craftsman, and—let's face it—stylist, he is, and always has been, just ahead of his rivals.

None of the stories have been published in book form before. Chandler says of them " . . . it would be absurd if I did not wish they had been better. But if they had been much better they would not have been published . . ."

Two things give a very special interest. One is a long introduction in which Chandler examines the evolution of the detective story from the trampled flower beds under the library window type to the hard-boiled tradition whose undisputed dean was Dashiell Hammett.

The second is a 16-page survey that gives the book its title. In it Chandler takes a long and masterly look at detective fiction and some of its most notable practitioners.

Seeking to put his finger on what gave even the most mediocre of the new, hard-boiled writing of the 'twenties and 'thirties a power and authority denied most contemporary fiction, Chandler says it was because it carried with it the unmistakable smell of fear.

The graduates of the pulp magazine school of detective writers accomplished this by introducing the reader into a society where murders were committed for reasons, not simply to provide a corpse.

He goes on, "As to the emotional basis of the hard-boiled story, obviously it does not believe that murder will out and justice will be done—unless some very determined individual makes it his business to see that justice is done. The stories are about the men who made that happen."

It was Hammett, he says, who took murder out of the dinner-is-served-Moddum class, and put it in the alley.

"Hammett wrote at first (and almost to the end) for people with a sharp, aggressive attitude to life . . . He had style, but his audience didn't know it, because it was in a language not supposed to be capable of such refinements."

Chandler recommends as "one of the glories of the literature, an acknowledged masterpiece of fooling the reader without cheating him, A. A. Milne's 'The Red House Mystery' . . . quite timeless."

Freeman Wills Crofts, Chandler thinks (and this will be a surprise to the smarties)

THE SIMPLE ART OF MURDER

By Raymond Chandler

is the soundest plot builder of all, provided, he qualifies, that Crofts doesn't get too fancy.

Philo Vance, S. S. Van Dine's star detective, Chandler nominates as possibly the most asinine character in all detective fiction.

Taking a running stab at a favorite target—"the discerning reader"—Chandler argues that all reading is escapism, and that therefore the label as applied to detective stories just can't be made to stick.

Reading Greek or astronomy, if it gives pleasure, is just as escapism.

"To say otherwise is to be an intellectual snob, and a juvenile at the art of living," Chandler writes.

Chandler's own background is something of a surprise. He was born of American-Irish Quaker stock, went to school at Dulwich College, England, and finished his education in France and Germany.

First a schoolteacher, he wrote poetry, turned essayist,



RAYMOND CHANDLER

took up accountancy, and before he entered the hard school of writing for the pulp or cheaper detective-story magazines was an oil company executive.

He refuses to recognise any classics of crime and detection. " . . . A classic is a piece of writing which exhausts the possibilities of its form and can never be surpassed. No story or novel of mystery has done that yet," he says.

Anyone who cares more than a fig about detective literature will fall panting on Chandler's recommended list.

"The Dagger of the Mind," a Kenneth Fearing's "savage piece of intellectual double-talk." Donald Henderson's "Mr. Bowling Buys a Newspaper," "a tragicomic idealisation of murder," "a gay and intriguing Hollywoodian gambol," "Lazarus No. 7," by Richard Sale; Percival Wilde's clever mystery, "Inquest."

A tip from the master to incipient hard-boiled detection writers: "When in doubt, have a man with a gun come through the door."

"The Simple Art of Murder" is published by Hamish Hamilton, London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

Editorial

Vol. 18, No. 41, March 17, 1951.

VALUE FOR GRATUITIES

WAR gratuities totaling more than £84,000,000 are being distributed to Australian ex-service men and women who served in World War II.

That amount is three times what was distributed after World War I, but it will not buy one third of the goods that the £27,000,000 distributed in 1922-23 bought.

Yet if the total sum were frittered away it could give a dangerous lift to prices now soaring skywards.

Gratuities will range from a few shillings to about £300.

What is needed immediately is a scheme that will make the larger amounts useful in long-term family projects such as house buying or leasing for periods up to fifty years.

Though bank and building society loans have almost doubled recently, so has the amount of interest to be paid because of the greater sums involved due to building costs.

An ex-serviceman building a house this way faces a lifetime of interest and repayment charges.

A repatriation co-operative housing scheme on ownership or long-lease lines should be possible.

Such a scheme would call for access to available building materials with a priority second only to actual defence needs.

But it would provide accommodation for families of ex-soldiers and soldiers serving at present. It could prove the greatest inducement of all to young men to leave their peacetime occupations and join one of the three Services.

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MARRIED AT ST. MARK'S. Mrs. Graham Harris, formerly Joy Williams, signing the register after her wedding. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Williams, of Bellevue Hill, and the groom is the only son of Mrs. R. J. Nixon, of Double Bay.



COLORED STREAMERS festooned young dancers Alva Hassett (left), of Gundagai; John Parkinson, of Horton Park; and Stephanie Burge and John Hoib, of Double Bay, at the Kambala ex-students' dance at the Trocadero.



PRETTY Patty Lou Haas (left) and Elwood Haas, jun., with Mrs. Gilles Kryger and Mrs. A. W. Perry, toast the birthday of their sister Alfarata, who is in Brussels, at the party given by Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Haas at the Pickwick Club.



ATTRACTIVE Margaret Morris (left) with Peter Burden, her brother Tony Morris, Joan O'Mara, and Ross Higgins at her 21st birthday party at Florida House. Margaret is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Morris, of Cammeray.



SMALL ALEXANDRA MacSMITH is the centre of attention of her godmother, Mrs. Bruce Minell, her mother, Mrs. Bruce MacSmith, and her grandmothers, Mrs. L. MacSmith and Mrs. William Goodwin, after her christening at St. John's, Darlinghurst. Alexandra is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce MacSmith, of Boree Cabonne, Orange.



NEW W.R.A.N.S. DIRECTOR. First-Officer Blair Bowden was greeted by wartime director Sheila McClellans, now Mrs. F. Kenworthy, of Perth, when she arrived from London.



PARIS COBBLESTONES is the name of the frock Lady Charles Lloyd Jones wore at Prince's with Mrs. Wallace Sawyer, of "Eringarrah," Wagga. When the pleated skirt of the frock is extended it reveals a map of the streets of Paris.

Social Gittings

THE Governor of South Australia, Sir Willoughby Norrie, and Lady Norrie, and the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks, who will be in Sydney at Government House for Easter festivities, will attend the National Opera at the Tivoli Theatre.

"Carmen" is the choice of Sir Willoughby and Lady Norrie, who will accompany the Governor of N.S.W., Sir John Northcott, Lady Northcott, and Miss Elizabeth Northcott to a performance on March 16.

Sir Dallas and Lady Brooks and Miss Jeannette Brooks will attend the opening night of "The Masked Ball" on March 22 with Sir John and Lady Northcott and Miss Elizabeth Northcott.

It is expected that the two visiting Governors and their wives and daughters will accompany Sir John Northcott when he opens the Royal Easter Show on March 21. Sir John's Victorian guests will accompany him and Miss Elizabeth Northcott to the running of the Doncaster at Randwick on Easter Saturday.

DURING 18 months abroad, Leith Meynink, daughter of the H. R. Meyninks, of "Ballimborah," Moree, and Manly, visited Holland, the country of her paternal grandparents, and Scotland, where her other grandparents were born. In Switzerland she studied at the Geneva Conservatorium the Chasservant method of music for young children. Leith returns to Sydney this week.

VISITS to her grandmother at Eastbourne and other English relatives are on the itinerary of Gloria May, of Scone, who left for England in the Maloja. She was farewelled by her sister Jillian, who has just started as a trainee-nurse at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. They are the daughters of the Upper Hunter shire clerk, Mr. May, and Mrs. May, of Scone.

EX-STUDENTS' dances have started. Kambala Old Girls' Ball headed the list, and a few night later former pupils of the Brigidine Convent, Randwick, celebrated the 50th year of the school with a Golden Jubilee Ball.

Recent "old girls" Carole Willis, who has just started medicine, Pat Byron, and Mary Haggarty, of "Talby," Brewarrina, were hostesses to one of the biggest parties at the Brigidine dance.

The Old Sydneians' Ball is set for next Tuesday night at the Trocadero. This is always a pre-Easter "must" for past students of Sydney Grammar.

Three girls who have just left school are working for the success of the Ascham dance on March 29. They are Beth Middleton, Judith Russell, and Mary Street.

DUTCH cupboards in the lounge-room and the furniture on the patio of the recently married Fred Thompsons' new Pymble home were designed and partly made by the bridegroom. The house, which is two-storied, is painted pink. The interior color schemes were worked out by Mrs. Thompson.

WHEN the R. N. Lindemans, of Hongkong, arrived in the Changsha, they promptly set off for Grafton, where their five-year-old daughter Diana made the acquaintance of her grandparents, the R. A. Lindemans. Diana was a tiny baby when her parents were last in Australia. Another passenger in the Changsha was Ruth Menzies, a cousin of the Prime Minister. During four months in Tokio with her brother, Mr. H. C. Menzies, the Australian Commercial Counsellor, she found the servant position there "almost as acute as it is here."

MASKED BALL. Josephine and Jennifer Roche will assist their mother, Mrs. J. D. E. Roche, entertain at a masked ball at their Edgecliff home on Saturday night. Their brother David will come from Adelaide for the dance.

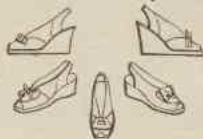
TWO sucking-pigs on a spit will form the main course when the Shorthorn Society holds a dinner at the Pickwick Club on Saturday night. Among the guests will be Lord Lovett, who has come from England to judge shorthorn and poll shorthorn cattle at the Royal Easter Show. On Monday night the Poll Shorthorn Society of Australia will hold its dinner at the Pickwick, when roast beef will be served from a spit.

A "JUNGLE" will be arranged in the Trocadero on March 21, when the junior and senior committees of the N.S.W. Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Institution for Children stage a "King Solomon's Mines" fashion parade. Some frocks, hats, furs, and jewellery shown by mannequins will have lavish jewel motifs from the treasure scene. A couple of the mannequins will also have their hair done in native style.

BRIEFLY: Frank Martindale were the names given to Dr. and Mrs. Frank Farrar's infant son when he was baptised at St. James', King Street. His godfathers are Dr. Tom Robertson and Dr. Eddie Hirst, and his godmother is Mrs. Robert Williamson. Mrs. Farrar is the former Jean Ruting... Camberland Hotel is the London headquarters of Mrs. Albert Tomlinson, of "Edendale," Moree, and Edith Atkins, of Bellevue Hill. They will spend 12 months touring Great Britain and the Continent.

Anne

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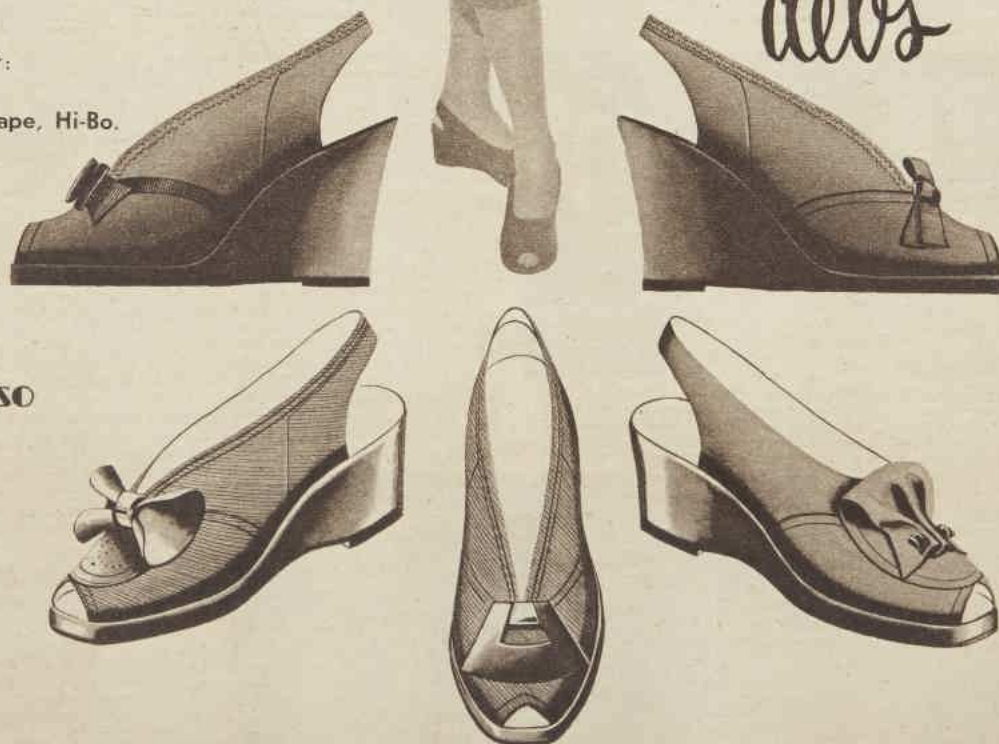
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Our Doctor Discusses—

Alcoholism: stubborn disease

Any new form of treatment designed to assist the alcoholic is likely to be greeted with enthusiasm, so disappointing has the treatment of these cases been in the past.

ALCOHOLISM is a disease that has never yielded satisfactorily to treatment, largely because it is concerned with some defect in the personality which drugs are unable to alter. The alcoholic is a sick person—just as sick as a consumptive or a diabetic.

He has been called weak, obstinate, vicious, self-indulgent—in fact, the whole vocabulary of abuse has been hurled at his head by many who fail to understand the simple fact that he cannot help himself.

One has only to think of the number of people who have gone through the ordeal of a promised cure only to go back to the bottle within a few days or weeks to know not only the seriousness of the problem itself, but to understand the heartache and despair of the patient and those nearest to him, particularly when the ordeal has been confinement in an inebriate institution or a mental hospital, or perhaps a gaol sentence.

Generally speaking, there are three types of drinkers:

Those who drink mostly in company and for the sake of conviviality. Those whose drinking is done periodically and who are at other times total abstainers. And those who habitually abuse alcohol, who drink secretly and alone because alcohol for them has become a neurotic need.

Because of their deep-seated instability, periodical drinkers are the least satisfactory cases to treat.

However, in their often long periods of abstinence they are able to rehabilitate themselves, and many keep their jobs for this reason and in spite of their periodical debauch.

Women who have this alternating tendency tend to keep aloof socially for a far longer period than those whose lives are given over to a craving that grows the more it is indulged.

Though alcohol makes him its slave, the chronic alcoholic will seldom acknowledge his impotence to break away.

He is usually cocksure that he could give up drinking if he wanted to, and he argues that it is not necessary to give up his habit.

Alcohol alters his attitude without his realising it; it gets between him and everything he wants to do.

The alcoholic never learns from experience. He never sees himself drunk and foolish.

What happens to the man or the woman who continually drinks to excess?

The heart, the liver, the kid-

neys, the stomach, and the brain bear the brunt of the damage caused by excessive drinking.

Cirrhosis of the liver, chronic disease of the kidneys, and chronic catarrh of the stomach are well known.

Less well known are the diseases of the brain which range from congestive epilepsy to delirium tremens and from gross memory defect to dementia.

Popular imagination has furnished D.T.s with its pink elephants and purple snakes, but people in the "horrors" have more terrifying visions than ever the sober imagination may have compounded.

As every doctor knows, an attack of delirium tremens is a dramatic incident with death never far away.

The more chronic types of alcoholic mental disorder suffer generally with gross memory changes, auditory hal-

By a leading
Australian specialist

lucinations, sometimes combined with partial paralysis of the hands and feet.

Actually the whole quality of the mind is gradually reduced after years of excessive drinking. Work suffers, family relationship is undermined, interests are circumscribed, and the alcoholic is soon on the way to join the no-hopers whose only goal is the insensibility which alcohol can bring.

Treating an alcoholic before the introduction of the drug antabuse was accomplished by a weaning from alcohol followed by a moral lecture and some vitamin pills.

When the futility of such treatment became obvious, the wisest physicians threw physic to the dogs and urged the patient to join Alcoholics Anonymous.

Here at least is a band of people ready to accept a brother alcoholic into their fold. They believe that being alcoholics they can help one another. Experience has shown that they can.

Antabuse has a long chemical name, and was introduced by Danish chemists in 1948. It is not without a certain danger and deaths under treatment have been reported.

Thus it is essentially a hospital treatment, and the patient must understand its nature and enter upon it on a voluntary basis. It is a waste of time trying to give it to a patient against his will.



ACTOR Ray Milland's portrayal of the drunkard in the film "The Lost Weekend" is a classic instance of alcoholism in a hideous but all too frequent form.

The patient who desires antabuse treatment is admitted to hospital for a thorough examination, especially of the heart, liver, and kidneys.

If any gross disorder of these organs is apparent the treatment should be withheld in the interests of safety.

If the patient appears reasonably healthy he is weaned off all alcohol, and is then given antabuse tablets for some days until his system becomes saturated with the drug.

Then he is given alcohol which, when it meets the antabuse, is changed into acetaldehyde—a poisonous substance that produces the antabuse reaction.

This reaction is often severe. The patient becomes flushed and feels a constriction in the chest as if a heavy weight was being pressed upon it. The heart pounds at a terrific rate. There is a feeling of nausea which may lead to actual vomiting. The patient is restless and apprehensive and feels extremely wretched. The idea of taking any further alcohol is repulsive.

The symptoms pass off in an hour or two and the patient usually sleeps. He now knows what will happen to him if he takes alcohol while he is having antabuse.

He is discharged from hospital and given a supply of antabuse tablets which he is instructed to take each day in a quantity sufficient to maintain the efficacy of the treatment.

While he continues to take antabuse he is unlikely to indulge in alcohol, though he may take a small glass to sample the effect.

Should he do this the flush will appear, and though he may not be as sick as he was in hospital, feelings of nausea and giddiness will warn him of what is in store for him if he continues drinking.

Antabuse is limited to those patients who have retained sufficient insight into their sickness to know that they need treatment and who are honestly willing to co-operate with it.

Antabuse is no wonder-drug that can be utilised in the cure of all and sundry. The alcoholic's problems are deep-rooted and personal. Some are beyond any known form of treatment. But many can be helped before it is too late. Antabuse is one of the agents that may help.

Doctors Prove Palmolive Soap

can bring YOU...
a lovelier complexion
in 14 days!



You too CAN LOOK
FOR THESE COMPLEXION
IMPROVEMENTS IN 14 DAYS

- ♥ Fresher, brighter complexion!
- ♥ Less oiliness!
- ♥ Added softness and smoothness!
- ♥ Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!
- ♥ Complexion clearer, more radiant!

Not just a promise
but a proved plan!

THIS IS ALL YOU DO:

Wash your face with Palmolive soap. Then, for 60 seconds, massage your clean face with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage will bring your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect. Begin it to-day!

Regular size, 5d.
Economy Bath Size, 7½d.



91/161

Only Parker Quink has magic SOLV-X!

No ordinary ink can match the value of Quink—it's different from any other ink! **SOLV-X** in Quink cleans your pen as it writes. Keeps it free-flowing and out of the repair shop. Switch to Parker Quink, the only ink containing **SOLV-X**. Available in a range of brilliant colours. Also in Royal Blue Washable—ideal for home or

school use—washes easily out of clothes or from fingers!

SCIENTISTS MADE
THIS TEST!

First they scraped **PEN-CLOGGING SEDIMENT** left by inferior ink from fountain pen feeds.

They **ADDED WATER**. The sediment floated—failed to dissolve, proving that water won't flush sediment from your pen.

Then they **ADDED SOLV-X** (every bottle of Quink contains **Solv-X**).

PRESTO! Sediment dissolved like magic. No wonder Quink with **Solv-X** stops pen troubles before they start.



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FOR
LIGHT



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ENGLAND



STUART CRYSTAL AUSTRALIA

Beautify your home with the sparkling lustre of exquisite Stuart Crystal. For flawless purity and gracious dignity of design, this lovely English glass has no equal. Every piece is hand-cut and bears the famous Stuart signature.

KIWI IS IN A NEW,
OPEN-IN-A-FLASH tin!

Just Twist
The milled edge
does the trick



Change to
KIWI
for keeps

2949
AUSTRALIA'S BIGGEST SELLING SHOE POLISH

Sister Kenny

Continued from page 17

I AM gratified by the rapidly increasing number of medical men who come to my clinics to scoff but remain to applaud—and to learn to apply my methods themselves. That some medical men are still unconvinced in the face of the vast accumulation of clinical confirmation of my method seems incredible to me.

I am wholeheartedly in favor of scientific scepticism that demands demonstrated proof before acceptance and application of a new discovery. But I readily admit that I display short temper with those doctors who contemptuously refuse to view objectively the evidence I present, who spread false rumors about my work and distort my concepts and methods; who show prejudice because the discoverer of the Kenny method is a woman and a nurse.

Some persist in ignoring my results even when the facts are confirmed by the testimony of reputable medical men.

Sly humor

WHEN some could no longer ignore the validity of my findings they have remarked with sly humor, "There is much that is good and new in Sister Kenny's treatment. But that which is good is not new and that which is new is not good."

When they could no longer deny that the Kenny method was achieving more recoveries in infantile paralysis than ever before they said that certainly the treatment was beneficial but orthodox medical practitioners had known and used its techniques for many years.

This was said despite the fact that a distinguished orthopaedic surgeon wrote in the Journal of the American Medical Association in July, 1939, just a few months before my arrival in Australia:

"Nowhere in the world is there a treatment of the disease (infantile paralysis) in the acute state of the disease."

This distinguished surgeon would not have made that statement had he read official reports in the Australian medical journals confirming my successful work with acute cases of polio.

The Kenny method is by no means a simple procedure. It requires much knowledge of the disease and exquisite skill in treating patients. It requires new orientations, new attitudes. It requires long training; I have always insisted that at least two years is needed to train Kenny therapists.

When the funds and facilities needed for training an adequate number of therapists were denied us by foundations in the field I appealed over the heads of the professional elements to the American public at large.

We set up our own foundation, and with the generous assistance of the city of Minneapolis established the first Elizabeth Kenny Institute for treatment, training, and research in poliomyelitis. A second institute was later established in Jersey City.

Several more Kenny centres are now being planned in other American cities.

Just a few days before my departure I was visited by the dean of one of America's greatest medical schools, and together we mapped plans for

the expanded teaching of the Kenny method to medical students.

It was inexpressibly gratifying to feel that the air I breathed during my last days in America was cleared of controversy and recrimination and that the last acts before leaving were carried out in the spirit of co-operation and friendship.

To my dying day I shall never forget the time I lunched with the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt at the White House and gained strength from this embodiment of courageous conquest over a crippling disease.

I have often thought that God may have taken away President Roosevelt's power of locomotion to save him from a second-rate career. One of my favorite phonograph records is "The Blind Ploughman," which ends with the words: "God, who took away my eyes, that my soul might see."

Shortly before my departure, the medical advisory council to the Elizabeth Kenny Foundation arranged to send a tape recorder to Australia, with the request that I spend a certain period of time each week delivering into it a lecture on my concepts and methods.

This recorded lecture will then be flown to America.

In coming home I am by no means retiring from my life work. I shall keep in close and active touch with the Kenny Institutes and other centres in the United States and with the Kenny treatment, training, and research centres in England, France, Germany, Spain, Greece, Czechoslovakia, India, and other lands.

No easy task

A FEW months ago I journeyed to Czechoslovakia at the invitation of the national ministry of health to demonstrate my concepts and techniques behind the Iron Curtain.

I was deeply moved by the reception I received from the women of that country—the same kind I received in Spain, Greece, France, and other lands of differing political hues.

The gift that I have been privileged to pass on to the world—the Kenny method for treating infantile paralysis—was really handed me by a disease-stricken child in a humble but in Australia, a child to whom I had come to minister as a young nurse. I recall the message received from my old friend and counsellor, Dr. Aeneas J. McDonnell, in response to my wire asking him to diagnose the disease and tell me what to do about it:

"Infantile paralysis. No known treatment. Do the best you can with the symptoms presenting themselves."

I did the best I could and the treatment there improvised, which restored the suffering child to health, was the foundation of what came to be called the Kenny method.

In my eager youth I thought it would be an easy task to give my discovery to the world. It took four long decades of unceasing struggle.

...dream girl, dream girl,
Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
...hair that gleams and glistens
From a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!.. Show him how
much lovelier your hair can look..
after a **Lustre-Creme Shampoo**

Tonight he can see your hair sparkling with unexpected sheen... FEEL your hair carelessly soft and silky... if you use LUSTRE-CREME to-day. Only Lustre-Creme brings you Kay Daumit's magic formula for glamorizing hair as you wash it. A blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin. Lustre-Creme gives "loveliness later"

even in the hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean and free of loose dandruff; gives new, shimmering beauty to all "hair-dos" or permanents. Beauty-wise American women have made LUSTRE-CREME America's favourite cream shampoo. Try it! You'll love the lovely results.

PRICES: SMALL, 1/7; LARGE, 3/4

Not a Soap!
Not a Liquid!
But Kay Daumit's rich
Lathering Cream
Shampoo with Lanolin



In a tube for your convenience

LC12/190A

**Warming Extra Blood Flow
brings Quick relief from
BRUISES & SPRAINS**

There's no quicker relief from pain than Sloan's Liniment. Sloan's induces a comforting, pain-relieving warmth by stimulating the circulation. Inflammation is quickly eased and difficulty of movement vanishes. Keep a bottle always handy



and be ready to relieve the hundred and one little hurts that happen about the house and garden. Even severe muscular pains and joint aches respond to the soothing tingle of a dab of Sloan's. Simply pat the sore spot with a little Sloan's — no rubbing, no massaging — and you'll be amazed how quickly it brings relief from pain.

SLOAN'S
FAMILY LINIMENT
AT ALL CHEMISTS

ONLY
2/9
A BOTTLE

My clothes
never go a
bad colour!



"How do I keep them so white?
It's simple, my dear, I never
neglect the last rinse in Reckitt's
Blue. There is no other way to
prevent white things going a bad
colour."

**Reckitt's
Blue**

Out of the Blue
comes the whitest wash

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells
Home Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can use this simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. Just go to your chemist and ask him for Orlex Compound. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. Apply the Orlex Compound to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger at very little cost. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

WAKE UP ALIVE TOMORROW— NOT HALF-DEAD!

If your body is racked by irregularity—or despondency—follow this tested treatment which was proved to work with most people like yourself. Start drinking 4 glasses of water each day. Set a time for regularity. Then, for one week take 2 mild, gentle Carter's Pills each night. Second week, only one each night. Third week, one every other night. Then, take nothing, because after Carter's Pills have "unblocked" your digestive tract this way—it should then make use of its normal powers of regularity. Only if worry, wrong diet or nervous tension makes you temporarily irregular will you need Carter's Pills again. Then you can take them temporarily with complete confidence because they contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills today.

HAZEL



"SHE'S HAD KITTENS!"

BUTCH



"The nice man gave me all these pretty knives and forks for a ride on my sled."

It seems to me

ROBERT HELPMANN, who announced that he intended to give up ballet dancing when he was 40, now says, having reached that age, that it was all a mistake.

He says that somehow the word "retire" got mixed up with the word "resign."

It would be a great pity if anyone so talented as Mr. Helpmann were to retire so early, but it is pretty obvious that he has changed his mind.

When a man or a woman is young, 40 seems incredibly aged, and doubtless he has discovered what most people do—that no age seems as old when you reach it as it did twenty or even ten years before.

I can remember when I thought that to be 26 would be equivalent to having one foot in the grave. However, I shall refrain from pursuing the personal angle of the subject, and return to Mr. Helpmann.

Many a theatrical artist has planned to retire at the height of his career, only to find that the pull against it was too strong.

Besides, if inflation continues as it is, fewer and fewer people will be able to retire at all.



Dorothy Drain

By

GREENGROCCERS in New South Wales want the Fruit Shopkeepers' Association to launch a campaign to educate women to refrain from prodding and squashing fruit.

I wish them luck, but there are two kinds of women: those who personally investigate to see whether the fruit's ripe, and those who take the greengrocer's word.

I belong to the second category, not from virtue but from lack of courage. In fact, so craven am I that in the old days I was always highly embarrassed by an invitation to taste the wares.

Many a time have I regretted the artless question, "Are the grapes nice?" The suggestion to try one and see always shattered me. Incurably polite, I invariably swallowed the grape whole and regardless of whether it was nice or nasty asked for a pound.

But in these days of high prices one is spared such embarrassing moments.

DURING a case in which two lads were charged with shop-breaking recently, a judge suggested that young boys should have part of their wages frozen.

"I am appalled at the number of cases which come before me in which youths on high wages squander their money and then turn to crime to raise more," he said.

His idea was that the frozen portion of the wages could be kept until the boys were old enough to spend it wisely.

However desirable it might be for some boys, it wouldn't work. You couldn't penalise all the level-headed lads and the incipient John D. Rockefellers to protect the others.

I doubt, too, that the mere possession of high wages leads boys into crime. There must be other factors, and the freezing of portion of wages might only encourage an anti-social attitude in those already tending that way.

ANNOUNCING that British sausages would in future contain powdered milk, the British Food Minister, Mr. Webb, said, "I can already visualise the headlines in certain newspapers and the comments of certain radio comedians, but I feel it is my duty to adopt the milk sausage as a temporary measure."

Unhappy is the policeman's lot and his who wears a crown,
Or to the poets in the past have said;
But of all the occupations that could get a fellow down
There is none that's worse than keeping Britain fed.

He gave them whale and reindeer, and something labelled moak,
And various curious creatures of that ilk,
But of all the queer foodstuffs, and some were pretty crook,
What sadder than a sausage made of milk?

Oh, sad indeed the sausage, but sadder is the man
Whose job it is, for though he does his best,
Tis better that no matter how he racks his brain to plan,
His efforts always turn to food for jest.

Few are born beautiful...
All can achieve beauty



with the

Elinor Arden

Basic Ritual

Follow the beauty ritual that is the secret of women who have become legends... because they seem never to age!

FOR NORMAL SKINS: CLEANSE with incomparable Arden's Cleansing Cream, combined with Arden's Skin Tonic... the perfected cleansing method.

TONE with softening, brightening Skin Tonic.

NOURISH with soft Velve Cream... leaves the skin fine-textured.

FOR MATURE SKINS: CLEANSE with Arden's Cleansing Cream, combined with Arden's Skin Tonic.

TONE with Arden's Special Astringent. Pat firmly.

SMOOTH with Vitamin Cream. Pat well to relieve that tired, tense look.

FOR YOUNG SKINS: CLEANSE with Fluffy Cleansing Cream, created especially for young skins.

TONE with soothing Arden's Skin Tonic.

NOURISH with Velve Cream or pat face with Orange Skin Cream (for thin skins).

FOR PERFECTION IN MAKE-UP... Pat-a-Creme... Arden's Face Powder... Rouge... Lipsticks... Eye Shado... All in Miss Arden's latest fashion harmonies.

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DISCOVER THE HIDDEN*

Lustrous Tints

IN YOUR HAIR

*There are latent tints in your hair waiting to be revealed with ordinary washing.



Richard Hudnut egg creme SHAMPOO

contains real egg

Women all over America are delighted with the new beauty, Egg Creme Shampoo discovers in their hair... hidden subtleties of tone... lustrous sheen alluringly revealed... and so easily, quickly, simply, by the almost magical action of the real egg which makes this shampoo the most sought-after by the well-groomed. Prove it for yourself by trying a 2-oz. bottle and then purchase the larger, more economical 8-oz. size. Make the most of your hair by shampooing regularly with Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo.



Richard Hudnut SHAMPOO IS BETTER BECAUSE...

1. It contains real egg to make your hair more manageable.
2. It is not a wax nor a paste—but a smooth, liquid creme.
3. It is easier to apply and rinses out readily.
4. It removes loose dandruff.
5. It's the same shampoo as used in the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue luxury treatments.

If toothbrush warns of bleeding gums

Look out! You may have
PYORRHEA
4 out of 5, regardless of age, may have it.

Dreaded Pyorrhoea—natural enemy of beautiful teeth and healthy gums—is no respecter of persons. 4 out of 5 may get it! Neglect may lead to soft, spongy gums and loosening teeth. So start taking better care of your teeth and gums. See your dentist. Then, at home, massage gums and brush teeth twice daily with Forhan's—the only toothpaste with the special anti-Pyorrhoea astringent of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.



Forhan's

DOES TWO JOBS — CLEANS TEETH, SAVES GUMS
The only toothpaste with the special anti-Pyorrhoea astringent. Price 1/6. Extra large tube, 2/6.
A/Asian Agents: Sheldon Drug Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Worth Reporting

MELBOURNE artist
Bill de Neeffe is painting murals on the dome of the Sacred Heart Church, Kew, doing much of the work from a scaffold 95 feet from the floor.

He climbed down from the lofty perch where he was working on a 14-foot high sacred figure when our Melbourne correspondent called to see him, handed her a pair of field glasses and said, "It's safer looking that way."

Mr. de Neeffe studied with Max Meldrum, paints portraits, landscapes, and still lifes now, but for years he ran a signwriting business, which he says "provided the wherewithal to rear our five children."

Now that his sons carry on the signwriting, he has settled down to fine art in his studio at Kew. He began to paint at 14.

When work on the dome is completed the murals will extend over the walls as a background to the altar of the Sacred Heart Church.

He is working in consultation with Rev. Dr. W. M. Collins, parish priest. This is the third church for which he has painted murals.

Schoolchildren from the adjoining school were his models for the cherubs depicted holding draperies extending from a golden chalice.

At the experimental school 30 native married couples learn improved farming methods. The men learn elementary carpentry and engineering, and the women are taught to wash and cook.

When they complete the course the students go back to their villages to teach others. The Bewshers hope that Stephen and Michael will also take up this work when they are old enough.

Mrs. Bewsher looks after any of the women pupils who have babies during their stay at the school.

The Queen's own garden

ON February evenings, especially when the Court is away from London, the Queen likes to sit by the fire and spend a little time with the new season's flower catalogues. Then, writing-pad on her knee, she plans the displays for the summer.

Her Majesty's own garden is the one round Royal Lodge, Windsor. She designed it many years ago from a semi-wilderness, and she still delights in keeping it colorful and fragrant. Flowers without scent have little appeal for the Queen.

She is specially fond of the rock garden, in which a stream splashes down among boulders.

As usual, the Queen has had lots of spring bulbs planted. The lawn in front of the Royal Lodge dining-room will soon be gay with golden, white, and mauve crocuses, and later with daffodils, followed by tulips, including those Queen Juliana sent recently from Holland.



Sarawak school for married couples

MRS. R. A. Bewsher, who left Australia for Sarawak with her own three-year-old son, Ross, and 11-year-old Stephen and Michael Tiong, twin brothers, of the Bisaya tribe, works with her husband at an experimental school for natives at Knowit e or Sibn, financed by the British Government.

The twins had just spent fifteen months as boarders at Scotch College, Launceston, and will continue their studies through the correspondence section of the Department of Education, Queensland.

Mr. and Mrs. Bewsher have befriended the boys since they were twenty hours old and are now their legal guardians.

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When they complete the course the students go back to their villages to teach others. The Bewshers hope that Stephen and Michael will also take up this work when they are old enough.

Mrs. Bewsher looks after any of the women pupils who have babies during their stay at the school.

To press with a mangle

ONE of the most unusual Australian publications is the magazine for the blind edited by Mrs. Clarice L. Cook, of Brisbane.

Mrs. Cook spends the first fortnight of the month collecting and arranging material reprinted from other papers.

There are handicraft and cookery sections, directions for which must be rewritten for people without sight.

There is to be a sports section shortly when a blind men's cricket team from Sydney will play a Brisbane team.

With the help of voluntary workers, Mrs. Cook proceeds to get the publication to press on a household mangle installed at the association office.

The paper is slipped between two aluminium plates, on which the braille stories and articles have been indented. The plates are then run through the mangle.

Green man on his shoulder

WHEN mind-readers Lesley and Sydney Piddington returned to Australia from England, they brought with them a trunk full of letters.

These were from listeners who thought they knew how the Piddingtons worked their mind-reading demonstrations.

One British listener wrote:

"Mr. Piddington has a green man sitting on his shoulder. The message is whispered to him, and then he flies to Lesley Piddington and tells her the words. I know all about your green man, because I have one on my own shoulder."

"Most letters," Syd Piddington says, "fall into the hidden transmitter group. I'm supposed to have a hollow tooth with a transmitter inside it, and Lesley is supposed to have a tooth holding a receiver. Listeners claim that I sent messages by clicking my tongue against my tooth."

The biggest laugh the Piddingtons got was when they attempted to transmit the color orange to B.B.C. listeners.

Back came an excited scrawl: "I was listening to your programme and trying to think of the color. Suddenly three orange dogs bounded into the sitting-room and bounded out again. Was the color orange?"

Irish charm— and linen

IRISHMAN Tom Morrow, who brought his fascinating brogue from Belfast many years ago, and raised it effectively in the N.S.W. Parliament during the 'twenties, called to see us the other day.

He now devotes his energies to helping the Ulster Association raise money to bring migrants from their picturesque homeland to settle on 50 acres of land which the association hopes to purchase in an outer suburb of Sydney.

Chief interest of Mr. Morrow's visit, apart from his Celtic charm, was the beautiful selection of Irish linen he showed us as an example of what will be on sale at the association's fair this Saturday at St. Philip's Hall, York Street, Sydney.

Beautifully printed or embroidered, some luncheon sets were in delicate pastels.

For
**Skin Irritations
and sores**

USE



Pure, safe
Vaseline
PETROLEUM JELLY

Remember, there is only ONE "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly—the one pictured above. This is the scientifically refined and purified Petroleum Jelly—which never varies in odour, colour and purity. Be certain you get safe, pure "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Always ask for it by its full name. Keep it in your house for 101 daily uses.

At all chemists and stores.
"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Corp. U.S.A.

What a difference it makes...

To meals of all kinds, Lea & Perrins Tomato Sauce imparts the most delightful flavour. Try what its rich, ripe tastiness does to your next dish. You will find it more than lives up to Lea & Perrins world-famed standard of quality.



**LEA & PERRINS
Tomato
Sauce**



Not afraid to bend or stoop!

BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM RELIEVED
Gardening and odd jobs are a pleasure again when backache and aching joints are relieved. These pains are often a warning of tired kidneys which have an excess of acids in the blood and may cause backache, rheumatism, leg pains, swelling, puffiness under eyes, headache and dizziness. Millions of sufferers have found relief by taking DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills. If you suspect your kidneys, get DOAN'S. At Chemists and Stores all over the World.



A 3 thread Vita-Bloom pure silk sheer created to an incoomparable standard of beauty and quality, named Wil-o-wisp because they are gossamer fine.

14/9

Wil-o-wisp



Cherish

Famous hosiery names

BY **Prestige**

There is not a better 30 Denier 51 Gauge Nylon sheer than Cherish, for they combine sheer beauty with really long wear.

14/3

AUTHENTIC

A 45 Denier Nylon service sheer that will give you long wear and yet has a truly beautiful appearance. They are called Authentic because they are genuinely unexcelled for quality.

13/9

Wonderfoot

This 60 Denier Nylon Service Weight with a soft, absorbent, cotton inner sole; so aptly named Wonderfoot, will give you soothing foot comfort together with smart appearance.

12/9

For the skin that doesn't like heavy foundation

Flattering, natural looking loveliness for the skin that doesn't like a "made-up" look! This lighter, greaseless foundation makes powder go on smoothly — cling hours longer!

A sheerer powder base

— soft, natural! No oily, "coated" feel — it's greaseless!

Now — for delicate skin that looks most charming when it looks most natural — this greaseless powder base! Sheer and silken-smooth on your skin, it takes make-up flawlessly. Leaves no oily shine. No heavy "cakey" feeling. Before powder, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly. It disappears immediately, leaving only a transparent, protective film that suits any skin tone. See how smoothly your powder goes on — how beautifully it stays!



A Glamour Mask before make-up "Restyles" your face in 1 Minute!

Always when you want to look your most attractive self, have a quick beauty pick-up with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Spread the Cream lavishly over face, except eyes. After one minute, tissue off clean. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn dirt and dead skin flakes. Dissolves them off! Right away, your face looks freshened — clearer, brighter! And thrillingly soft to touch — perfect for make-up!



The Countess Jean de Caraman

—one of France's oldest and most distinguished families, says: "A 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths away roughnesses . . . makes my skin look clearer and brighter right away. Make-up goes on with a new prettiness."

PV12

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with lovely
PRINCESS NARDA: Who is kept in a death chamber by
THE BLUE BANDIT: Find that the jewel thief is a girl.

Mandrake, forced to help in a jewel robbery, manages to telephone the police. When he escapes with the bandit from the house, a helicopter appears, and takes them to the underground hideout, where the police wait in ambush. NOW READ ON;



"YOU WEREN'T SO BRILLIANT AT THE COSTUME BALL!" SNAPS MAC. "I'D HAVE DONE ALL RIGHT IF THE LIGHTS HADN'T GONE OUT," REPLIES THE BLUE BANDIT. MANDRAKE THINKS: "I'VE GOT TO GET NARDA OUT OF THAT GAS CHAMBER, QUICKLY."



"I SAW MANDRAKE TURN OFF THOSE LIGHTS. WASN'T THAT PART OF YOUR PLAN?" SAYS MAC. "NO!" SHOUTS THE BLUE BANDIT. "SO, MANDRAKE, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSED ME, AFTER ALL! THAT MEANS—NARDA DIES!"



MEANWHILE, NARDA AWAKENS, NOT REALIZING SHE IS IN A TRAP. IF THE DOOR OF THE CHAMBER IS OPENED, POISON GAS IS RELEASED, BRINGING INSTANT DEATH!



SEEING MANDRAKE OUTSIDE, NARDA WALKS TO THE DOOR, PUZZLED. "AHI!" LAUGHS THE BLUE BANDIT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS PANEL. "LET HER OPEN THE DOOR, HERSELF—AND DIE BY HER OWN HANDS!"



MANDRAKE TRIES FRANTICALLY TO STOP NARDA FROM OPENING THE DOOR THAT WILL RELEASE DEADLY GAS! NARDA DOESN'T UNDERSTAND, ONLY SEEING THAT MANDRAKE IS WITH A SMILING BLONDE. "SO HE DOESN'T WANT ME TO COME OUT? WELL, I WILL," SHE THINKS—



CATCHING NARDA'S EYE, AS HER HAND TOUCHES THE DOOR KNOB, MANDRAKE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY—FREEZING HER IN HER TRACKS.



"SO!" SNARLS THE BLUE BANDIT. "THEN I'LL OPEN IT, MYSELF!" AGAIN THE MAGICIAN GESTURES—AND SHE RECKLESSLY AS THE DOOR SEEMS ALIVE WITH FLAMES!



NOW, MANDRAKE WORKS FAST, KNOWING THAT NARDA'S LIFE HANGS BY A THREAD! WITH A WELL-PLACED KICK HE SMASHES THE GLASS PANEL OF THE DEATH CHAMBER—



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MENDELSSOHN: Composed in luxury

● The scene was Buckingham Palace, the actors Queen Victoria, her husband, Albert, and musician Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Beside the piano in the great sitting-room stood a huge rocking horse. A parrot in a great bird-cage hung on the wall.

QUEEN VICTORIA, about to sing, suddenly pointed to the bird: "The parrot must be removed first, or he will scream louder than I sing."

Before Prince Albert could ring for the servants, Mendelssohn lifted the heavy cage and carried it from the room.

Calm restored, Felix sat at the piano and accompanied the Queen in one of his own songs. Victoria sang it "without a mistake, and with charming feeling and expression."

At the end she said, "Oh, if only I had not been so nervous; otherwise I really have a long breath," but Mendelssohn praised her, saying that she had done very well.

Then 33, Mendelssohn was a famous composer, who had hobnobbed with the great since he was a child prodigy of 12.

Born in Hamburg, Germany, on February 3, 1809, Felix grew up in a wealthy, cultured atmosphere. His banker father, Abraham, and his mother were both Jewish, and both ambitious for their children.

When Felix was four he began to take music lessons, and by the time he was eight he was learning composition. At nine he played in public, and by 11 was becoming known as a composer.

On Sunday afternoons in the family's new home at Berlin, Felix, quaintly dressed in a tight jacket and wide trousers, stood on a music stool to conduct a small orchestra hired by his father.

Often the orchestra played his own works, but mostly they gave Mozart or Beethoven.

With his sisters Fanny and Rebecca and brother Paul Felix was taught landscape drawing, riding, Greek, and swimming. The boys had their own gymnasium fitted up in the garden. For fun, when they went swimming Mendelssohn composed special songs, to which they tried to sing and swim in time.

Handsome, curly-haired Felix was 12 when his music teacher, Zelter, took him to Weimar to meet the famous poet Goethe, who was then in his seventies.

After Mendelssohn had played some of his own compositions on the piano, Goethe said: "You have only played me pieces you know, but

now we will see whether you can play something you do not know."

To Mendelssohn's amazement Goethe produced a page of original Mozart manuscript.

Having mastered that at sight, he was next confronted with another almost indecipherable manuscript splashed with ink blots.

Zelter recognised it. "Beethoven wrote that," he told his pupil. "Anyone could see it a mile off. He always writes with a broomstick, and passes his sleeves over the notes before they are dry."

As Felix played through the piece quite creditably, both Zelter and Goethe were convinced that the boy had little left to learn.

Of all the great composers, Mendelssohn loved best Bach, then completely out of favor in Europe.

At the age of 14 he wrote to his favorite sister, Fanny, that the Parisians believed Bach "to be nothing but a wig stuffed with learning." Fanny urged her brother to become a missionary and convert people to Bach.

At 20 Mendelssohn and other musical friends revived Bach's "St. Matthew's Passion"

a nation that paid him its highest compliment by considering him English.

Mendelssohn returned the compliment. He loved London, and considered the English musically intelligent.

In 1836 he was appointed director of the Gewandhaus Orchestra, Leipzig.

Soon after this appointment Mendelssohn met Cecile Jeanrenaud at Frankfurt and became engaged to her. Cecile was 18, a serene, lovely girl, with an intelligent face, blue eyes, and shining hair.

Though Jewish by birth, Felix followed the Protestant religion, and Cecile was the daughter of a Protestant pastor.

Felix wrote home to his mother: "I am madly in love. It is the first time in my life

I can neither compose, nor write, nor settle down at the piano — that's the state I'm in."

On March 28, 1837, Cecile



JAKOB LUDWIG FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY was a German Jew, but the adoring English public adopted him as an Englishman.

husband, who could turn temperamental when he chose. At concerts she sat beside him, saying, "Dear husband, do be calm!" if the music was not well presented.

In 1838 their first baby, Carl, was born, and by 1843 the Mendelssohn family included Marie, Paul, Felix, and Lili.

By then Mendelssohn had founded the Leipzig Conservatorium, had written the oratorios "Elijah" and "St. Paul," and was still telling the musical world about Bach.

Jenny Lind, world-famed singer, had sung his music, and wanted Mendelssohn to write her an opera.

It was to be "Lorelei," and Felix worked on it spasmodically for some time.

But by now, obsessed with his oratorios, he could summon neither mood nor energy to finish it.

A friend meeting him about this time was dismayed by the changes in the still young, but once gay and vivacious, Mendelssohn.

"He had aged prematurely... his face bore the traces of severe mental strain, his habit to keep his eyelids half-closed had got so much worse that he hardly noticed his closest acquaintances when they passed him in the street... His carriage had lost all vigor and elasticity."

In 1847, when Mendelssohn was restless and nervy from overwork, his beloved sister, Fanny Hensel, died suddenly. It was a terrible blow to Mendelssohn, who wrote, "Everything seems empty and desolate within me."

He seemed to lose heart, and, in spite of a holiday trip to Switzerland, his health continued to fail.

After months of illness he died on November 4, 1847, aged 38.

FAMOUS MUSICIANS

in Berlin, and also some of Beethoven's and Handel's works.

In his late teens Mendelssohn produced some of his best-known works, including the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream."

On Mendelssohn's first trip to England, where, aged 20, he went to conduct the overture, a friend, Thomas Attwood, left the full score in a hackney coach.

When the worried Attwood confessed that he had lost the score, Felix told him not to think any more of it.

"I will make another from memory," said the young musician—and did so. When it was compared with the orchestral parts every note was identical.

On that visit Mendelssohn also conducted one of his own symphonies with the Philharmonic Society.

In subsequent years he made nine other visits to Britain, always receiving the same flattering welcome from

and Felix were married at Frankfurt. The wedding barouches and coaches were covered with flowers and crowds waited outside the church to see the composer and his bride.

Honeymooning in the country, Felix composed quartets and picked bunches of wild violets for Cecile. A sketch humorously done by Mendelssohn shows Cecile in a fashionable shop with bolts of rich material spread on the counter. Another shows Felix and Cecile at the breakfast table at their hotel, hiding behind newspapers to avoid the approach of an elderly hotel bore.

The honeymoon over, they settled at Leipzig.

"Cecile is coping with builders and furnishes," wrote Mendelssohn. "She is buying fruit dishes, salad bowls, knives and forks... while I am busy with music publishers and touring virtuosi... Never have my meals seemed so tasty."

Cecile also coped with her

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS



CARRIED AWAY by atmosphere of wedding, the bridesmaid becomes openly proprietary with the groomsman, forgetting that men like to set the pace.



ANXIETY to consolidate claim and establish herself as one of family makes her drop in unasked too often at his home. Though kind, his family are antagonised.



WISH to appear glamorous makes her forgetful of his tastes and bank balance. Round of night-clubbing begins as luxury and ends as one he can't afford.

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Autumn Gardening

All gardeners, whether veterans or beginners, will find this comprehensive guide to autumn gardening helpful. From this page to page 54 it is packed with information for you, even if you live in a flat and must garden indoors.

BEAUTY CREATED IN UGLY YARD

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

Sydney chemist Peter Cooke has proved that anyone can have a lovely garden anywhere, provided he is keen, does not mind hard work, and has a sense of color and design.

MR. COOKE has converted the untidy rubbish dump behind his chemist shop in the Sydney suburb of Dulwich Hill into a paradise of green foliage and colorful blossom.

I visited Mr. Cooke's garden recently. Having threaded my way through stacks of boxes and bottles at the back of his shop in the heart of the shopping centre, I came suddenly upon an oasis of beauty and charm in a desert of surrounding shop yards.

In a tiny space not more than 15 feet wide and less than 40 feet long Mr. Cooke has created, with the sureness of touch of a true artist, a thing of beauty.

Along the back fence a luscious passionfruit vine hides the ugliness of the palings. Tall rustling poplars line both sides of the garden, making a screen against the surrounding yards.

"My gardening friends say that poplars go for your drains and clog them up, but when anything gets too big and a nuisance in my little garden, I just root it out and put a young one in," Mr. Cooke said.

A rise that was once the rubbish dump is now a rockery. A banana palm gives character and charm to the corner, set off against a wattle tree and two dark green-leaved camellias.

There is no lawn. Peter says it is a labor-saving device to have brick cobbles with sweet alicia, wild mint, and wild strawberry scrambling about among the cracks.

In the centre is a sunken fish-pond where carp drift among the water-lilies and hyacinths.

Tubs contain azaleas and a deep green Dalmatian spruce.

Petunias and fuchsias peer out from every crack. On the sunny side are a sweet-smelling ginger plant, a lemon tree, and a pink-flowering gum, while the shady side is crammed with color from deep red coleus and several types of lilies.

A tree and a tropical golden-yellow lily-like solandra climb on two ionic columns which hide the ugly brick wall and outhouse, giving a rich Grecian look to a corner that was at first a problem.

A monstera deliciosa, with its large leaves, gives a finishing touch.

Yellow gazanias and purple-blue lobelia sprout from little crevices.

There is even a special tiny clay bed of roses.

And all this is in 600 square feet between paling fences which Peter has stained a grey-green and which are not noticed at all.

"I scarcely spend more than an hour a fortnight working in the garden now it is really going properly," he told me.

Peter, who is a bachelor, said his friends laughed at him two years ago when he decided to beautify his backyard.

Here's his story:

"It looked pretty hopeless piled with rubble, the earth beaten down hard, and rubbish everywhere, but I was determined," he said.

"First I tidied up the rubbish into one corner, took away the top soil and put it on top of the pile of rubbish.

"This broke up the flat look and gave me something to build on.

"Then I bought some bricks from a man who wanted to sell an old oven. It took weeks and weeks to clean them off. Everyone who called for a meal had to clean off six bricks. It proved a good way to get them done.

"I mapped out my beds, which you can see are all round the edge, and filled the centre in with the bricks.

"I bought some bags of soil, scrounged cuttings and seedlings, and bought a good many, too. Sometimes I pay as much as £6 for a shrub, and other times I get a much better result from something from someone else's garden."

Peter's only gardening implement is a small hand fork.



BACKYARD BEAUTY. Sydney chemist Peter Cooke in his garden behind his shop at Dulwich Hill. At the left is the yard as it was two years ago.

ALSO IN THIS SECTION

By Our Home Gardener,
Reg Edwards

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By Margaret Davis

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CLEVER USE of stone is seen in the grounds of "Trelyn," Blue Mountains home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Siedman, at Leura, N.S.W. Particularly lovely is the bastion, with ulex blooms and flanked by alpine phlox and primulas.



FRAMED in evergreen, this grassy path makes an attractive vista between beds of dahlias leading to a rose-covered arch in Mrs. H. C. Morrow's garden at Indooroopilly, Brisbane.

BLAZE of begonias, pansies, and roses (below) was planned by Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Paetz to harmonise with oatmeal bricks and warm colors of their home at Box Hill, Melbourne.

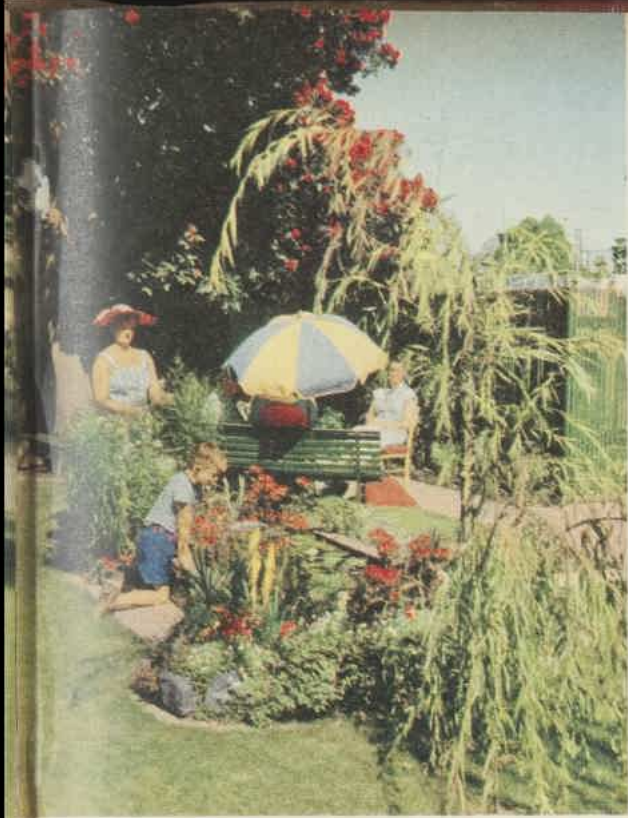


Landscape designs

These gardens in Queensland, South Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales show the rewards of planning a layout and color scheme whether the area is big or small, and the sections shown were selected because the ideas could be adapted by other gardeners planning vistas.



FIREFIGHTING WATER, an essential in the beautiful Adelaide Hills district, has been worked into the plan of Mr. Rex Cowell's garden at Balhannah as a pond.



THIS BACKYARD in Caulfield, Melbourne, was a wilderness two years ago except for the flowering gum. June McCormack transformed it with a lily pond, lawn paths, and English cottage flowers, even making the diamond-shaped concrete paving-stones for the path.



BUSH GARDEN and rockery combined is made more colorful when tubs of azaleas and other flowering shrubs are placed in it with good effect at the home of Mrs. Arthur Davis, of Cammeray, N.S.W., a garden enthusiast.

COUNTRY GARDEN of Mrs. George Brookman, "Burbrook," Meadows, near Adelaide (right), shows pleasing informal planting of beautiful bed of annuals, including lupins and delphiniums, beyond which are the parklands.



DAFFODILS grow under the trees in the grounds of homes at Mt. Irvine, New South Wales. Here are some of the 100,000 blooms grown each year by the Misses Scrivener, of Tathoa, who delight in this informal garden.

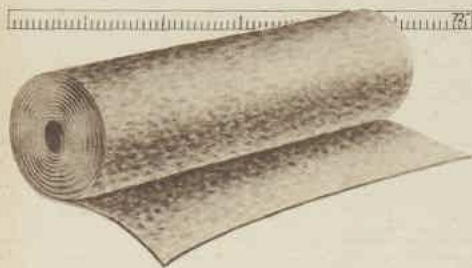
GUM TREES were preserved when architect J. W. Daubney designed his home at Gordon, N.S.W. (below). Now, by building up the soil, he has been able to grow grass and hardy Orange Triumph roses under the trees.



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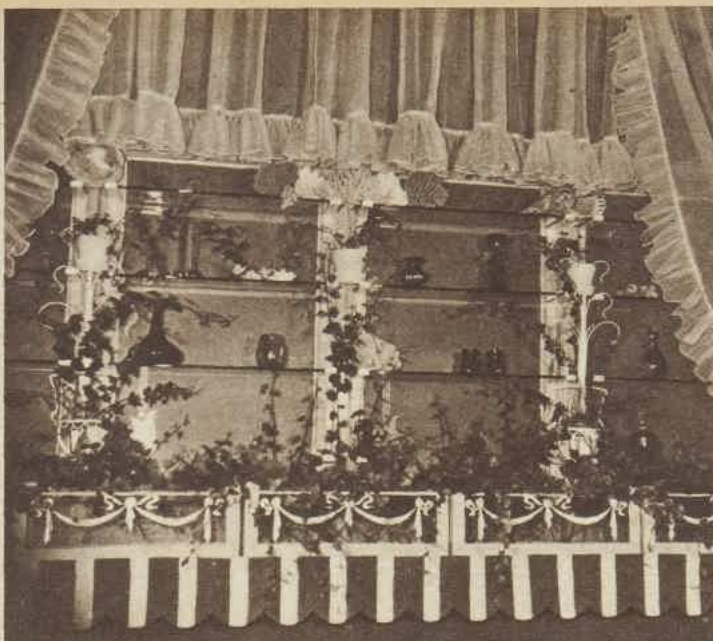


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WINDOW GARDENS like this frame pleasing views, or can be a good substitute for a pleasant outlook where none exists. This one was made for the American room at a furniture exhibition at the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society's building, Sydney.

You can have your garden indoors

• Garden-minded people living in flats and rooms can indulge an urge for a garden by using window sills and balconies or bringing the garden right inside as is done in America.

SOME beautiful effects are possible, sometimes an entire room being used to display plants of all sizes and types: Where space is more limited, a bay-window or recess or even an entrance porch may become a miniature conservatory.

Even the tiny bed-sitting room may have brackets attached to the window-frame to hold pot plants. Or a series of glass shelves across the window area will hold a wide variety of plants and also serve as a display shelf for ornaments or colorful pieces of glassware.

Below the window level more plants may be introduced in an indoor window-box, either attached to the wall or mounted on the top of a long bookshelf. If the shelves extend beyond the width of the window so much the better as shade-loving plants can be placed at the end, thus enlarging your garden.

If you do not wish to go to this expense, colored pots in matching saucers painted to tone with the color scheme of the room or, alternatively, in different gay Mexican colors will look effective.

The painted pot conserves moisture, and, whether used in or out of doors, in most cases produces better results than the unpainted pot.

Try to have as much light as possible in the garden room by dispensing with curtains and substituting trailing plants, either to hang from a bracket or pelmet top or to grow upwards from containers of water placed close to the window-frame.

Ivy is the most adaptable and hardy of indoor vines and will grow upwards and cling to the woodwork if you help it at first by securing the long trails with a few drawing-pins. Do not pin through the stalk but pin into the woodwork and let the wide head hold them firmly in place.

Ivy seems to grow more quickly in water than in soil, but it is important to keep the

water sweet with a few pieces of charcoal.

There are several "musts" for successful indoor gardening, none of them very difficult when it is remembered that the chief requirements of plants in the home are somewhat similar to those of the human occupants.

- Plenty of fresh air—but not draughts.
- Nourishing food and ample water except in a few cases.
- Sunshine in varying amounts according to the type of plant.

Some experimenting may be necessary to discover just what windows in the home are most suited to the plants you wish to grow.

Most plants can take unlimited sun. Others prefer only an hour or so in the mornings or can get along quite happily without any at all. The latter include a large number of ferns, some very lovely foliage plants such as dieffenbachia, ficus elastica (the rubber tree), philodendron, pothos, saxifraga, many varieties of begonia. The rex begonias, obtainable in a wonderful range of colors, are particularly good indoors.

The lovely little red-berried ardisia, primroses, and some of the primulas, cinerarias, and the saintpaulia or African violet described on the opposite page are also content to remain indoors all the year.

Some of the others benefit from a spell outdoors from time to time, and if you have a balcony or verandah, it is easy to maintain continuous relays, so that there is always color indoors.

For larger pots to stand on the floor nothing is more spectacular than monstera deliciosa or giant philodendron, which is found in almost every modern home in the United States, Norfolk Island pine, and the many varieties of acalypha.

The Australian silky oak tree is also an American favorite as a pot plant.

In the long list of plants suitable for sunny rooms is our old friend the poinsettia, which in both the red and yellow form makes a most attractive potted house-plant.

— M. Davis

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become these...



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Because of its three-way action Romind gives quick and positive results. Try it under the guarantee that it must satisfy completely or your money back on return of empty flask. Get Romind from your chemist to-day.

HOUSE PLANT NOVELTY

By MARGARET DAVIS, president of the
N.S.W. Garden Club

Blooming for eight months in the year, the saintpaulia, or African violet, is America's favorite indoor plant, and is now being grown more generally in Australia.

THE saintpaulia is equally at home in a heated glasshouse in the company of exotic orchids or on the window-sill of a cottage in a crowded industrial suburb.

It thrives in the dusty city atmosphere which causes most plants to wilt quickly, and it possesses the rare quality of growing indoors.

This is why it became "America's favorite house-plant," and now there are 175 varieties of saintpaulia being grown in the United States.

The saintpaulia is not, of course, a true violet, being a member of the gesneria family, and therefore related to the gloxinia. It was discovered in East Africa by Baron Walter von Saint Paul in 1892.

Only the original blue variety is available from most Australian nurseries at present, but there are a few plants of the rare white, pinks, and reds in private collections.

These types will be more plentiful here during the next few years, as propagation is easy and rapid.

The best methods of striking plants is by leaf-cuttings. The leaf is placed in wet sand or shell-grit, where it forms roots in from two to four weeks.

Some rare American varieties of saintpaulia are protected by patent rights, and may not be propagated or sold except by the nursery holding the patent, but there still remains a sufficiently large number of varieties to enable violet-fanciers to indulge in this fascinating hobby by exchanging leaves with other enthusiasts.

Culture and potting mixture are similar to that for gloxinias, but saintpaulias will thrive in any good, light soil, not too acid, and require very little fertiliser. Some growers use 1-3rd leaf mould, 1-3rd loam, and 1-3rd sand.

Watering is important. Water is best applied from the base by adding a little each morning to the saucer in which the pot stands. Overhead watering is liable to cause rotting of the leaves, which are best kept quite dry.

Flowering varies according to temperature and the humidity of the house or verandah. Generally speaking, saintpaulias do not seem to require more than an hour of morning sun, and have been known to thrive with less, provided they get plenty of light. A window-sill is ideal, if strong draughts are not likely to blow directly on the plant.

For 10 years I have always taken a potted saintpaulia when visiting friends who are ill. The recipients have told me, years after they have forgotten their illness, that the little plant still gives them pleasure.

In America, where the craze for growing saintpaulias has reached fantastic heights, seedsmen advertise first-aid kits to aid ailing plants.

These include "everything you need for the control of aphids, leaf hoppers, thrips, mealybugs, plant lice, red spider, springtails, cyclamen and African violet mites."

(To Australians this conjures up the picture of a very active home life for the tired business man—or woman.)

The first-aid kit could be yours for £1 plus postage.

How to keep saintpaulias healthy is a subject to which garden magazines there devote considerable space.

Here is some advice from a leading publication:

"For health three procedures seem essential; sterilised soil to prevent nematodes (you can steam soil in the pressure cooker or bake it in the oven, or you can buy it ready done); a mite-detering spray programme with a good insecticide; and a six months' isolation period for new plants to prevent infection."

One expert, Helen Van Pelt Wilson, who has written a book—"The African Violet"—says that she keeps her African violets on pebble-filled trays or saucers with a constant supply of water below the level of the plant roots. As this excess moisture evaporates a healthful aura of moisture-filled air surrounds each plant.



EXQUISITE SAINTPAULIA photographed at the home of Mrs. Arthur Davis, who specialises in indoor gardens. Mrs. Davis says that saintpaulias are at their best around Christmas and make pretty gifts.



GARDENS inside and outside, seen through glass doors at the home of Mrs. Davis, were planned to blend with each other. Mrs. Davis paints her plant pots to match the color scheme of the furnishings. She grows a great variety of plants indoors as well as the saintpaulia, which she has cultivated for more than ten years.

SUEDES in brown, black, blue, grey, rust

LEATHERS in corn, London tan, red, black, blue, brown

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COLOR ALL THE YEAR



PUFF BALL FLOWERS and a delicate perfume at night are features of *Inga portoricensis*, West Indian shrub shown above. *I. pulcherrima* has beautiful red flowers.



SPIKES of vivid brick-red flowers contrast with the dark-green foliage of a young specimen of *Erythrina crista-galli* in the garden of Mr. M. Crawford, of Waverton, Sydney.

• **Shrubs and trees bring color to the garden all the year round with flowers, fruits, berries, or foliage. Most of them can be planted now.**

THEY enrich a very small garden by providing a background and hiding ugly fences and are at their best when they have room to display their full beauty.

Select and plant the ones you need now before the weather gets any colder.

They will strike and become established much more quickly at this time of the year than if you leave them until the soil, temperature, and wind become frosty and unfriendly.

Trees that are not likely to outgrow the entire space should be used in small gardens.

The weeping elm, wattles of many kinds, almond, flowering peach, cherry, or apricot, box elders, service berry, cherry laurel, Judas tree, cornelian cherry, Italian cypress, red flowering gum, holly, mountain laurel, magnolia conspicua, parrotia persica, pyrus, robinia hispida, and any of the dwarf mallee gums from W.A. are some of the best.

Few of those mentioned grow more than 15ft. to 20ft.

tall or 15ft. across, and their culture is as simple as that of any shrub or bush.

You merely dig a five-shilling hole for a five-shilling tree, firm it well all round, water it sensibly until it is established, and from then on, except during periods of extreme drought, it will look after itself.

This also applies to most of the ornamental foliage and flowering shrubs. Get a nursery catalogue and make a selection of what you want from that.

Easy to grow

MOST catalogues describe the shrubs fairly fully, giving details of flower colors, shape, and form of leaves, whether evergreen or deciduous, and time of flowering as well as height and width when mature. From such catalogues even the novice can choose successfully.

Gardeners looking for deciduous shrubs for present planting could choose from the following brief list: Azalea (some types), buddleia, ceanothus, ceratostigma, cornus,

cotoneaster, cydonia, cythus, diervilla, exochorda, hibiscus, hydrangea, magnolia, philadelphus, spiraea, lilacs, viburnum.

Evergreens would include the following: Abelia, wattles, azalea, buddleia, camellia, cassia, Christmas bush, Geraldton wax plant, choisya, chorizanthe, daphne, diosma, escallonia, genista, gordonia, gold-fuscia, inga portoricensis, lavendula, luculia, magnolia, murraya, nerium, poinciana, protea, rondoletia, ruellia, rosmarinus, spartium, strelitzia, viburnum, and virgilia.

Most native shrubs will rapidly make themselves at home in the garden if given a position somewhat akin to their natural habitat.

Although we have few tangled hedgerows, as they have in England, from which to cut great bunches of colorful hips and haws, we can grow useful cotoneasters and hawthorns in our gardens.

For color and general hardiness the berberis family leads. And as we are considering berries now, not flowers, perfumes, or autumn tints, we

could make a selection from the following good varieties of this numerous family. Berberis aggregata barbarossa, which produces huge masses of coral-red berries, is one of the best. Another good choice is berberis aggregata pratti, a hardy type that bears yellow flowers, coral-red berries and beautiful autumn-tinted foliage. Or you can have black berries from berberis aquifolium, if you live in a very cold district—where it does best.

Some of the choicer berry-bearing shrubs are aronia arbutifolia, or chokeberry, a dwarf variety which bears most attractive small berries in dense masses and highly decorative colored autumn foliage.

Some of the dogwoods (cornus family) produce very quaint white to pink bracts or flowers, followed by berries.

The hawthorns or crataegus family is better known in Australia. Some have recently been transferred by botanists to what is known as the pyracantha section, but whether they are classified in nurserymen's catalogues as crataegus or pyracantha, they are all berry-bearers and very beautiful.

GOLDEN TONES of this Retinospora obtusa crispata, said to be the finest of the golden conifers, is a feature of the garden in which it grows at East Lindfield, Sydney.



SOFT PLUMES of a tamarix form an arch with Bauhinia alba in Mrs. E. V. Roberts' garden at Hunter's Hill, Sydney. Diamond-shaped flagstones make rustic path.



PRIZE GARDEN of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Oakley, of Springvale, Vic., features a silver birch, weeping rose, cherry, and ash.

NIGHT-PERFUMED Cestrum nocturnum (left) forms contrast with other shrubs on terrace in Mrs. Roberts' garden.



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①



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 17, 1951



LILIAM REGALE, November lily, in the garden of Miss C. Barden, Wellington, N.S.W.

IT PAYS TO CONSIDER THE LILIES

● Immaculate form and grace place lilies among the most valued flowers. Get the soil ready for them now.

LILIES range from dwarf to giant, from pure white to deep crimson, from tiny trumpets to huge tubular-shaped blooms, six inches across and nearly a foot long.

Then we have the reflexed types, the petals of which are divided deeply, and curve back towards the stems when they open.

All are beautiful, and most are perfumed.

Any flower bed that was heavily manured last spring for summer and autumn annuals should be suitable, but the bulbs will need some supplementary feed as well. Therefore, it will pay to scatter a few pounds of blood and bone and superphosphate (in equal parts) over the soil when digging, then mix well in with the hoe or rake.

If you have to use manure for bulbs, let it be the very oldest litter procurable or much damage may be done.

Fresh manure burns bulb surfaces and allows serious organic troubles to develop.

If only fresh manure is ob-

tainable, take out a shallow trench about 10 in. deep, put down four to five inches of manure, and tread firmly. Then cover with two inches of soil and plant your bulbs on top. Add blood and bone and super to the soil you are filling in—having mixed it well first of all—and complete the covering of the bulbs.

Autumn to early winter is the time when many of the most easily grown species and hybrids of lilies are planted. When buying, select only firm, waxy-textured bulbs, the scales of which are crisp to brittle. If you cannot get other than flabby bulbs, bury them in wet sand for a fortnight before planting.

See that liliams get a good, deep root-run by turning the soil over to full spade-depth and enriching it with rotted manure (never fresh manure), compost or leaf mould, and a few ounces to the square yard of bone dust or meal.

If the soil is light and sandy be more generous with the nourishment. In very light, porous, sandy soil put a slab of turf (upside down) under each bulb when planting. This will help to retain the moisture for the roots.



LILIAM AURATUM, one of the loveliest lilies of all. Bulbs should be selected with care and flabby or wrinkled ones rejected if possible.

Most lilies need good drainage—even those that like a moist soil. The moisture should be held chiefly by the organic matter in the soil. Consequently, on medium to heavy soils it is wise to plant the bulbs on a layer of coarse sand about 1 in. thick, to which wood ashes in equal parts have been added.

If you have no wood ashes, burn some wood, let it get red-hot right through, and then immerse it in water and use the charcoal thus made, well broken up, instead. Planted on such a layer, the lilies do better and are much less susceptible to disease.

In heavy clay soils set the bulbs at an angle of about 45 degrees. Water is less likely to lodge in the scales and cause rot.

A sound general plan is to plant with 4 in. of soil above the top of the bulbs. Those which like to be deeper will work themselves down. The bulbs should be at least 6 in. apart, preferably in groups of three or six, or they can fill an entire bed.

Do not plant liliams bulbs with a trowel, but dig a good-sized hole with the spade, fill the bottom with sand, plant the bulbs, then fill in, after enriching the top soil, and firm well.

They will show no growth until spring, and if you live

in a very frosty district give the lily bed a thick top blanket of dead leaves or rotted compost to keep the soil warm and moist.

Properly planted liliams of most kinds can be left standing in the one position for several years before overcrowding dictates division. The easiest and cheapest liliams to grow include the November lily, regale, candidum, croceum, henryi, tigrinum, speciosum rubrum, pardalinum, sulphureum, martagon, and probably the most expensive of all, liliams auratum.

Liliams pumilum, concolor, and thunbergianum will appreciate a place in the rock garden. Given good drainage, these early summer flowering types are most attractive.

Mark the spots with garden labels or sticks to guide you when you cultivate later on—and never weed a bulb bed with the hoe. Go over it every week by hand, and you will not dig up the bulbs or cut off their tops and ruin them.

Once the seedsmen advertise stocks of liliams bulbs get busy and buy. Loose scales should not be thrown out, but half buried in moist sandy soil in a box and placed in a shady place, where they will soon take root and produce new bulbs. They will reach flowering size in two to three years.

BUDGET-PRICED FOUNDATIONS FOR EVERY FIGURE AND FITTING



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BULBS of hippeastrum, colorful scarlet and white flowers, should be planted now. Hippeastrums do not increase as freely as many other bulbs.

All seasons are one for flower farmer

For the flower farmer the seasons overlap, making a crazy calendar that is exclusively his own. He reads the months, not by woollies and swimsuits, or a newspaper date, but by sowing and harvesting.



FLOWERING FRUIT TREES on Mr. Noel Dampney's Bobbin Head farm make a background for his small son, Roger, collie dog, Alie, and playmate, Gregory Thompson. Country atmosphere and plenty of space ensure plenty of pastimes for the children.



MASSED LARKSPURS raise their tall heads in front of the comfortable home in which the Dampney family live. Shortly after this picture was taken the larkspurs were cut and some sold in the city. The pink and blue spikes looked like a forest to the children.



SURROUNDED BY SHEAVES of fruit blossom, flower farmer Noel Dampney takes final glance at blooms that will shortly decorate joyers of city hotels, restaurants, night clubs, and form a setting for spring shows, though the temperature suggests winter.

IN autumn, when the flower farmer is harvesting sheaves of blooms left over from the summer, he is sowing other beds to bring spring to the city at a time when both calendar and weather deny its approach.

At Noel Dampney's flower farm at Bobbin Head, near Sydney, they are now picking the last of the great spikes of summer gladioli and massing bunches of dahlias.

Life is pretty good on the farm, though there is plenty of hard work. Mr. and Mrs. Dampney's cream and green cottage looks over acres bright with flowers which fill the family's pockets.

Noel Dampney joined the A.I.F. when World War II broke out, just as he was getting under way as a flower farmer.

Fortunately, the pretty house was built, and in the years he spent in the Middle East and in the Solomons, Mr. Dampney planned what he would do when he returned home.

When he was discharged, he put in an intensive course of textbook study every night while his attractive wife, Margyret, knitted for Christopher, now six-and-a-half, and four-year-old Roger.

Textbooks plus practical experience taught Noel Dampney his job.

His year runs like this: Even during the period of the summer harvest, his workers are straightening backs aching from the task of transplanting thousands of stock seedlings.

This seed was sown in the long, sweating days of January, but the spicy heads of stock will be picked in the frosts of midwinter.

In May, June, and July, there will be fresh plantings of flowering trees—peach and plum, cherry and pear and crab-apple—adding to the 3000 already established on the gaily colored patchwork of the farm's paddocks.

Even as they firm the soil round the

roots of these striplings, they can see along the branches of the older trees the swelling buds that will be alight with color before July is out.

In the biting winds of August, they will pick these branches to deck the city's spring fashion parades, weddings, and hotels.

At the same time, out from the sheds will come the boxes of gladioli bulbs that were dug back in early winter and that will bloom again at Christmas and during high summer.

The green gladioli spikes will be having their fortnightly dust with D.D.T. to save them from the thrip during November, when the dahlia bulbs will be being split up and replanted for autumn blooms.

The Christmas month sees aster seed sown for another autumn harvest. Here the anxiety is against the sudden summer storms which might swamp the seed beds.

Time has a relation to money, too, in Noel Dampney's year, as in all flower farmers'. The secret of profitable growing is to have your blooms ready in the earliest part of a flower's season.

Daffodils, for instance, come in at six, 6/- or more per dozen, and drop within a few weeks to perhaps less than half that price.

To make a crop pay, the farmer must have his share of the high prices to average out over his whole harvest.

Attending to such business and administrative details, ordering bulbs from overseas, and keeping up to date with the latest methods and equipment for flower farming take up all Mr. Dampney's time.

Four Italians who live on the 15-acre property do the farm work.

They are the brothers Franco, Rocco, and Joe Trunfo, and their cousin, Steve Gioffre.

The Trunfos come from Reggio, Calabria, and their cousin from Aquaro.

The truckloads of flowers they send to market mean victory won in the inclement



PEACH BLOSSOM harvest is carried in sheaves by Italian farm workers Steve Gioffre, Rocco Trunfo. The men carefully cut the laden branches and tie them for marketing. The Italian cottage at the farm, supplied with electric light and other amenities.



battle against pests, weeds, and often erosion.

All through the record wet weather of last year and the rainy beginning of 1951, there was the danger of soil erosion.

Noel Dampney prevented erosion by draining the ground and channelling water along the contours of the hill.

As a wholesale florist, Mr. Dampney has to know the likes and dislikes of clients.

He supplies warm red and apricot colored flowers in winter, and frosty-white and ice-blue in the middle of summer.

"I've found that men like red, and plenty of it," he explains. "From experience I know that it's simply useless supplying pastel sweet peas and soft, delicate flowers."

"So I send masses of red roses and crimson carnations to further men's social life, and there are no complaints."

The Dampney children are already taking an interest in the flowers. Young Christopher says he wants to grow flowers when he grows up.

Perhaps he has discovered that a flower farmer can buy nothing quite so lovely as the things he sells.

PLAYMATES Christopher Dampney, Christine Ferguson, and Roger Dampney stop their game for five minutes to pose among the rows of gladioli spikes that bloom well above their heads.

ARRIVAL of flowers at florist's shop (right) marks end of cycle of seed-sowing, planting, weeding, cultivating, and cutting, as Franco and Joe hand over gladioli to girls at Beatrice Stewart's.

Pictures on these pages are by staff photographer Clive Thompson.



Joe, Joe, and Franco in a comfortable



FLAME-THROWER operated by Rocco (left) helps to burn off watsoniast. Farm workers also use flame against weeds.

ROTARY HOE driven by Franco mows down greenstuff, breaks up soil. Later, greenstuff is ploughed in to improve soil.



She's radiantly happy

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RISES TO THE OCCASION — PERFECTLY

Grow a lawn of herbs

● Grass does not grow readily under trees, but there are many trailing and creeping plants that do, and some of them may be used to form a lawn.

SMALL plants such as Chamomile (camomile) thyme, trailing forms of veronicas, and members of the pink family make agreeable substitutes for grass, and often grow where grass will not thrive. Many of them such as the thymes have the double advantage of giving off tangy perfumes when crushed underfoot.

The bowling green Sir Francis Drake was playing on at Plymouth Hoe when the Spanish Armada was sighted consisted of chamomile (anthesis nobilis), a low-growing variety which responds well to mowing and rolling.

Some Australian gardeners—South Australians, in particular—use Lippia canescens or repens as a lawn because their hot, dry summers give most grass species such a scourging. This is a trailing or creeping form of verberna, with a daisy-like leaf and small lilac flowers. It is admirably suited to the purpose, and rapidly makes good lawns after the rooted pieces (it does not grow from seed) have been set out.

In deep shade

PLANTS such as vinea minor or major should be planted under trees where shade is deep.

In very mild regions, where frosts are rarely experienced, thymus serpyllum will make an excellent and fragrant form of lawn. This is a prostrate, mat-forming thyme, which bears purplish flowers, and soon takes possession of any rough patch of soil, or will make a passable lawn if the soil is well prepared.



TALL TREES are reflected in the pool in the beautiful garden of Mr. and Mrs. F. Roche, "Yambacoon," Healesville, Victoria, and between the stones of flagged pathways small ground cover plants are grown.

There are several other varieties bearing white, crimson, lilac, and red flowers. Others have golden variegated leaves. All of the low-growing thymes should be planted well out in the open.

Turfing daisy (matricaria), which only needs mowing once a year in cool climates but more often in Australia, is rather a tender sort of plant that is inclined to die right out under extreme heat, or during very wet periods. It does well in Melbourne and Tasmania.

Sagina subulata, a species of pearlwort, and a member of the pink family, grows about one inch high, thrives in either sun or shade, and needs mowing only about once a year when the small white or yellow blossoms have to be removed. It must, however, be rolled frequently to keep the sod dense and firm. Seed should be sown in autumn.

In such a spot where big trees and shrubs provide shade, a lily pool is a beautiful addition, with flagged paths leading to it, the flags separated by aromatic herbs.



ROCKERY PLANTS growing under a tall gumtree. At the top left is a veronica, under that a cotoneaster horizontalis, and a vitadonia with small white flowers. Other plants are thymus and punica nana (dwarf pomegranate).

So that the rustic corner may be fully enjoyed a comfortable bench or seat could be built under a flowering eucalypt, a dogwood, judas tree, or any other shade-giver.

And under the seat a colony of violets, primroses, or lily-of-the-valley might be grown.

Culinary herbs

GARDENERS interested in herbs that are comparatively rare should endeavor to get seed or plants of balm (used for seasoning), borage (cordial making and salads), chervil (flavoring), horseradish, and tarragon (for adding to vinegar).

These are not lawn-forming types, but they are useful members of garden society.

Culinary and medicinal herbs can be sown from seed, or planted out now. It doesn't matter whether your taste runs to garlic, chives, asparagus, fennel, borage, lad's love, or wormwood—they're all herbs, or, as the old herbalists used to call them, "yerbs."

None of them present any difficulties in culture, and like mint, coriander, marjoram, savory, and angelica, all have some use in the kitchen, besides providing aromatic scents.

Garlic, useful for flavoring and of high caloric value, will grow anywhere from the rubbish heap to the flower garden.

OUR COVER

AN attractive garden in Sydney's North Shore district is shown on our cover this week. The gumtree, which was there when the house was built, has been preserved with excellent effect in contrast to the sloping lawns and terraced garden beds. The picture was taken by staff photographer Bill Howarth.

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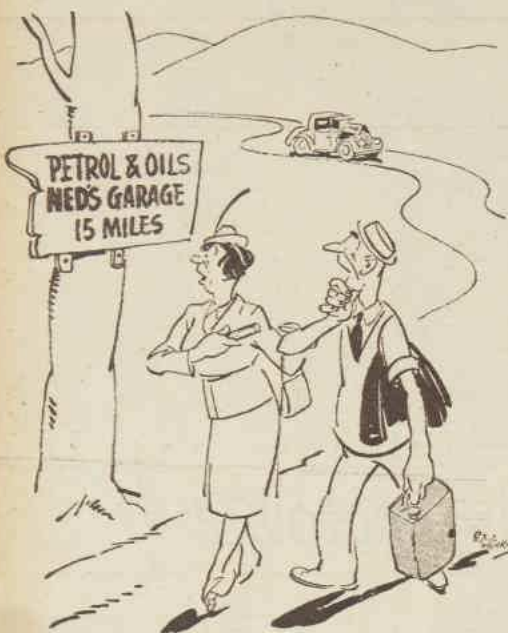
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SMOOTH, creamy, delicious milk chocolate . . . made in the exclusive Nestlé's way from irreproachable ingredients: some of it blended with crisp Barcelona nuts . . . some with nuts and luscious fruit. Then there is Nestlé's Toasted Nut, in the heart of which are choice, crunchy toasted peanuts. Raisin Milk is another mouth-watering Nestlé's creation. For the menfolk, particularly, there's Vitality — Nestlé's smooth, rich, DARK chocolate. Make your choice! Try them all! You will enjoy every single one! You'll agree that Nestlé's is indeed "the greatest taste in chocolate!"



NESTLÉ's know how to please everyone!

For that "hopeless" feeling



have a Life Saver



Men who are always tired and irritable, nervous, "edgy" and difficult to live with may well be suffering from "mineral starvation"—due to faulty diet, hurried meals, nerve strain and overwork. These "run-down" men need Bidomak—a scientific combination of minerals essential for robust health and nerve strength. Bidomak provides essential iron, calcium, phosphorus, potassium, copper and manganese, quickly builds rich red blood, nourishes nerves and brain, strengthens tissues throughout the body.

★ Bidomak will give a great improvement within 14 days or money-back guarantee. Get a bottle to-day from your nearest chemist or store.

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"I lost over 2 stone in weight and my nerves were in a terrible state. I tried taking Bidomak. After taking only 2 bottles I am a new man and in the best of condition."—Mr. F.R.

Bidomak

The Tonic of the Century
FOR NERVES, BRAIN &
THAT DEPRESSED FEELING



When to sow flowers...

PLANT (height)	N.S.W.	QLD.	VIC.	S. AUST.	W. AUST.
AGERATUM (14in.)	Mar.- May		Mar.- May	Mar.- May	April - May
ALYSSUM (9in.)	Mar.- May	April - May	Mar.- May	Mar.- May	April - May
ANEMONE (8in.)	Nov.- Mar.	Nov.- April	Dec.- Mar.	Nov.- Mar.	Nov.- April
CANDYTUFT (10-15in.)	Jan.- Aug.	Feb.- Aug.	Feb.- Sept.	Jan.- Aug.	Feb.- Aug.
CANTERBURY BELL (22in.)	Dec.- April	Jan.- April	Jan.- April	Dec.- April	Jan.- April
CHRYSANthemum — Annual (36in.)	Mar.- May	April - May	Mar.- May	Mar.- May	April - May
CINERARIA (18in.)	Nov.- May	Nov.- May	Dec.- May	Nov.- May	Nov.- May
CLARKIA (22in.)	Mar.- May	April - May	Mar.- May	Mar.- May	April - May
COLUMBINE — Aquilegia (12in.)	Dec.- Mar.	Jan.- April	Jan.- Mar.	Dec.- Mar.	Jan.- April
CORNFLOWER (12in.)	Jan.- May	Feb.- May	Feb.- May	Jan.- May	Feb.- May
DELPHINIUM (to 6ft)	Mar.- May	April - May	Mar.- May	Mar.- May	April - May
ENG. DBLE. DAISY — Bellis Perennis (6in.)	Jan.- May	Feb.- May	Feb.- May	Jan.- May	Feb.- May
GEUM (15in.)	Jan.- May	Feb.- May	Feb.- May	Jan.- May	Feb.- May
GLOBE AMARANTH — Gomphrena (15in.)	Mar.- May	April - May	Mar.- May	Mar.- May	April - May
GOSETIA (18in.)	Jan.- June	Feb.- June	Feb.- June	Jan.- June	Feb.- June
GYPSOPHILA (36in.)	Jan.- Oct.	Feb.- Oct.	Feb.- Nov.	Jan.- Oct.	Feb.- Oct.
HELICHRYSUM — Everlasting Flower (36in.)	Mar.- May	April - May	Mar.- May	Mar.- May	April - May
HOLLYHOCK (6ft.)	Jan.- May	Feb.- May	Feb.- May	Jan.- May	Feb.- May
ICELAND POPPY (18in.)	Nov.- April	Nov.- April	Dec.- June	Nov.- April	Nov.- April
LARKSPUR (24in.)	Mar.- Aug.	April - Aug.	Mar.- Sept.	Mar.- Aug.	April - Aug.
LEPTOSYNE (18-22in.)	Dec.- May	Jan.- May	Jan.- May	Dec.- May	Jan.- May
LINARIA (12in.)	Jan.- Sept.	Feb.- Sept.	Feb.- Oct.	Jan.- Sept.	Feb.- Sept.
LOBELIA (8in.)	Jan.- Sept.	Feb.- Sept.	Feb.- Oct.	Jan.- Sept.	Feb.- Sept.
LOVE-IN-A-MIST — Nigella (12in.)	Jan.- May	Feb.- May	Feb.- May	Jan.- May	Feb.- May
LUPIN — Tall Mixed (to 36in.)	Dec.- Aug.	Jan.- Aug.	Jan.- Sept.	Dec.- Aug.	Jan.- Aug.
Blue Pearl	Dec.- Aug.	Jan.- Aug.	Jan.- Sept.	Dec.- Aug.	Jan.- Aug.
Pink Pearl	Dec.- Aug.	Jan.- Aug.	Jan.- Sept.	Dec.- Aug.	Jan.- Aug.
Russel Hybrids	Dec.- Sept.	Jan.- Sept.	Jan.- Oct.	Dec.- Sept.	Jan.- Sept.
Hairy Types	Dec.- Sept.	Jan.- Sept.	Jan.- Oct.	Dec.- Sept.	Jan.- Sept.
MARIGOLD — French (to 36in.)	Dec.- May	Jan.- May	Jan.- May	Dec.- May	Jan.- May
MIMULUS — Musk (36in.)	Jan.- May	Feb.- May	Feb.- May	Jan.- May	Feb.- May
NEMESIA (12in.)	Mar.- May	April - May	Mar.- Oct.	Mar.- May	April - May
PANSY (8in.)	Nov.- May	Nov.- May	Dec.- Aug.	Nov.- May	Nov.- May
PENTSTEMON (12in.)	Jan.- May	Feb.- May	Feb.- May	Jan.- May	Feb.- May
PERENNIAL PEA Lathyrus (to 6ft.)	Mar.- May	April - May	Mar.- May	Mar.- May	April - May
PRIMULA (10in.)	Jan.- May	Feb.- May	Feb.- May	Jan.- May	Feb.- May
RANUNCULUS (10in.)	Jan.- May	Feb.- May	Feb.- May	Jan.- May	Feb.- May
SHASTA DAISY (12in.)	Mar.- May	April - May	Mar.- May	Mar.- May	April - May
SHIRLEY POPPY (14in.)	Jan.- May	Feb.- May	Feb.- May	Jan.- May	Feb.- May
STOCK (15in.)	Nov.- May	Nov.- May	Dec.- May	Nov.- May	Nov.- May
SWEET PEA — Winter Flowering (to 6ft.)	Dec.- June	Jan.- June	Jan.- June	Dec.- June	Jan.- June
VERBENA (9in.)	Jan.- May	Feb.- May	Feb.- May	Jan.- May	Feb.- May
VIOLA (8in.)	Nov.- May	Nov.- May	Dec.- Aug.	Nov.- May	Nov.- May
VIRGINIAN STOCK (6in.)	Mar.- Sept.	April - Sept.	Mar.- Oct.	Mar.- Sept.	April - Sept.
VISCARIA (12in.)	Mar.- Sept.	April - Sept.	Mar.- Oct.	Mar.- Sept.	April - Sept.
WALLFLOWER (14in.)	Jan.- May	Feb.- May	Feb.- May	Jan.- May	Feb.- May

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Tells How to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots and Have a Beautiful Complexion.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Kintho — double strength — is guaranteed to remove these unsightly spots. Don't try to hide your freckles or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers, simply get an ounce of Kintho from any chemist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion. Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

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It holds
It mends



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Cure a broken fingernail with
"DUREX" Tape. Trim to shape,
then cover with nail polish and
you can't tell it's broken.



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the bottom with a piece of
"DUREX" Tape.

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300 in. 1 in. TAPE 2/6
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only 3/- Tape extra,
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Cause Killed in 3 Days

Your skin has nearly 30 million tiny
pores and pores where germs hide and
cause terrible itching, Cracking, Peeling,
Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis,
Blackheads, Pimples, Pooch Itch
and other skin troubles. Ordinary treat-
ments give only temporary relief be-
cause they do not kill the germ cause.
The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the
germs quickly and is guaranteed to
give you a soft, clear, attractive,
smooth skin, or money back on re-
turn of empty package. Get guaran-
teed Nixoderm from your chemist, or
write to-day and attack the real cause
of many skin troubles.

Nixoderm
For Skin Sores, Pimples and
Itch.

When to sow vegetables

PLANT	N.S.W.	QLD.	VIC.	S. AUST.	W. AUST.
BEAN—Broad	Mar.-July	April-July	Mar.-Aug.	Mar.-July	April-July
BEET	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.
BRUSSELS SPROUTS	Nov.-Mar.	Nov.-April	Dec.-Mar.	Nov.-Mar.	Nov.-April
CABBAGE	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.
CABBAGE SAVOY		Nov.-Mar.	Dec.-Feb.		Nov.-Mar.
CARROT	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.
CAULIFLOWER	Nov.-May	Nov.-May	Dec.-May	Nov.-May	Nov.-May
CELERY		Aug.-Mar.			Aug.-Mar.
CRESS	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.
KOHLRABI	Jan.-July	Feb.-July	Sept.-May	Jan.-July	Feb.-July
LEEK	Jan.-July	Feb.-July	Dec.-Oct.	Jan.-July	Feb.-July
LETTUCE	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.
MARJORAM	Mar.-May	April-May	Mar.-May	Mar.-May	April-May
MUSTARD	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.
ONION	Feb.-July	Feb.-June	Feb.-Oct.	Jan.-June	Feb.-June
PARSNIP	Jan.-Oct.	Feb.-Oct.	Sept.-June	Jan.-Oct.	Feb.-Oct.
PEA	Feb.-June	Feb.-Oct.	Feb.-Nov.	Jan.-Oct.	Feb.-Oct.
RADISH	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.
SAGE	Mar.-May	April-May	Mar.-May	Mar.-May	April-May
SILVER BEET	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.
SPINACH—Prickly or Winter	Jan.-May	Feb.-May	Feb.-May	Jan.-May	Feb.-May
SWEDE TURNIP	Dec.-April	Dec.-April	Dec.-April	Dec.-April	Dec.-April
SWEET CORN	Aug.-Jan.	Aug.-Jan.	Sept.-Jan.	Aug.-Dec.	Aug.-Jan.
THYME	Mar.-May	April-May	Mar.-May	Mar.-May	April-May
TURNIP	Feb.-July	Feb.-May	Sept.-May	Jan.-May	Feb.-May

PROPER USE OF FERTILISER WILL ENRICH YOUR SOIL

● Some gardeners think that liming
the soil is sufficient to induce growth,
but though lime is a valuable addition
it is by no means a miracle worker.

LIME is a soil-improver
—not a fertiliser. It
makes soil less acid and
alters the potash and phos-
phorus salts to forms that
make better plant food.

It also makes harmless some
injurious elements in the soil.
Lime improves soil by break-
ing up clay and compacting
sand, and also re-activates
bacteria by a complicated pro-
cess, particularly those that
live in the roots of legumes
(beans, peas, etc.).

Most vegetables and some
flowers benefit if lime is
spread in winter and mixed
thoroughly with the soil. From
100lb. to 200lb. of lime a year
can be spread over a plot of
average soil 50ft. by 50ft.
square. Less should be ap-
plied if the soil is light and
sandy, and more on very heavy
clay soils.

Plants which like an acid
soil, such as foxgloves, azaleas,
rhododendrons, ericas, should
not be given lime.

For most purposes agricul-
tural or hydrated lime is pre-

ferred in the garden, as it is
finely powdered, easy to
handle, and is not caustic.

Dolomite, or dolomitic lime,
contains up to 30 per cent. or
more natural magnesium in
addition to calcium. It should,
therefore, be used with caution
on beds, although it is a safe
form for putting new life and
color in the lawn.

Need for care
ARTIFICIAL fertilisers, too,
are little understood by
new gardeners. The gardener
who constantly uses chemical
fertilisers such as sulphate of
ammonia, nitrate of soda, sul-
phate or muriate of potash, and
superphosphate will find in the
long run that his soil becomes
light, exhausted, crop-sick, and
in the end unproductive. For
that reason they should be
used as supplementary nutri-
ents only in conjunction with
big quantities of organic
manures.

Unless this is done the soil
will quickly "run out" and all
plant life will eventually dis-

play signs of mineral defi-
ciency of one sort or another.

Briefly, nitrogen (supplied
in sulphate of ammonia or
nitrate of soda) is taken up by
plants mainly as nitrate salts,
and performs vital functions in
stem and leaf growth. When
over-abundant, growth in-
creases at the expense of
flowers or fruit. When defi-
cient, stems tend to be short
and weak and leaves of a
sickly yellow.

Phosphorus, drawn chiefly
from superphosphate and bone
meal, helps plants to ripen
these tissues, especially the
seed, and when it is deficient
plants mature slowly or fail.

Potash is needed to help the
growth of stems and foliage
and fleshy fruits and builds up
resistance to mildews and simi-
lar parasitic fungus troubles.

Wherever root crops are
grown potash must be sup-
plied in plenty.

Neither lime nor wood ashes
should ever be mixed with
manure of any kind, especially
when the manure is damp, be-
cause immediate chemical ac-
tion sets free ammonia and
thus wastes the valuable nitro-
gen of the manure. When
manures and lime are applied
to the soil separately, with
three or four weeks between,
they can come into contact
with impunity, since any am-
monia created is by that time
absorbed by the soil before it
is lost.

IS WRINGING THE HARDEST PART OF YOUR WASHDAY?



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Tape
Wringmaster

**WORKS SO SMOOTHLY—SO EFFORTLESSLY
YOU'LL WANT TO KNOW THESE 8 REASONS WHY**

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than the other) gently squeeze out all soap and grime... The
Pressure Control is the simplest a wringer can have... Wringmaster
is completely rust-proof—beautifully streamlined—easily kept spotless
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All working parts are sealed off. Rust-proof shields protect
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"The more we are together—the
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"queasy"
—food upset her



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—AH!
THAT'S BETTER!

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1/2 and 4/-

**DIGESTIF
RENNIES**
—individually wrapped—
easy to carry



CURLYPET
makes baby's hair grow curly—at all Chemists and Stores—3/11c

**FLU DANGER
TO CHILDREN**

The damage inflicted on a child's constitution by colds and flu cannot be over-stressed. Young growing bodies are particularly susceptible to all forms of cold and flu infection, and wise mothers should watch for the early signs of sickness in their children. First signs are usually the sore throat and a cough, which, if not checked, can lead on to colds and flu. So check your child's flu in the early stages. Allen's CURE-EM-QUICK relieves coughing instantly, and gives soothing relief to sore throats.

WELL-PLANNED home vegetable garden showing cabbage and silver beet beds. In background are fowl pens which provide valuable manure for vegetables. N.S.W. Department of Agriculture picture.

KITCHEN GARDEN

Instead of paying two shillings a bunch for silver beet during late winter and spring, sow a packet of seed now and get anything from 50 to a couple of hundred plants for about sixpence.

FROM 50 plants it is possible (if your soil is fertile) to get two or three good cuttings a week for several months.

This should be enough silver beet for anyone.

Silver beet is anyone's crop, and can be grown in a plot 6 feet by 4 feet in a built-in backyard, or in a sunny, spacious garden. All it really insists upon is soil containing a fair amount of humus and some nitrogen, and regular watering. If it runs rapidly to seed, blame yourself for putting too much nitrogen in the soil and not cutting the outer leaves often enough. (Sulphate of ammonia and nitrate of soda contain nitrogen).

Next to silver beet at this time of the year branching broccoli and cabbage are probably the most popular with home gardeners because of their easy culture. Radishes and beetroots are in the same category, with Chinese cabbage and lettuce coming close in popularity.

Cauliflower and celery are not for all of us. They belong to the A grade gardener, and may cause many disappointments before good crops are obtained.

Kohlrabi is an easy crop to grow, provided the seed is sown early enough, and in soil good enough for cabbage or cauliflower. It belongs to the same family, and is a fairly glutinous feeder.

With all members of the cabbage family (which includes broccoli, cauliflower, kale, kohlrabi, mustard, turnip, swede), the gardener must control grubs that make holes in the foliage, such as the grubs of the cabbage moth,

the cabbage butterfly, and similar pests. The best controls are DDT, lead arsenate, and derris powder. DDT spray (water soluble) will kill both grubs and aphids at one time.

Once cabbages form hearts or cauliflowers develop curds, neither lead arsenate nor DDT must be used for pest control.

Derris root powder or extract of rotenone should then be substituted. These preparations are toxic to pests, but harmless to humans.

To get the best out of the cabbage family, grow the plants in good quality soil that contains plenty of humus and plant nutrients, and add weak nitrogenous fertiliser (sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda), or give dilute doses of liquid manure once a week as soon as the edible portions start to develop well.

Pest control

CABBAGES and cauliflowers should not be given too much nitrogen until the hearts and curds have formed, or they will bolt and go to seed very rapidly.

From now to July green peas can be sown. Seed should be dusted with copper oxychloride before being sown, and will then germinate well. Peas like a limed soil that is deep, rich, and well drained. The climbing varieties such as Stratagem, Duke of Albany, and Yorkshire Hero are very heavy croppers. Massey, English Wonder, and Greenfeast are good dwarf types.

Broad beans are an easy crop to grow provided the soil is deep, well drained, and fertile. But they can give the gardener plenty of headaches if

the soil is waterlogged, cold, and poor in quality.

Pest control is important, and weekly sprayings of DDT are necessary to check black aphids and thrips. The bean is very subject to spotted wilt, which the thrips cause. This makes weekly sprayings necessary.

Once or twice during the growing period of broad beans, lime the plants and the ground well and water it in after a few hours. This should be done before the flowers appear. Only hydrated or slaked lime should be used for this purpose.

Winter lettuces only should be sown now. The best varieties are Imperial D and Imperial 615, but Drumhead and Iceberg can still be sown up to April. Like other greens, lettuce need rich, friable, well-drained soil that contains ample humus and much available nitrogen. Grow them rapidly, and they will be crisp and of good flavor. Tough, bitter lettuces are the product of poor soil with low moisture content.

Onions can be sown now, but the sowings should consist of early varieties only, such as Early Barletta, Early Grano, Pickling Champion, Early Flat Red, and the Queen. Save the seed of later varieties such as Hunter River Brown and White, Odorless, Ailsa Craig, Giant Rocca, and Silver King until well into April and results will be more satisfactory. Onions like lime, so scatter it well.

In the old bean patch that was heavily manured some months ago, swedes, white turnips, and beetroots can be sown now. They all dislike fresh manure, but the old stuff in the beancery will be just right.

White turnips grow fast, and a sound dressing of complete fertiliser will help them to grow fat and juicy. Swedes are slower and need a long season, but the soil must be fertile or they become hard, woody, and inedible.

PEAS from the garden are a delicacy in early spring and during winter in some districts.

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HENDON



MAYFAIR

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Roses

Proper planting is important

● Now is the time for rose fanciers who have some space still available and for those planning new gardens to consider the types of roses to plant this winter.

PLANTING time is still a long way off, but that is all to the good, because careful preparation of the soil is necessary for the best results.

If roses are to bloom freely and thrive they must have an open, sunny position, protected from strong winds.

The best soil is a medium to heavy loam, and unless this is available now is the time to start improving whatever soil you have to approach this ideal.

Although roses may thrive for years in light, sandy soil, they will do far better from the start if given a loamy soil—one that contains a little clay and a lot of humus or moisture-holding material. Very heavy clay soils will be improved by liming and the addition of sand, grit, or other opening materials.

A simple method of assuring good drainage is to put a layer of large stones, broken bricks or roofing tiles, big lumps of charcoal, or very big clinkers at the bottom of the holes when preparing the ground for roses. This drainage material should then be covered over with a layer of old turf, an inch or so of peat-moss, and the subsoil given a good dressing of material that will lighten it, such as sand, well-decayed compost, wood-ashes, or burnt earth.

Roses have to remain in the same ground for at least 10 years—perhaps more—so the soil should be well cultivated, broken up to a full spade

depth, the hard-pan, or soil beneath the top layer, well forked or spaded over, and the lot given a heavy dressing of leaf-mould, plenty of manure, and similar organic material.

The surface soil should be top-dressed with a mixture of three parts of blood and bone, one part potash or woodashes (by weight), and a generous sprinkling of dolomite or hydrated lime.

The best time for planting is a problem that has often caused good friends to fall out in a country as big as Australia. Winter generally being mild, Madame Rose often takes a long time to fall asleep, and I do not believe that growing roses should be jerked from their nursery beds before they have become dormant. From June to early August is recommended as planting time, never before.

The ideal time to buy and plant roses is when the bushes have reached their greatest degree of dormancy and the soil is just beginning to warm up.

Frequently roses do not become entirely defoliated in Australia in the winter, but provided the wood is hard and ripe they can be planted safely.

It pays to put new rose bushes in water for at least twelve hours before planting them. Then dig your holes and plant right away. Provided your watering programme from then on is a sensible one, the rose bushes should thrive.

Distances apart differ according to the size, vigor, and variety of rose being planted. Dwarf bedding roses, for instance, should be spaced 18in. to 24in. apart. Half-standards should be given 2½ft. of space between bushes, and full standards 2ft. to 3ft.

Weeping standards (stems 4ft. or more) are best treated as single specimens and given beds to themselves.

Hybrids and hybrid tea-roses should be given from 2ft. to 3ft. of space each way.

If new plants are shrivelled, bury them in moist soil for a few days. Unpack carefully, and do not drag them apart if they are badly tangled. If they cannot be planted at once, "heel" them into a shady spot, laying them on their sides and heaping the soil over their roots.

Plant roses firmly, with their roots spread out to the fullest extent. Never cram them into small holes. Dig the hole widely and about the same depth as the "high-water mark" on the bark.

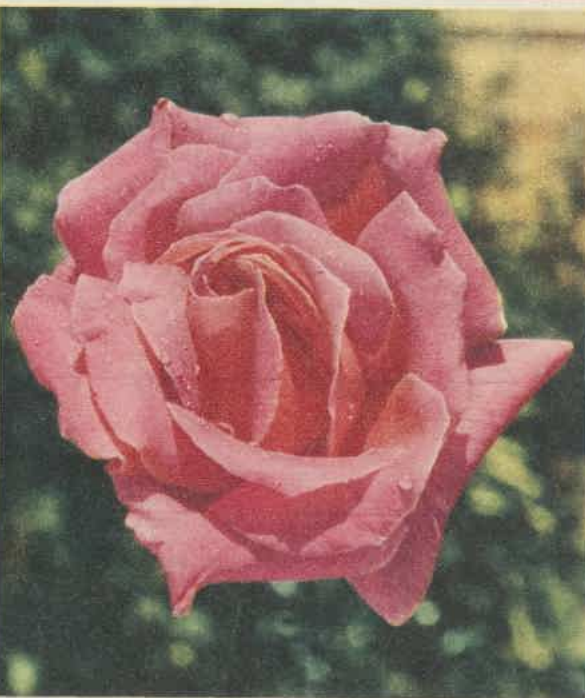
Dome the soil in the centre so that the stem of each plant is slightly higher than the point of the outstretched roots. Set the bush upright, and then fill in a little at a time with good quality soil.

Always cover the scion, or budding point, with at least an inch of soil. Pack some of the finer soil firmly round the roots, and then work the bushes up and down gently several times.

When all the roots are well covered, tread gently and firm all round, then put in the rest of the soil and tread again firmly. Leave a shallow saucer-shaped depression round each rosebush to hold water—then turn on the hose and let the water drain away several times.

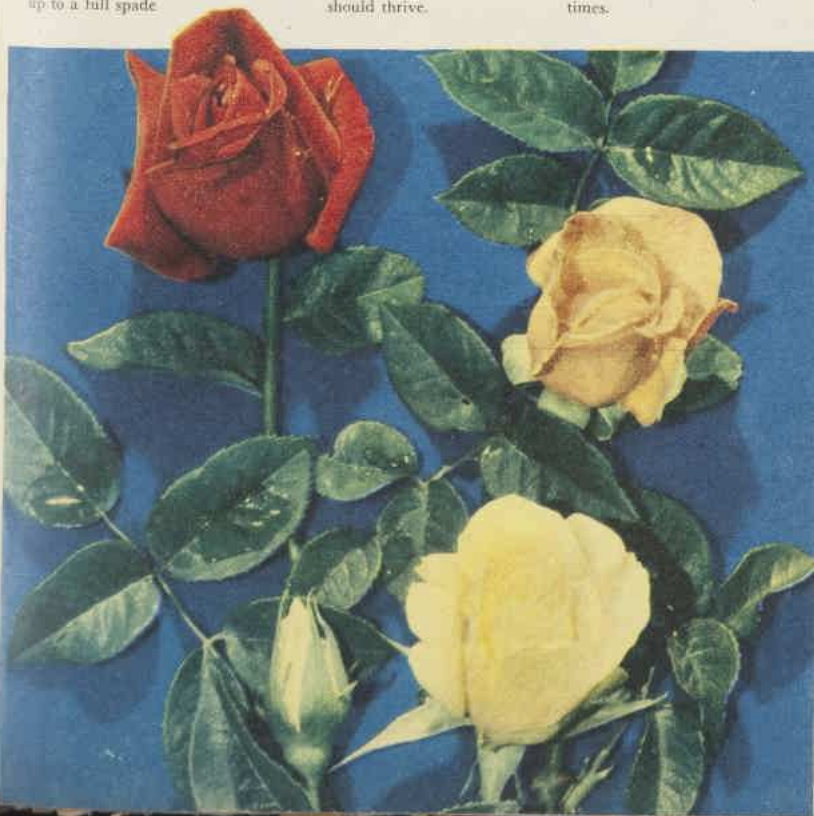


TWO LOVELY SPECIMENS of Grande Duchesse Charlotte grown by Dr. A. S. Thomas, of Bentleigh, Victoria, president of the National Rose Society of Victoria. The rose was developed by Ketten Bros. in Luxembourg in 1938.



A TRIO OF ROSES that deserve a place in any rose garden. The yellow bud is named Eclipse, the gold Talisman, and the red is named William Orr.

CHARLOTTE ARM-STRONG, a Californian variety of rose, also grown by Dr. Thomas. Nurserymen imported it to Australia after World War II.





Bulbs are easy to grow

Bulbs, which bring the first tidings of spring in the flower world, will bloom generously if some care is taken now in their selection and planting.

BULB-PLANTING time began in late January, but there is still time to get them underground and to be rewarded with good results.

Correct culture is not the only requirement of bulb growing. The bulbs must be of good quality, free from disease, and of flowering size.

If the bulb does not contain an embryonic flower when bought in the autumn, there is no possible chance that it will produce one the following spring.

If the bulb is diseased it may mean not only the loss of the bulb, but the possibility of infecting clean bulbs planted nearby, as well as future plantings.

Bulb troubles have the bad habit of staying for years in the soil.

Bulbs are in some respects like cash in the bank. Put aside, they increase. But, unlike cash, some species add to their kind at an alarming rate, and should be carefully controlled.

Those not wanted must be lifted and given away, or put in the garbage-can, for they will exhaust the soil and starve themselves as well as everything nearby.

Offenders include oxalis, ixiis, freesias, the terrible alstroemeria psittacina, which fills the ground with big bunches of white tubers, montbretias, and watsonias.

Bulbous irises and tulips, among others, hand themselves a new deal each year, and when dug up at the end of the growing season nothing is left of the old bulb except a few wispy pieces, inside which are lying several new bulbs.

Gladioli reproduce several small corms on the top of the

old one, which withers and rots away when lifted.

Hippeastrums do not form offsets annually, and daffodils, jonquils, and hyacinths rarely produce more than two or three new bulbs each year.

Scillas or bluebells, trailing home flowers to many New Australians, can be planted out now under trees or in semi-shady banks.

Then there are freenias, ixiis, sparaxis, bulbous anemones, ranunculi, persea, lachenalias, babianas, calla, grape hyacinths, Dutch and Roman hyacinths, and tulips (way down south only).

Daffodils and jonquils may be planted from now to early in May.

Unlike many other bulbs they do not object to sun or shade, but they do not like exposure to rough winds. In big gardens with opportunities for growing them naturally they do well sown in the grass as long as there is some protection.

Irises, too, should be dug back and transplanted now.

Take young outer pieces of rhizome (root stock) and discard all worn-out rhizomes. The clumps are overworked. Place them on the surface and merely cover the long fibrous roots underneath, then firm well all round, give a fine sprinkle of well-sieved soil and water well.

● Directions for making a compost heap, one of the most valuable forms of manure, are given on page 85.



DAFFODILS are among the loveliest of the spring bulbs, and they will do well in semi-shaded positions if not exposed to icy winds.

Home gardens extend into the street

FOOTPATH gardens planned by householders to complement home garden displays are becoming increasingly popular in Sydney.

Mrs. C. Gorton, whose home is built on a triangular piece of land between Centennial Avenue and Canberra Street, Lane Cove, has cared for lawns and gardens on both streets for eleven years.

The glory of this street garden is the annuals. About 1000 seedlings are required to plant the beds inside and outside the fences.

Ford Pills are wonderful for all your family

This grateful mother writes:

There used to be one or another of my kiddies sick or out of sorts. Their stomach troubles used to last for days. Now, at the first sign of crankiness, stomach trouble or loss of appetite, I give them a Ford Pill and they are right again in a few hours. Baby, who is just 10 months, gets half a Ford Pill crushed in honey. We've never been so well and I think Ford Pills are wonderful.

Ford Pills will keep your children free from constipation and stomach trouble—the usual causes of crankiness and loss of appetite. Ford Pills are the gentle, tasteless, painless laxative—best for all your family.

Give Ford Pills this way:

Children, 10 months to 2 years:

Give half a Ford Pill crushed in honey, jam or treacle.

Older children:

Give half to 1 Ford Pill with a drink or crushed in honey, jam or treacle.

Adults:

1 to 3 Ford Pills with a drink.

Ford Pills will give your family cheery good health.

GET FORD PILLS IN PLASTIC TUBES 2/6 EVERYWHERE



FORD PILLS

THE GENTLE, TASTELESS, PAINLESS LAXATIVE FOR ALL YOUR FAMILY



"Copeland Spode"

Utility Set, 87/6

151W1.—36-pce., Off White body, finest quality. Sensible, attractive shapes. Six each of dinner, entree, bread and butter plates, cups and saucers, soup coupes.

Individual pieces to match. Dinner plates, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 3/6 each; dessert, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 2/11 $\frac{1}{2}$; bread and butter, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 1/11; coupes, 5/0 $\frac{1}{2}$; open sugar basins, 2/3; cream jugs, 4/2; teacups and saucers at 3/5 each.

"Copeland Spode" Teaset, 39/6

151W2.—21-pce., comprises six each of teacups, saucers and tea plates. One cake plate, open sugar basin and one cream jug.



Special offer . . . WOMEN'S WEEKLY readers . . . To clear

English Dinnerware...Teapots!

Here is a chance to revive your dwindling stocks of dinner ware! We are offering at an exceptionally low price a special line of Off White Dinnerware by "Spode" . . . lustrous, long-wearing and with extra pieces too . . . also a large range of English Teapots in various sizes. Dinnerware and teapots here shown are equally suitable for home, hotel, guest house or restaurant!



Russet Teapot, from 5/-

151W6.—"Gibson" make. Plain Brown with lock lid. One cup capacity, 5/-; 2, 5/6; 3, 5/9; 4, 6/3; 5, 7/3; 6, 8/9; 8, 12/- and 10 cup, priced at 18/9 each.



English Teapot featuring non-drip spout, from 3/6

151W3.—In practical globe shape, with an attractive wide Buff or Blue band decoration, also lock lid. Approximate capacity, 3 cup, 3/6; 4 cup, 4/4; 5 cup, 4/6 and 6 cup, priced at 5/11.

Anthony Horderns' China Dept.—Third Floor. 'Phone: M 2401. Box 2712C, G.P.O., Sydney. Mail Orders Accepted. Freight extra.



Decorated Teapot, 6/11

151W5.—English Teapots, lustrous and durable, featuring a delightful floral pattern. Attractively shaped with approximate 4 cup capacity, 6/11 ea.



English Non-drip, from 2/11 $\frac{1}{2}$

151W4.—Plain Brown Globe Shaped Teapots, high grade, with non-drip spout. Approximate capacity, 2 cup, 2/11 $\frac{1}{2}$; 3 cup, 3/6; 4 cup, 3/10; 5 cup, 4/-; and 6 cup, priced at 4/9 each.



J. & G. Meakin's Teapot, 7/11

151W7.—English Teapot, available in plain White, with approximate 6 cup capacity. Nicely shaped, long wearing. Priced at 7/11 each.



Globe Shaped, from 7/3

151W8.—Globe shape with non-drip spout. Hand painted floral decoration and gilt edge. Approximate capacity, 5 cup, 7/3; 6 cup, 7/11.

WHICH TWIN HAS THE Toni

—and which has the expensive perm?

(See answer below)



Before you give yourself a Toni, you will want to know:

- Q: Will Toni give me a loose or tight curl?
A: Toni gives exactly the amount of curl that suits you best.
- Q: Will Toni work on my hair?
A: Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a perm.
- Q: How long will my Toni last?
A: Your Toni wave will last as long as the most expensive salon perm.
- Q: Which Twin has the Toni?
A: Aileen Busby, the charming twin on the left has the Toni. She used the new Toni SPIN Curlers at her home at Rosebery, N.S.W. Sister Mavis has an expensive salon perm, but next time it's Toni for her, too.

Hairstyles created by a leading coiffeur

Toni SPIN Curlers halve winding time



No Rubber Bands! New exclusive Toni SPIN Curlers are all-plastic — all-in-one. Non-slip grip holds hair tips secure, evenly spaced.

Snaps Shut! Winds each curl closer to your head in one quick motion. Kit also includes six Midget SPIN Curlers for short wispy neck-line hair.

Expert Advice

If you have any waving or hair-styling problems, write to Toni Consumer Bureau, 181 Clarence Street, Sydney.



SPIN Curler Kit, 26/-

Standard Kit, 22/4

Refill (whole head), 11/4

Toni HOME PERMANENT
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the holidays through

Holiday games are tough on clothes... so fit the kiddies out for happy holidays in Dencraft Jodhpurs. Made from cloth specially selected to give long wear, Dencraft Jodhpurs are cut for comfort and styled for fun outdoors.

Ask for Dencraft Jodhpurs from good stores everywhere.

Dencraft JODHPURS



Made with care for longer wear.

Dencraft & Co. Pty. Ltd., Melbourne

Fashion FROCKS

"PATTIE"



Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"DONNA" and "PATTIE"—Smartly styled and easy-to-wear mother and daughter dressing-gowns. The material is a lovely rayon spun twill and the color choice includes white, peach, all sky-blue and pink grounds with a dainty floral design.

"DONNA"



Ready to Wear: "DONNA." Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 79/15; 36 and 38in. bust, 82/1. Postage, 2/11 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 84/8; 36 and 38in. bust, 87/9. Postage, 2/11 extra.

Ready to Wear: "PATTIE." Prices: 2yrs., length 29in., 35/-; 4yrs., length 31in., 32/7; 6yrs., length 33in., 34/7; 8yrs., length 35in., 36/7; 10yrs., length 37in., 38/7; 12yrs., length 39in., 40/7. Postage, 2/-.

Cut Out Only: Prices: 2yrs., length 29in., 28/7; 4yrs., length 31in., 30/7; 6yrs., length 33in., 32/7; 8yrs., length 35in., 34/7; 10yrs., length 37in., 36/7; 12yrs., length 39in., 38/7. Postage, 2/-.

NOTE:—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

All Fashion Frocks costing more than 6/11 are sent by registered post. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 57.

Send your orders for Fashion Frocks and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at address given for your State on page 57. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 782—HOUSE-FROCK
A trim style, featuring large revers, heart-shaped pockets, and pretty flared skirt with front buttoning. Is available cut out ready to make in check gingham, the color choice includes blue/white, red/white, green/white, and lemon/white. Sizes, 32 and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 31/2. Postage, 2/4.

No. 783—BOY'S SMOCK SUIT
A trim outfit for the small tot cut out ready to make in British headcloth in white, lemon, beige, sage-blue, and green, and also a cream twill. Sizes: Headcloth, length 18in., 6in. width, price 9/6; post. 1/2. Length 17in., 1yr., price 9/11; post. 1/2. Length 18in., 2yrs., price 10/8; post. 1/4. Length 19in., 3yrs., price 10/11; post. 1/4. Twill, price 18/9; post. 1/2. Price 18/9; post. 1/2. Price 21/3; post. 1/4. Price 22/6; post. 1/4.

No. 784—CUSHION COVER
An attractively designed cushion cover traced ready to embroider on rpp in shades of burgundy and green. The cover measures 18in. x 18in. Price, 8/6; post. 18/6d.

No. 785—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK
Pretty but practical style for the growing lass. This frock is cut out ready to make in "Springtime" cambie with a small floral-and-spot design on pale green, lemon, pink, and blue grounds. Sizes: Length 18in., 2yrs., price 12/6; post. 1/1. Length 19in., 3yrs., price 12/11; post. 1/1. Length 20in., 4yrs., price 13/8; post. 1/3. Length 21in., 5-6yrs., price 14/2; post. 1/3.

When ordering Needlework Notions, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.



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- * **Kotex Wonderform Belt**—adjustable with unbreakable flat fasteners, or safety pins. 2/11.
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PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS
F6343.—Frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Special Price, 1/6.

F6341.—Suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/9.

F6342.—Evening Frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 9 yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.



F6344.—Coat. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/9.

F6345.—Matron's Frock. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/6.

F6346.—Slacks and Top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½ yds. 54in. material for slacks and 1½ yds. 54in. material for top. Price, 3/6.

SEND your orders for Fashion Patterns (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your city. Or patterns may be obtained from our offices at: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne; Royal Insurance Building, 13 Grenfell Street, Adelaide; The Examiner, 71-77 Paterson Street, Launceston; 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane; 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
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LOURNAY

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And, you'll be the darling of fashion,
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TEENA by Linda Terry



ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Take things slowly this week. All kinds of obstacles seem to block your way until after March 20. Be careful of colds, and don't consider changes or travel just yet. Luck is out for the moment.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 20): Not your most dependable week, especially from March 15. Friends could disappoint or a wish fall through. Don't allow differences of opinion to break close ties.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Don't be too ambitious this week. You gain more by moving slowly and cautiously. Saturn is opposing most of your moves and does not give much of a break until March 21. Consolidate past gains.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Expect a few hindrances this week. Your stars favor planning and finalisation rather than new beginnings. March 15 to 20 could be annoying days if caution and tact are not used.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Your main problem just now is to guard assets and your income. A partner's loss, forgotten debts, or extra drains upon the purse tend to

As I read the Stars

By **WYNNE TURNER**

diminish finance unless care is taken. Not a good time for risky ventures.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): You may have to contend with a certain amount of anxiety, hard work, or responsibility from March 15 to 20. Watch health, especially colds, and be careful in all personal relationships.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Not your best week for health, employment, or business affairs. Postpone important tasks and interviews until after next Tuesday. Be extra careful in your diet, and rest as much as possible.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): You may find this week better for serious matters and practical affairs than social gaiety. Clear up all unfinished details so that you can establish your affairs on a firm basis.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Domestic affairs may seem monotonous and irksome over the next few days. Don't act on impulse or make any radical change until after March 20. You gain by waiting a few days.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Use patience and tact with others, especially neighbors, relatives, teachers, and friends. Don't let delays or disappointments get you down, especially on March 15, 16, and 20. Serious study will serve you best.

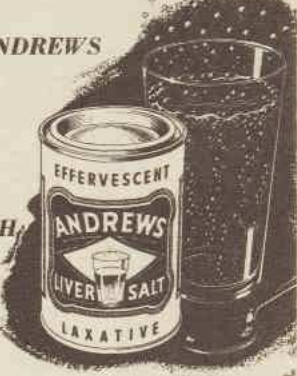
AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Your present cycle warns against losses and risks. Be careful in all business deals, and avoid unnecessary spending if possible. Your best plan is to sit tight until March 21.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): March 15 to 20 could be rather difficult and depressing days if you exert your personality too strongly. You could easily do things that could provoke people and spoil your chances of progress. Keep a balance in all things.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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TAKE THESE 4 SIMPLE STEPS TO "INNER CLEANLINESS"

Tomorrow morning is not too soon to begin to plan for health! Start the day with a sparkling, bubbling glass of Andrews Liver Salt, and you'll find you just feel naturally better when your system is fresh and clean inside! Don't let modern living take toll of your health and happiness. Safe, simple Andrews acts four ways to keep you on top of your form!

FIRST: Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

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THEN: Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY: To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the system and thus purifies the blood. Be regular with your Andrews, the world's biggest selling effervescent saline.



MEDIUM 1/11
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Golden-brown in colour... and a gold-mine of energy and goodness! That's SANITARIUM PEANUT BUTTER! Made from the pick of the peanut crop—delicately roasted—and then whipped into a satin-smooth, creamy paste... it's the perfect sandwich spread for school lunches, picnic sandwiches or party savouries. Recommended for its high protein and fat content. Preferred by kiddies all over Australia. Obtainable from all grocers.

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NEWCASTLE AND YASS

Cyanide for Supper

DROPPING her cigarette into the ashtray, Susan sat back in her chair. For a moment she was silent. She thought: They know. I made one slip and they deduced the truth from it.

What's the use of me keeping on saying no, like a child that's found out and still won't confess? They'll go on ferreting into it till they get confirmation of what they've guessed. The longer I deny it, the more Bob's part will look suspicious.

Grogan sat forward confidentially. "Who did you give it to to get it analysed?" he asked, and answered his own question: "Adams, eh?"

"Yes." Some collusion between her and Bob—the idea of it was growing steadily, spreading like an evil stain from Margaretta's mind to everyone else's. "I met him in the garden when I was coming home. I told him what I thought it was and gave it to him. I wanted to make sure."

She managed a smile. "I realise how bad it looked to have kept back this evidence, but—"

"Oh, we're used to that," Grogan said, and smiled too. He could afford to.

When she was leaving she paused at the door, hesitated, turned back.

"Yes, Miss Wynne? What is it?" Grogan asked.

"Will you—can you—take any sort of steps to see that—that nothing further happens to Mrs. Gairford?"

He said dryly: "I wonder how you reckon we're going to do that?"

Susan had just left the office when the telephone rang.

It was Mrs. Barbour. "Is that Detective Grogan?"

"Yes, Speaking."

"Well, look . . . about

Continued from page 5

that grey suit of Eddie's at the cleaners."

"What about it?"

"It never went to Melbourne with him."

"What's that? How do you know?"

"I'll tell you. The day he unpacked his suitcase, the day he got back from Melbourne, I was up there in his room, talking to him. Look, I remember, I've been thinking back. He opened the wardrobe and the grey suit was hanging up there inside. He took it out and threw it on the bed and took it down to the cleaners later that afternoon. D'you see?"

Grogan hung over the instrument. "Yes . . . I see. This Melbourne docket, then, must've been there from some other visit."

"Oh, no, it mustn't!" Her voice vibrated in his ear. "He'd only had the suit two months, and after he got it, until he went to Melbourne, he never slept a night away from home!"

There was only one thing in Susan's mind when she left Grogan's office. By telling her story to the detectives she'd done what she could to protect Margaretta; now she must prepare old Phipps for the questioning that was sure to be in store for him.

He was slow-witted, or seemed so, and faced with an unexpected accusation like this, she felt that he might make matters worse by some silly denial.

Though she'd known Veronica for years, since they'd been at school together, Veronica's father had never been more to Susan than this vague stupid perennially old man, with nothing more between

them than, "Hallo, Mr. Phipps." "Good - morning, Susan."

She didn't relish the idea now of telling him that she had walked into his kitchen and taken this stuff off his shelf, had the run of his house, and turned traitor against him.

She remembered now the expression on his face—had it been annoyance?—suspicion?—when he had come into the kitchen yesterday and found her there alone. He'd certainly looked surprised, and she'd had a feeling at the time that he hadn't believed her story of having come to borrow a lemon.

She got out of the taxi at the top of the steps and hesitated a moment. Already, William would be up at the flat waiting for her, asking where she'd gone. Out to post a letter, Margaretta would tell him, but would he believe it?

His close demanding love trod like a shadow on her heels. How she'd welcomed that at first! But lately he'd infected her with a feeling of nervousness, a need to explain herself, almost, she felt, to excuse herself. For what?

Perhaps it was her sudden passion for Bob that was making her unjust to William. After all, what had he done to make her feel impatient with him? He hadn't indulged in any jealous scenes—as well he might have—nor questioned her, nor tried to catch her out.

Or had he? . . . When he put his hand on her hair last night, on the balcony? . . .

Her mind was a jumble of distracted thoughts as she turned towards the steps. Well, this evening he'd have to wait for her a little longer. When she got back to the

INTERESTING PEOPLE



MRS. ERNEST WELLS
... boys are better

ONLY Chartered Librarian in Queensland, blue-eyed June Wells, of Rockhampton, is one of the six Australian members of the Library Association of Great Britain. Is in charge of Rockhampton Children's Library, which has 3000 members. Children come from 30 miles away. Says boys read more and better books than girls. Was seven years with Sydney's Mitchell Library; is R.A. of Sydney University. Taking examinations is her hobby.



AIR-COMMODORE
A. L. WALTERS
... soldier, airman

AIR-COMMODORE A. L. Walters, of Melbourne, left recently to take up job of Air Officer Commanding R.A.A.F. H.Q., London, where he succeeds Air-Commodore E. G. Knox-Knight. He is a Western Australian, began service life as a soldier at Royal Military College, Duntroon, but transferred to R.A.A.F. Was Director of Allied Air Operations in S.W. Pacific. Has been A.O.C. Southern Area for three years.



Matron EDITH ANDERSON
... great-great-grandfather's grave

MATRON Edith Anderson received her Order of the British Empire on February 23 from King George VI personally when she visited Buckingham Palace during her long service tour abroad. She has been 21 years in charge of Northfield Mental Hospital, South Australia.

Highlight of her visit to Europe is inspection of the grave of her great-great-grandfather, Dr. Edward Walsh, a surgeon at Battle of Waterloo.

flat she'd think of something. She had become, of necessity, an expert liar.

She hurried down to Phipps, step by step going down into the warmer, stiller air.

The sun was low, everything was flooded in golden light down there . . . sleepy dust. She pushed open the gate in the paling fence at the back and went up the path, planning what she'd say and how she'd explain.

The side door on the verandah which usually stood open was shut to-day. Tacked on the frame of the wire door with a thumb-tack was a small piece of cardboard, on it in

sketchy printing: "Back in half an hour."

He was out! That was the last thing she'd expected. Everything was against her. And every link in the chain was stretched so tightly that if one gave way the whole might snap.

She was beginning to see, like a terrifying shape in a fog, a Something that could materialise if she couldn't get hold of old Phipps before the police did.

She stood looking at the notice. She'd seen these notices before. He kept a set of them in the kitchen: Back in ten minutes — in twenty minutes — in half an hour —

and when he went up to the shops he'd fasten one of them on his door, like a much-sought-after village cobbler or watchmaker.

Back in half an hour. She waited, pacing up and down, in a fever of impatience, listening for his footsteps, willing him to come. William was quite capable, she knew, of sending out a search party to look for her.

She glanced involuntarily at her wrist. But, of course, she'd broken the glass of her watch the other day. William was bringing it back to her this evening.

Please turn to page 62

New help for DRY SKIN

Especially if you are over 25
beware of Dry Skin

From 25 on, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and pliant starts decreasing. Before 40, skin may lose as much as 20% of its own softening oil. But you can help offset this drying out — by giving your skin an oil especially suited to its needs. This special cream is Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

Where Drying Begins
Drying is often noticed first on your cheeks; little flaky "dry-skin" patches can spoil your make-up. Under your lower lip, too, little dry "puckers" tighten, make your mouth look "set" and older.

To Relax. Always at bedtime help supply this dry skin with Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

Swirl its softening help from chin-line up in front of ears. Smooth this soft cream in well from the centre of your lip out and up to each corner.

Arrests Dry Skin two ways

Lanolin-Softens by Night
—After your regular cleansing, smooth rich-in-lanolin Pond's Dry Skin Cream generously over face and throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes, or all night.

Lanolin-Protects by Day
—For extra daytime softening smooth on a very light touch of Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make up. Feel your skin respond to this rich cream.

New

rich in lanolin
homogenized
special emulsifier

Start this truly
remarkable correction
of Dry Skin today!



MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., says: "It's truly a wonderful help for dry skin! Pond's Dry Skin Cream is so rich, yet soft and creamy, too — gives the extra softening dry skin needs."



Unwanted "Squint lines" — deepen from sun glare.

HOT WINDS, TORRID SUN tend to bake the outer layer of your skin — make it look coarser, summer-dry.

HERE IS A QUICK UN-DRIER to soften and relax your summer-dried skin.

After you've been out in any strong sun or wind, smooth your hot, parched face with soothing, softening Pond's Dry Skin Cream (hands, arms, too). Your dry, thirsty skin will "soak it right up" — feel softer, moister, more comfortable at once!

3 FEATURES: Three features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream so effective. 1. It is very rich in lanolin, most like the skin's own oil. 2. It is homogenized to soak in better. 3. It has a special softening emulsifier.

At night — work in richly for extra softening. By day — use lightly under make-up. And all summer — after any sunny, windy exposure.

START NOW to repair, ease, soften your summer-dry skin. Get a jar of Pond's Dry Skin Cream today!

PD17

Cyanide for Supper

THE tomato-red sun disentangled itself from the cedar tree and sank below the branches, coloring the dance of flies and midges in the air, bringing to life the trail of sugar ants across the boards.

How long had she been here? Only a few minutes really. She walked to the gate and back to the verandah, smelling the dust and hot, sticky blossoms, nervously aware of the empty rooms whose dim windows stared out at her.

The front gate creaked on its hinges and she stopped and listened. Andy didn't usually come in the front way. She hurried round the side of the house to meet him.

Coming up the path were Grogan and a stocky young man in shiny blue serge, carrying a black case.

Grogan said slyly: "I reckon we might find you here."

She felt herself coloring. "Yes... I didn't want you to startle the old man. But, anyhow, he's out. There's a notice on the side door to say that he'll be back in half an hour."

"Who's the notice for?" "Nobody in particular. It's just his way."

"I see. The house locked up, is it?"

"Yes."

"Well, now..." He paused and looked at the front door. Then he stepped on to the porch and lifted the mat. "Thought he might've left his key somewhere."

"Can't you wait for him out here?"

"Oh, we could. It isn't only that we want to talk to him, though."

"Why, what else do you want?"

"That shelf you mentioned

Continued from page 61

where the tin came from. If anybody else'd climb up there they might have left some fingerprints, mightn't they?"

"Yes, they might," she agreed. "That's true." She was thinking rapidly. If there were any fingerprints there they wouldn't be Bob's. "There'd be Mr. Phipps' own, of course," she said, "but that wouldn't mean anything. There are a lot of odds and ends up there. And there'll be mine."

"That's right. But what say there's a third set. Someone that's got no reason to be up there at all. Ernie here might be able to pick up something." He glanced under two flower pots planted with parched geraniums. "Most of these solitary old birds have got a funny little way of hiding their keys somewhere when they go out."

"He does, too," she said slowly.

"I thought he might. Do you know where it is?"

"Yes, I do."

"Would you like to get it and invite us in?" He smiled at her—one of those nice encouraging smiles that she'd got to know; that made you feel that business between the C.I.B. and suspects in a murder case could be carried on in a friendly spirit of co-operation.

She said: "All right. I'll get it. It's the kitchen door key."

They followed her round the back to the laundry, a wood erection clinging like a limpet to the kitchen wall. Under the peg-bag was the key. She got it and went to the door.

She noticed that the inspector let her open it, wrestle with the stiff lock, and lift the

sagging door over the linoleum. She was taking him into Andy's house, where, she supposed, he couldn't enter without an invitation or a warrant.

The kitchen was awaiting Phipps' return to dinner—on the bench two chops already on the grill under a wire meat-dish cover, two potatoes in a saucepan on the stove, an end of the table set with a knife and fork, salt, and sauce bottle.

On the other end of the table Ernie put down his hat and case.

Grogan said to Susan: "Now this shelf the tin was on."

She pointed to the cupboard. "Up there."

"The top shelf, eh? You reached it from a chair?"

"Yes. It was right at the back, on the left."

Grogan lifted forward a chair, too, and stepped up on it, stared into the cupboard... stayed there staring.

Susan, standing below, looking up at his dark-clad, thick-set figure, wondered why he stood there so long. What could he be looking at that kept him gazing at one corner of the shelf? And not, anyhow, the left-hand corner from where she'd taken the tin.

She remembered the jumble of objects she'd seen up there. What among it all could be riveting his gaze?

Patiently, Ernie waited, arms folded, whistling softly under his breath. At last Grogan got down off the chair.

Susan looked at him. He seemed to be thinking intently of something. She wanted to jump up on the chair that he'd just left and

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. I half feminist (anagr. 12).
2. Short pithy maxim (8).
3. Goad in summon to appear in court (6).
4. Troops stationed in towns starts as a fish, and ends as male descendants (9).
5. As a coarsely plaited basket is useful, as a person cannot keep secrets (15).
6. Trial turned about canopy (8).
7. Sailors in the company of you and me form the terminal segment of limb where Paul came from (6).
8. If it came that way send it back if you don't like it (5).
9. Keeper of royal park full of anger (6).
10. The keeper of the Pearly Gates with two of us inside made of tin and lead (8).
11. Thing done or dramatic performance (9).
12. Poor creature with a turned lip and a very strong smelling plant (10).
13. Systematic selfishness (6).
14. Mother, I am in a religious ceremony of the sea (8).
15. Tries loquacity (anagr. 12).

ADAMANT CORNCOB
T S A I D H E
T O P P E S C A B B A G E
H E S M E E S R
E U R E C A D R E L E D A
C S N N O V R N
R H E T O R I C M A S S E D
O B A V R S
S P R I N T M A V E R I C K
S E C U R I T Y
R I V E P A I N T U N A T
O E S L I S O T
A B R I N A M L A T E R A L
D S O B E I E E
S L E E P E R T I R A D E S

Solution to last week's crossword

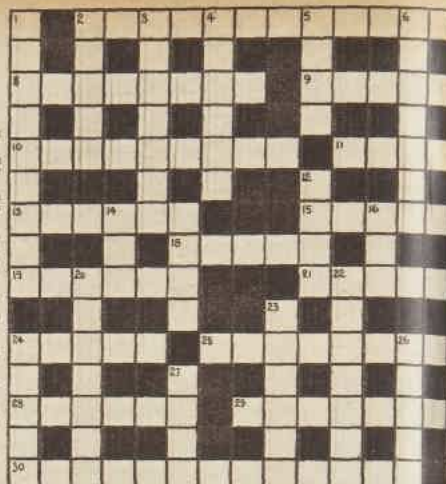
try to see what he'd seen there that was so arresting.

A sudden thought struck her—was the tin back on the shelf?

As though he'd forgotten she was there, Grogan walked to the table and drummed on it while Ernie spread out the contents of his case.

"It's no use me waiting for Mr. Phipps now," she said, and went towards the door.

Grogan seemed to wake up. "That's right, not much, is it?" and to the fingerprint man: "Carry on, Ernie."



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Massacre is scarcely more than an act of laughing (8).
2. Fluid in Greek gods' veins (5).
3. Fruitful French iron with baked clay on the roof (7).
4. Gang retreat or wise old man (6).
5. Give out when time turn (4).
6. Spinster in French is still a spinster (7).
7. Such lord is a sovereign in Belgium (5).
8. Turn up the pots and stay (4).
9. Garment (3).
10. No wonder is crude that was 10 (3).
11. Teeth on the wheel in the bookie flies high and (9).
12. Ideas where it turns in days (7).
13. A broken vase I have is non-committal (7).
14. Canstle soda (6).
15. Correct an error with mania (5).
16. Resting places for beauty aids in (5).
17. Disease of corn or just a spot (4).

The shady road to the gate of Kurrinulla House, the breeze blowing up from the sea, brought no coolness to Susan as she hurried home. She burned with a kind of fever of anxiety. If only she could see Bob for a minute!

There was nowhere her thoughts could rest that seemed to promise any relief. She knew that up at the house, something worse could so easily happen, could be waiting for her now.

She turned in at the gate.

Voices from the balcony came to her, Clive's, Hugo's, but the parapet hid them, and she walked on the grass to the drive, slipping in on her tip-toeing over the stone floor of the hall and up the stairs.

It seemed too good to be true, but Bob's door was open. Yet why shouldn't it have been? It so often was. It was just her mood of near-depression hadn't let her hope for it in the evening.

Please turn to page 62.

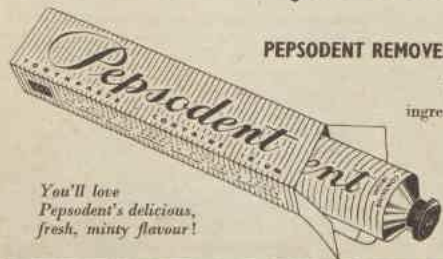


"Why are your teeth so much Whiter today?"

— AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS —

"Because I changed to New PEPSODENT with Irium"

PEPSODENT REMOVES DULLING FILM, WILL GIVE YOU, TOO, THE WHITEST TEETH.



You'll love Pepsodent's delicious, fresh, minty flavour!

Why? Because only Pepsodent contains Irium — the wonder ingredient that combats film. Film builds constantly on everyone's teeth. Film clouds natural whiteness, glues acid to teeth, assists decay. Remove dulling film with Pepsodent. Pepsodent, with Irium, removes film quickly, efficiently, pleasantly — reveals the true whiteness of your teeth!



PEPSODENT gives the WHITEST teeth

P.B.W. 1955

"I know what's good for me!"



"That's right. And I know what I like too! Take Vegemite—now there's a really tasty food that gets my tummy every time."

Did you know that Vegemite contains nearly three times as much Vitamin B₁ as other yeast or vegetable extracts? And did

you know that Vegemite—the true yeast extract—is richer in niacin and contains no starch? See what I mean?"

Vegemite and happy, healthy children go together. And don't forget Vegemite for Dad, too. He likes that richer, more satisfying flavour of Vegemite. Serve it regularly in sandwiches, and for snacks, soups and gravies.

GRATEFUL MOTHER WRITES

"I insist on Vegemite because I've found it the most nourishing of all vegetable extracts. I wouldn't be without it for my four growing children—and I know lots of other mothers feel the same."

Mrs. Johnson, Springvale, Victoria.

**Delicious
VEGEMITE**
—richer,
more economical.
Made by KRAFT. KVT2



HE DOESN'T WANT TO LOSE IT!

IT MUST BE A
POLO
HANDKERCHIEF

Each handkerchief hygienically packed in cellophane. Made from finest Egyptian yarns—guaranteed fast colours. Available in both men's and ladies'.

OBTAINABLE ALL LEADING STORES

Here's a ROUTINE for

Lovelier Hair...

Beautiful hair is just a routine... the Camilatone Routine... S.R.S.

SHAMPOO with Camilatone in your individual colour. It's gently cleansing, yet so thorough... it's refreshing, too.
WASH with the Tonic for your own shade of hair. Removes all traces of styling film... puts the glint—the shine—into your hair.
SET with Lustrant... for those soft, natural waves that really stay in place.

Camilatone

At all Chemists, Stores and Ladies' Hairdressers.

Cyanide for Supper

Continued from page 62

BOB was in the easy chair by the sitting-room window, hidden behind the evening paper, his feet up on the desk, when Susan spoke from the doorway: "Bob."

His feet and the paper went down.

"Hullo." He jumped up. "I didn't hear you come in."

"No, I didn't knock. There's something I want to see you about." She spoke almost under her breath. She knew by the way he stared at her that she must be looking, as she felt, sort of hunted.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Is anything the matter?"

"Everything." Her voice trembled. Oh, this weak wish to give way! To pour herself out to him in despair and tears! She mastered the impulse with an effort. "Listen, I've only got a minute. What time is it?"

He glanced at his watch. "A few minutes past six. You're out of breath. Have you been running?"

"No. No. I wanted to tell you what I said—to the police—so you can say the same."

"The same? What did you say? About what?"

"They found out that I'd given you that tin of stuff to see what it was."

"Did they?" His tone was even, he didn't look the least bit disturbed. "Well, there's nothing incriminating about that, is there?"

"No... yes." If he only wouldn't look so detached! If he'd only realise what a danger he was in! "I didn't tell them everything when they discovered that. I said you'd given the tin back to me, met me in town, during the afternoon."

He did look less cool now. "Why in the world did you need to say that?"

"I don't know. I said it—well, I suppose to hide the fact that I'd got the stuff when I came in here to write that letter. What were you doing at half-past four?"

"At half-past four?"

"Yes. When I said you were meeting me."

"I don't know... I'd left the university. I was in a bus, I think."

"That's all right then, they can't check up on that. You will say the same, won't you?"

Across the room they looked at each other for a minute. His face looked sealed, shutting her out... She didn't know him. She didn't know the first thing about him. How was it that she'd come to be so madly attracted by him with such barriers between them from the very start?

She said again: "If they question you, you'll say you met me at half-past four, won't you, gave me the tin back, told me what it was, just as I said?"

He walked over and took a cigarette from a packet on the desk. "No, I don't think I will," he said thoughtfully.

"Please..." she began.

"I've nothing to run away from. I can't see the sense in trying to fill these unfortunate policemen up with a lot of lies." He gave a short laugh.

"Especially as they always seem to find you out." He came back and stood near her.

"Why are you behaving in this unbalanced fashion? Trying to run this show yourself? Why are you trying to involve yourself—and me—in such a mess of intrigue? Honestly, there doesn't seem to be any sense in it to me."

Standing only a foot or two away from him, she longed to put out her hand and touch him, to take his hand and say, "Darling, I'm doing it for you."

Because you don't know the villainess of what Margaretta threatens, and how she'll ruin you if she gets the smallest handle against you. Anything she'll do, so as not to let my money slip out of her family. But really more so that her will won't be thwarted..."

Please turn to page 64

Beauty in brief:

Skin clearance

By CAROLYN EARLE

● If you notice a darkened weather-strip on your chest, with matching discoloration on the sides of the throat where suntan has faded but refuses to leave altogether, get your oatmeal bag to work every bath time.

DON'T expect a few quick dabs with the bag to get results. Count on several minutes of mopping and rubbing daily for a week or ten days.

It will take at least that time before the good results of this homespun remedy are visible, but, given a fair chance, oatmeal will undoubtedly soothe and lighten the skin color, and at the same time leave the skin surface delightfully smooth.

Coping with that strip of dull, opaque skin down between the shoulder-blades also involves regular scouring, and working soap lather well into the pores, for it is a form of oiliness.

Soap emulsifies the substances that clog pores and cause coarseness there.

Whether you tackle the job yourself or have someone do it for you, work the lather into the area as diligently as you would a cream, but with more firmness, and rinse the residue off just as carefully with cold water, which is always a good astringent.

To round out this treatment properly another scrubbing is recommended at bedtime, whenever there is the time for it, and particularly if there is make-up to come off. Follow with antiseptic lotion or ointment to combat skin blemishes.

I've made a
wonderful discovery!



CUTEX
STAYS LOVELY LONGER

CUTEX really does a job. It goes on smoothly—and it stays on. In short, it's definitely resistant to chipping and peeling.

The sparkling beauty of CUTEX has won thousands of faithful users because they know that Cutex looks smarter, lasts longer, chips less. CUTEX is pure. Which simply means that it cannot harm the most sensitive nails or skin. ... and CUTEX comes in such glorious colors! You can pick a CUTEX color to go with each and every outfit—flatter your particular skin tone.

Price 2/6

CUTEX Polish
Polish Remover
Cuticle Oil
Cuticle Cream



Cuticle Remover
Polish Foundation
Overcoat
Hand Cream

CUTEX

*stays lovelier longer,
resists chipping flaking and peeling*

Don't give her oil. Mummy
She loves LAXETTES



Thanks to LAXETTES
children love their laxative

A child's sensitive tummy naturally revolts against sickly oils and harsh, bitter-tasting medicines. Protect your children from this ordeal — give them LAXETTES, the chocolate laxative they love to take — and the one that never fails to do them good. There are no oils, no harmful drugs in LAXETTES to upset delicate young systems — there is no taste other than delicious chocolate, for the active ingredient — sure, safe, gentle-acting Phenolphthalein — is COMPLETELY TASTELESS.

Next time your child needs a laxative, be kind — give him gentle-acting LAXETTES — the chocolate laxative — the famous laxative that has been helping young systems for over 40 years.



LAXETTES

THE CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

✓ FOIL WRAPPED FOR FRESHNESS ✓ SOLD IN MILLIONS EVERY YEAR
✓ PACKED IN TINS FOR YOUR PROTECTION ✓ ACCURATE DOSAGE ALWAYS



Pond's
new
Cream
Lotion

A snowy, flower-fragrant Cream Lotion, cooling, non-sticky. Aids the skin to petal smoothness, softens rough skin, soothes chapping, helps whiten red hands. Use always before wearing off-shoulder gowns.



*An ideal powder base too!

Cyanide for Supper

Continued from page 63

YES, Susan knew very well what she would have liked to say. Instead, she said slowly: "I don't know. I got involved. I didn't think you'd refuse to help me."

Bob stared at her. "To help you?" he repeated.

"Throw me to the wolves!" She managed a laugh, put out her hand and took a cigarette from the packet he was still holding. "Let everyone find out, perhaps, that I was over here with you . . . last night . . . at midnight."

"By 'everyone' you mean your future husband, I suppose?"

She nodded. He stood with the match held to the box, ready to give her a light but not striking it. He said: "I'm not at all pleased with this idea, that something so harmless should force one to a whole lot more lies."

She took the box from him, struck the match and lit her cigarette. "Never mind," she said. She saw in a flash that if she retreated he must give away. "Never mind, I shouldn't have asked you. I'll cope somehow." She threw the matches down on the table and took a few steps towards the door.

He followed her. "Wait a minute. All right, I'll say what you want me to. I'll abide by what I can."

"Thank you so much. It can't do you any harm, you know." She didn't dare look at him. And anyhow, the light from the small window was behind him, throwing his face into shadow.

Bob's front door was hardly closed before the door of Margaretta's flat opened and William came out. But as Bob's door was nearer the stairway, Susan was satisfied that she must appear to have just come up the stairs, so she greeted William easily.

William's face lit up at the sight of her. Strong and confident, he showed no sign of strain, no suggestion that this thing that had fallen on Kurravilla House had upset his equilibrium.

"Where have you been, darling? I've been wondering what on earth had become of you." His glance and his tone wrapped her round.

"Become of me? Why?" "Margaretta said you'd just gone out to post a letter. I

nearly came out to look for you."

"It's not so late."

"It is! Just you look." From his pocket he produced a jeweller's box, took out the tiny platinum watch set with diamonds and fastened it on her wrist. "There—look at that. Isn't that a reproach to you?" He pointed to the hands.

"Nonsense. You've meddled with it."

"You can't get away with that. I set it right to the tick at a quarter to six." He kissed the wrist as he released it. "I happen to know you went out at ten minutes past five."

"How Margaretta keeps tab on time."

"Perhaps she feels there's not a whole lot of it left for her."

"I don't know . . . You know, William, I think she's much stronger than anyone guesses. Look at the way she's stood up to the shock of Eddie's death."

"Yes. But after all, Eddie was never very real, was he? He was always a bit like someone seen from the other side of the footlights. You wouldn't expect her to feel grief."

"No . . . no."

"Any further developments to-day?"

"Oh, the police are still probing around," she said vaguely. She hesitated as to whether to tell him that she'd just been to Police Headquarters. Later, perhaps, not now, though he was sure to hear about it. Everyone was sure to hear about it soon.

At the moment, though, she just didn't feel equal to opening it all up with him, the questions, the explanations.

Instead, she said: "It was so lovely out. I'd had such a—such a messy day I couldn't bear to come in. The air . . . the sea."

"You might've flung a pebble up at the window and asked me to come down, too."

"I might've hit Hugo."

"So you might." His hands slipped up her bare arms and drew her towards him. "Darling, you're taking too much out of yourself. You look like a ghost."

"If you knew the week I've had! Shopping, writing notes, standing for hours having pins stuck in me!"

"It's not that. You're taking this tragedy too hard."

She looked away, not meeting his glance. "Well, it is awful, isn't it?"

"It is. Awful and odd. No one'll deny that. But that's no reason why you should wear yourself to the bone worrying about it."

"Darling, I'm all right, I'll be quite all right." Conventional words . . .

Drawing her closer he kissed her. For a moment she leant against him, leaning her head on his shoulder. If only she could call back some of the feeling she used to have for him! Until the past few weeks . . .

While his mouth was still on hers there came the sound of a door in Bob's flat opening and shutting, the door of his slip of a kitchen that was just inside his front door.

Please turn to page 65



famous French model
discovers

Cover Veil

*Comme tous les jours, j'imagine, avec
hazard de monstres, pour moi-même et
pour vous, découvrir un maquillage
parfait.
C'est pourquoi que j'ai fait pour vous
la Cover Veil Powder Block à Paris.
Il est si simple à employer, juste
sans application. Pas d'eau, ni de
crème, ni poudre remuée.
Tétabulations! Comme, Cover Veil est
vraiment le cosmétique idéal.*
E. Lorard

Translation

As you may imagine my work as
Maquilleur for Lanvin and Nina Ricci
required perfection of make-up. How I
wish I could have known Cover Veil
Powder Block in Paris. It is so easy to
use . . . just a powder puff, no water,
no grease, no spilling, no mess. Con-
gratulations! Cover Veil is really the
ideal cosmetic.

Five shades—
delightfully
perfumed.

4/9 at all leading stores and chemists
throughout Australia.

MAIL ENQUIRIES TO
MAXWELL, KING & COMPANY PTY. LTD., 70 KING ST., SYDNEY

"After the Ball is Over"



There's a sharp contrast between the warm ballroom and the biting cold when you come out, but Jack Bosley and Joyce Morris are old hands at the game. Winners of the Australian Ballroom Dancing Championship two years running, and Australian representatives at the Empire Championships in London last year, Jack and Joyce have been delighting dance fans for years. Jack says, "Ballroom dancing is strenuous. You become heated and the cold gets at you afterwards. Joyce and I don't let it worry us. We keep Bonox handy and we find there's nothing to touch it for driving out chills." Bonox is the essence of beef. A teaspoonful dissolved in water makes a delicious, warming drink that helps keep your head above the "flu line. Eat and drink Bonox for a 1-1-f-1!"

803

ALL PERMS STAY FRESHER . . .
LAST LONGER

just 3 simple steps

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2/9
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Cyanide for Supper

Continued from page 64

TRANSLATING sounds into pictures, Susan saw Bob going into his kitchen to get a drink or have a hurried snack before going out again, to a lecture, to meet friends, the thought of her as far from his thoughts—as murder.

She saw that William, too, registered the sound.

He said with a tilt of his head: "Our young friend Adams . . ." And then: "Look, Susan, I don't want you to think I don't understand about him."

"Oh, what are you talking about?" Again that chilly goose-flesh ran over her skin.

"Come off it, darling!"

"All that's only Margaretta's sick-room fancy."

"Not quite."

"Now, William—"

"This isn't a reproach. You're so lovely, what man, living side by side with you, running across you every day wouldn't make a pass at you? And a girl wouldn't be human if she didn't react a bit."

"I didn't think you'd be so silly as to listen to that nonsense and let her upset you."

"I only want you to know that I'm not quite blind. And I'm not upset." He drew her hand inside his arm, held it, looked down at her. "I just keep on reminding myself that in a little over a week we'll be in London together . . . all sorts of new things to see and do . . . and I'll be looking after you. I expect to get back all the ground I've lost."

On the balcony when they got there Veronica and Clive and Hugo were looking somehow, Susan thought, as though they were waiting for something to happen. They looked separate from each other.

Clive was gazing over the rail with a frown on his usually good-natured face. Hugo was blowing smoke rings, and Veronica, lying back in a cane chair, was fingering the petals of a potted azalea, her plumply modelled face averted.

As though William and Susan had been a welcome diversion they were greeted vivaciously.

Hugo said, jumping up: "Hallo, Susan. There you are at last! Did you know your absence had been causing a minor flap round here?"

She laughed. "So it appears. I don't know why."

"What it is to be in the limelight!" Veronica murmured.

"You had us all guessing what'd become of you."

Veronica said: "I think William was afraid that you'd gone off with a handsomer man."

"If she could find a handsomer man," William put in. Clive's tone was sour.

"Trouble is, some girls are so perverse. Anyway, aren't we going to have a drink?"

He went towards the long window of the drawing-room, where Una had brought the tray of drinks—bottles, cocktail-shakers, and a glass of orange juice for Margaretta.

The doctors had told her no alcohol. But even around fruit juice there had to be wrapped a small ritual. It had to be carefully strained, no ice, unsweetened.

Veronica said: "Listen, Clive, don't start drinking till Margaretta comes. The first night she's been fit to join us

since she was ill. You might have the decency to wait for her."

The sight of that silver and crystal array was eating at Clive. "I wish she'd get a move on then. What's she doing?"

"Getting dressed. Klinger hasn't been gone long."

"That chap's on a good wicket!"

Before anyone could agree, Margaretta stepped out of her window and came along the balcony, the wispy black chiffon frock emphasising the excessive thinness of her tall figure. Her narrow brown eyes slid over each of the five, drawing each one's glance to hers, as though to try to re-establish each one's dependence on her.

"Oh, there you are, Susan. What an age you've been! You had William quite jittery."

To switch the subject Susan said: "How do you feel this evening, Margaretta? You look ever so much better."

"I am—much better. Klinger always pulls me together." Then in royal tones: "Did you wait drinks for me? You really shouldn't have."

Susan said: "I'm just going to comb my hair and then I'll be with you." She ran along the balcony and into her bedroom.

ALONE, Susan combed her hair, painted her lips afresh, and held her hands under the cool running water.

She couldn't have told at what moment she became aware of a changed note in the voices in the drawing-room. At first she thought it was just the heightened tempo due to Margaretta's presence—she always stimulated talk—and to the potent cocktails that William mixed.

Then she realised that it wasn't only that there was a louder note in there, but that all at once everyone seemed to be talking at once . . .

What was the matter? She drew her hands from under the water and listened intently.

She'd heard just that strident note of babble once when a snake had glided into a picnic party.

Margaretta's voice, of course, was the most dominant . . . a touch of hysteria in Veronica's . . . William's rich bass, expostulating. The hubbub didn't die down . . . it rose . . . grew in volume.

Quickly Susan dried her hands. Something had happened. That wasn't just social animation that swelled out of the drawing-room and sent this frightened shiver through her again. She hurried across the room and stepped out on to the balcony.

It was then that words—Margaretta's—disentangled themselves from the jar of voices.

Pointing dramatically at her glass, she said sharply, "I tell you I'm convinced there's something suspicious about that drink. No one's going to touch it till the police arrive."

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



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A NEW WOMAN AFTER ONLY 10 WEEKS OF KRUSCHEN!

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"Miraculous" is how Mrs. Preston, now of Ararat, N.S.W., describes the change in her mental and physical well-being after only ten weeks of taking a tiny daily dose of Kruschen.

READ MRS. PRESTON'S LETTER FOR YOURSELF

"After living in London throughout the war and experiencing the horrors of both day and night bombing raids, which had an adverse effect on my health, there followed six years during which I suffered from insomnia and acute mental depression. At 31 years of age I felt completely worn out.

About ten weeks ago I began taking a tiny daily dose of Kruschen Salts and the only word which will adequately describe the result is 'miraculous'. I now sleep soundly, eat heartily, and feel wonderfully fit. I would never have believed it possible for my outlook on life to change so completely in so short a time... no more gloom and misery, it will be 'Kruschen forever'!"



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The Tonic Effect of Kruschen Keeps Millions of People Fit
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Sweet Thing

Continued from page 4

WHEN he called on a client he invariably saw some product, some new sensation of the Palmer company. When he picked up a newspaper or magazine he saw a Palmer advertisement. When he attended the monthly afternoon meeting of the Manufacturing Confectioners' Association, he saw Palmer.

He saw her come in through the door, saw her recognise him. She headed in his direction, and for a moment he feared she was coming to sit beside him.

"Hullo, toothache promoter," she said, and started to walk on.

He called: "Hullo. How is your firm's supply of pork dripping?"

She stopped and came back. "What was that crack?"

"You heard."

She said: "One thing about meetings is that they are certainly democratic. The small manufacturer and the large, the progressive and the backward, the maker of the superior product and the inferior, here they are all on the same footing. Fancy your vote being worth as much as mine. Good-bye, little Boy Blue."

She walked away, as far away from him as she could, but the meeting had been spoiled for him because of her presence. He was glad when it was over.

Doug Niven was in his office early next morning.

"Good-morning," Bill said.

"We'll see if you still think so after I've talked to you. I bring news for you."

"You mean you're trying to sell me a morning paper?"

"I mean I'm about to give you the latest from the battlefield. The Palmer front."

"All right, shoot. I can take it."

"Palmer is apparently spending thousands on a shop-window advertising campaign. The firm has some pretty expensive-looking showcards, which they have started to distribute. I saw them in a shop yesterday."

"So what?"

"You don't get it, boss. These are no ordinary showcards. These are the most extravagant, the most luxurious things I've ever seen. Color and pictures of beautiful girls and far away places and everything. They'll make people think there is only one kind of chocolate."

Bill was silent. After a time he looked up.

"Doug, I'm glad about this. I'm glad Palmer has done this."

Niven gaped. "You're glad? Why?"

"Because it's given me my big idea. The one I've been waiting for. Listen, Doug, how many shops did you see these posters in?"

"Only one so far."

"Which means they've just started to distribute them. Which is very good. Doug, I want you to go out and round up the whole sales team. I want them here at twelve noon. All of them."

"What—"

"Out of my way. I must be back by noon."

Bill was on his way out of his office. His first call was on Freddie. He told Freddie what he wanted.

"You can't do this to her," Freddie said.

"Can't I? You sit back and watch. No, don't sit back. Hurry up and do this job for me."

The job took Freddie half an hour. From Freddie's, Bill went to his printers. By promising the printer two giant boxes of chocolates to take home to his wife, Bill bribed him into undertaking to do a rush job.

At twelve Bill addressed his sales staff.

"This is the idea in a nutshell," he said. "The retailer agrees that he'll display only our confectionery products and advertising material in his shop window for the next six months."

"In return for this, our firm agrees to pay his shop lighting expenses for one month. That is, all the electricity he uses for lighting. We may require to see his light account in some cases, anyway that's all set out in the contract."

"My solicitor has drafted a contract, and copies will be here from the printers this afternoon, so you can start campaigning and getting signatures immediately. I want the whole city and suburban area covered as smartly as possible. You can tell the shopkeepers that we'll have the new show-cards along shortly."

After the other salesmen had gone, Doug Niven lingered for a moment.

"I presume," Bill said, "you have remained to congratulate me on my brilliant idea."

"I suppose it's all right," Doug replied, "but it'll cost a lot of money. It seems to me that the main thing it'll do will be to kick the Palmer firm in the stomach."

"Not the Palmer firm," Bill told him, "just Palmer."

Please turn to page 68

Bournville Cocoa - I love it!



A cup for Breakfast
- off to school singing
A cup for Supper
- off to sleep quickly



Bournville Cocoa for breakfast sets young Susan up for the day, sends her off to school cheerful of energy. For supper a steaming chocolate cup of Bournville soothes and satisfies, helps induce a refreshing sleep. With 120 full strength cups to the pound it's the most economical food drink you can buy.

Try these delicious CHOCOLATE MERINGUES



4 ozs. white sugar. 2 whites of eggs. 1 dessert-spoon Bournville Cocoa.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs. Add pinch salt to white and beat until so stiff the basin can be turned upside down. Fold in the sugar and Cocoa, stirring as little as possible to avoid breaking. down the bubbles. Shape with two dessertspoons, placing them on oiled paper on a baking sheet, or pipe through forcing bag, using plain pipe. Put into a slow oven with heat turned as low as possible to avoid colouring and allow to remain several hours until quite dry and firm.

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FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

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My favorite poem

Here is the favorite poem of Mrs. Kitty Monkman, of Dangar Island, Hawkesbury River, N.S.W., who says it is of Persian origin. A number of other readers have also forwarded this verse. Send us your favorite short poem or an excerpt.

If of thy worldly goods thou were bereft,
And of the store two loaves alone were left,
Sell one, and with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.

The all-purpose suit

THE little adaptable suit, nippy and narrow, dominates New York's 1951 spring season.

With changing accessories, it does duty from morning till midnight.

Once the jacket is doffed, sleeveless or bare-topped blouses transform the suit into a cocktail or dinner outfit.

Often the jacket goes over a plain reed-slim dress instead of a skirt.

American designers have made the most of subtle mauves, greyish pastels, such as ashen-rose, and steel or cadet blue, and the golden shades ranging from down-yellow into beige with a peach or gold undertone.



"SOUFFLE TWEED" suit (above) from Hattie Carnegie's spring, 1951, collection. Wide-pointed revers contrast with rounded hipline pockets buttoned flat.

Photographs by courtesy of the New York Dress Institute.



RED TWEED jacket (above) detailed with black velvet matches the skirt of the one-piece short-sleeved dress beneath.

PERFECT for work, for shopping, for dates is this yarn dye worsted (above) combining brief jacket and slim skirt. Velvet collar is removable.

FACE-FRAMING double collar is elegant on Omar Kiam's lipstick-red bengaline suit (left). The jacket is detailed with cording of the fabric and lined with shell-pink sheer crepe.



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D: Well-cut brex finished English elasticated lace for neat fit. All lingerie shades. SSW, SW, W sizes. About 8/-
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YOUR APPETITE



**KEEN'S
MUSTARD**
makes good food taste better



8/9/195

Sweet Thing

Continued from page 66.

BILL sat back in his chair. He wondered how long it would take.

It took two days. It took two days for Palmer to come barging into his office.

"Listen," she started, waving a copy of his window-display contract in his face, "just listen. Of all—"

"Have you an appointment?" Bill interrupted quietly.

"You think you can get away with this, I'll—"

"You hit me and I'll hit back, I promise," Bill said. And all the time she talked, he talked, too, only much quieter. She realised, after a time, that he wasn't listening.

"All right, you miserable moron," she finished, "I won't waste any more time. What I really wanted to say is that I'm going to my solicitor."

"Good-bye," Bill said. "Help yourself to a chocolate on the way out. A real chocolate."

The door slammed. Five minutes later his phone rang. "Yes," Bill said into the receiver.

"Hullo, Bill," Freddie said. "You don't sound very cheerful."

"I'm not," Freddie told him.

"What's the matter?" "I guess I knew, in my heart of hearts, right from the start, Bill. It's an impossible situation. I can't be the solicitor to two business rivals, especially when they're rivals in every sense of the word, at each other's throats like a couple of dingoes."

"You mean you'll have to strike one of us from your list?"

"Yes, very reluctantly."

"I see. Which one?"

"Miss Palmer just phoned. She wanted advice about suing you. I told her that I was afraid I could no longer act as her legal adviser or protector."

"And what did she say?"

"She said she's coming round to my office right now."

"You won't change your mind, will you, Freddie? You won't let her talk you round?"

"No," Freddie said, "you're my pal, Bill."

"You know," Bill said, "I think I'll come round and watch. This is my morning of triumph."

He dropped his receiver and was at Freddie's office in record time.

"She's not here yet," Freddie told him.

"Don't let her bluff you, Freddie boy. Don't be scared—"

"Don't worry," Freddie interrupted. "I know just what to say. I didn't like her attitude over the phone just now."

"I don't like her attitude any time," Bill said.

Then the door opened and Palmer came in. She looked at Bill and she looked at Freddie.

"Well?" she said.

"Sit down, Miss Palmer," Freddie said.

"No, thank you," she said. "I won't be staying. I haven't got much to say."

"That's a change," Bill said. "You mightn't have much to say," Freddie said, suddenly very stern, "but I've got a thing or two I want to say to you. First of all, Miss Palmer, I don't think you are capable of managing a small home-made sweets outfit, let alone a big concern like

the one you're trying to run now."

Bill noticed that Palmer's eyes and mouth both opened widely, but she shut the latter again as Freddie continued, loudly and impressively:

"I think you're low, unscrupulous, and entirely devoid of all business principle. You imagine yourself some sort of glorified queen, while actually you're just a pathetic, mean, unintelligent, incapable little fool. It's a cruel injustice that you're allowed to have any sway at all in a world where, unfortunately, money means power."

Palmer said nothing.

Bill said: "Now, just a minute, Freddie, you—"

"Please," Freddie went on, "for a long time I've wanted to tell this she-wolf a few home truths about herself. She thinks the whole world is a doormat on which she can wipe her miserable feet."

Bill glanced at Palmer's feet. Then at Palmer's face.

Freddie was saying: "She's self-opinionated, ruthless—"

"Leave her alone!" Bill demanded. He said it loud enough to suddenly quieten Freddie.

"Stop picking on her. She—she's only little."

"Little!"

WITH a smile, Bill turned to Palmer. "Don't take any notice of him. I think you're all right."

Palmer started: "You—you—"

"Yes," Bill said, "I know I haven't always treated you right."

He looked down at Palmer. At little, helpless, beautiful Palmer.

"Let's get out of here," he said to her. He put his hand on her elbow and steered her out. "Come and I'll get you some coffee. Then you'll feel better."

"I feel all right," Palmer said. "Now." She had a handkerchief out but she hadn't needed it.

Over their coffee, Palmer said: "You'll marry me, won't you, Bill?"

"Yes. You know, I really ought to go back and punch that solicitor's apprentice under his chin. Fancy talking to you like that."

"He had to," Palmer said.

"Had to?"

"Yes. When I called on him this morning he said he'd have to talk to me like that in front of you to bring you to your senses. He made me wait in another room while he phoned you and then waited for you to come."

She sighed. "Said he'd appeal to your masculine protective instincts, which no doubt is some legal term. Dear old Freddie. Bill, we'll combine our firms, won't we, darling? With your brains and my confectionery—"

"Your confectionery!"

"All right, our confectionery," Palmer laughed. "Anyway, I'll stay home and keep house. Bill, I like it when you're mad, so long as you're on my side."

He looked at Palmer across the table. After a time he said: "You know, I still think I ought to go back and punch his chin."

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Buccaneer's Prize

Continued from page 9

THE man's appearance, Concepcion thought as she watched covertly, was enormous. Food disappeared into him like so many pebbles rolled into the sea. But he was good for her charge. He seemed always on the verge of laughter, and he kept others the same way.

Concepcion waddled happily down to the shore and smiled sharply at Arturo and Pablo. They were to put away their guns and stop acting like boys. The Englishman meant no harm to their life.

The lady was, Concepcion admitted with a heave of her great bosom, enjoying herself.

"You have travelled far?" Maria asked when they had finished the last of his pineapple.

"Aye." He gave the remainder of his fruit a critical inspection, then tossed it aside. "Wherever there are tumbled waters and a good wind to push a stout ship. It's a broad world, as friend Columbus proved, and I'm for seeing all of it."

"How lucky to be a man." He laughed, rising and stretching his long arms. "And what a world it would be without you and your kind!" Then his face was serious. "Do you long for far places?"

She nodded. "What have I seen? Panama and Spain! There are so many other lands."

"Yes — the Massachusetts Bay Colony, where snow lies on the ground for more than half the year sometimes; Virginia and Maryland, where men grow tobacco and are almost feudal in their way of living. And there's England, of course."

"I shall always want to see England. There are white cliffs there, and downs that meet the sea."

He looked at her silently for a moment, then his sailor's eye

swung aloft, tracking the sun. "You should go back," he said. "With the wind as it is, you'll do well to start now. I want you to get back safely so that you may return here to-morrow."

Maria flared. "You are really bold!"

"You said that before," he reminded her, "and I didn't deny it. Fortune aids the bold!"

Furious with his impertinence, she turned her back on him to help Concepcion pack their baskets. And when they were finished she noticed that a longboat had come out for him from the ship and had nosed its way on to the beach.

The smiling Englishman made her a quick bow. "My crew think I've fallen among evil companions and have sent a boat for me, m'lady. I must give you a reluctant farewell until to-morrow's sun balances over the mainyard. My manners have been execrable and I have not presented myself to you. I am Sir Richard Ste. Claire, at your service, m'am."

His smile widened until it was a white crescent against his bronzed face. "And you," he said, with devils dancing in his eyes, "are Maria Castillo de Santayana y Montego. I'll stake my head on it!"

And while Maria gaped at him, and hated herself for doing it, he waved and strode swiftly down to the shingle, where his longboat danced impatiently in the surf.

Pride clapped a hand over her mouth when she wanted to shout after him, so she watched him jump nimbly aboard his boat and compose himself calmly in the stern-sheets without a backward glance.

Don Diego's humor was as black as a heretic's soul when Maria and Concepcion returned. A single black look was enough to drive the little

What do you know about Australian pests?

Do you know if these pests, common in Australia, were always here, or if they were imported? Answers on page 70.

- 1—Glorious to look at, but a pest which clogs rivers from bank to bank is the water hyacinth. Where did it come from?
- 2—Bathurst burrs are called after the town where they first appeared in Australia. Have you any idea where they came from, and how?
- 3—Those ordinary little sparrows you see around were new in Australia once. What was their native country?
- 4—Prickly pear was a real Australian pioneer. It arrived with Governor . . . in . . . ?
- 5—What of the fox? Is he a native of Australia?
- 6—The same goes for the wild dog?
- 7—And do you know where that purple Paterson's Curse came from?
- 8—The prickly bindi-eye is also a nuisance. What was its home?
- 9—Where did the rabbit come from? From America, China, Europe, or New Guinea?
- 10—How about the flying fox?

duenna from the room, but, as was her custom, she left the door ajar behind her.

"It is not enough that you deliberately disobey my orders by leaving the town," the Don said, "but the added shame of Don Luis' arrival is more than I can bear."

"Don Luis!" To the listening Concepcion it was evident that her Maria's heart had dropped like an anchor seeking bottom.

"Don Luis! He is too much of a gentleman to betray his feelings, but I know he was deeply hurt that you weren't here to receive him."

There was no penitence in Maria's voice. "How was I to know he'd come to-day? I saw no ship standing in."

The Don was impatient with his daughter's lack of knowledge of geography. "Is it to be supposed he would sail around Tierra del Fuego? Having discharged the King's business in Santo Domingo, Don Luis landed in Porto Bello."

The Don fumed. "Or rather," he said, "with a curse on that devil Morgan—what is left of Porto Bello. In his haste to be with you, Don Luis

hurried across the jungle trail with only a few of his suite."

"I suppose he rode a donkey, father?"

"He did, but I fail to see how that alters the affront you've given him."

Maria's laughter escaped her control. "One ass upon another," she said between giggles.

Don Diego's frosty tones hung icicles on Concepcion's hidden laughter as well, and she could imagine the cold glance he directed at his daughter.

"You will compose yourself and make ready to receive him," he said. "You have half an hour. If I don't see you downstairs by then I'll return and teach you a lesson in a manner I haven't employed since your childhood."

His heavy tread nearing the door gave Concepcion only a breath of time to step nimbly into another doorway. Then, when Don Diego had stamped his way along the hall, Concepcion returned to Maria's room.

The girl looked stormy. "You heard, I suppose? You always do."

Concepcion nodded. "It will be wise to hurry, child. The Don is mad."

Concepcion dressed Maria quickly and deftly. And, congratulating herself on her own agility, she peered through one of her ready doots exactly half an hour later to watch Maria receive the man who had been chosen as her future husband.

Don Luis, the terrors of his trip forgotten, made his manners in the latest fashion from Madrid and offered a pudgy fist to raise Maria from her unconsciously graceful curtsy.

Maria noted with happy malice that jungle insects had made a holiday feast of his face. "Your poor face, señor! Those horrible insects on the trail! It is as if you had the plague!"

Don Luis flushed behind his splotches, but he contrived a yellow-toothed grin. "In the future," he said, "these bluish are such as my dutiful wife will do me the pleasure of kissing away."

When the girl returned to her room, pleading a headache after dinner, she entered, tearing bracelets from her wrists and leaving a glittering trail on the floor behind her. "I have a good notion to defy both of them and go to Taboga again to-morrow!"



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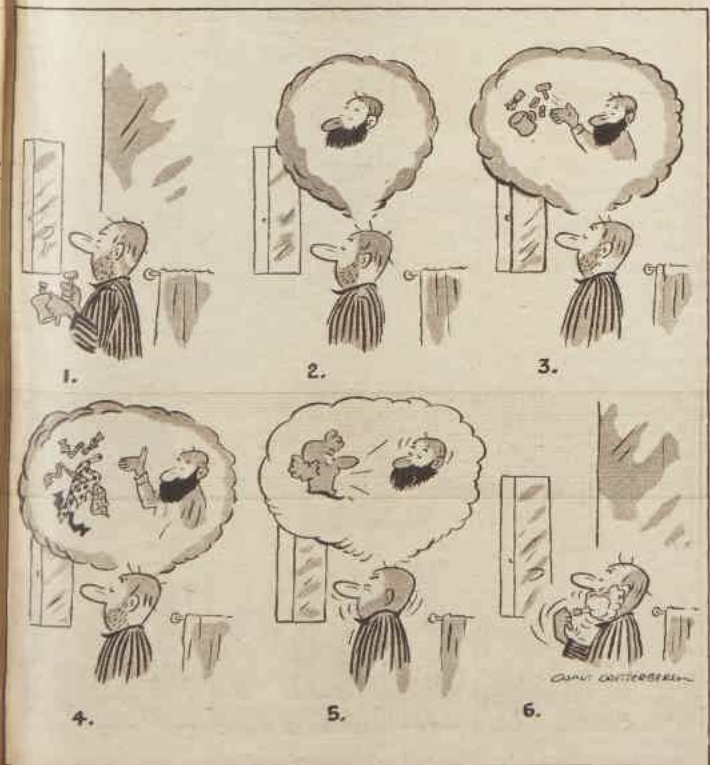
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Please turn to page 70

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the scientifically blended ingredients is one of the fastest acid neutralisers in existence. This counteracts excess acidity immediately. Other ingredients spread a protective coat over the inflamed stomach lining, neutralising further acid formation as it arises.

Flatulence, heartburn, excess acidity, discomfort and pain all yield to this well-tried and trusted family medicine. Sometimes even a single dose is enough. So take a little friendly advice—keep a canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder handy in the house. Take a dose at the slightest signs of stomach trouble and keep fit and free from after-meal miseries. For economy's sake, order the giant 5/6 canister—it contains two and a half times the quantity in the 2/9 size.

DeWitt's

ANTACID POWDER

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CAREFULLY rescuing Jewellery and returning it to its proper casket, Concepcion murmured, "It would not be wise, Don Luis would be furious. And your father!"

"Am I a child, to be locked in the house?" Maria said, and then suddenly changed the subject. "How do you suppose that this strange Englishman knows my name?"

"Witchcraft undoubtedly, child. He is an overbold one."

"More forward than most, perhaps, but he has a gentle manner when he cares to remember it."

Concepcion settled herself to the nightly task of brushing Maria's black hair. "The Englishman is too bulky, and his hair is so yellow."

"Nonsense. He has the build of a man who knows how to get what he wants. And his hair shines in the sun."

"Arturo says his ship wore no flag," Concepcion said, busy with her brush. "It is the fashion of pirates, Arturo says."

"Arturo's tongue clacks like your own."

"Then we shall go to Taboga to see him?" Concepcion asked, managing a sigh which was intended to denote resignation, but was hardly convincing since she was grinning at the back of Maria's head.

"We will not! To-morrow I have promised to go riding with my—my betrothed," Maria said faintly.

And so it was that Concepcion, when Maria had gone to sleep, went silently below-stairs to inform Arturo that his mistress desired the boat to be ready for another trip to Taboga in the morning.

Arturo, placing the curse of seven devils on a sleepy Pancho, ordered him to see to it that Concepcion's suggestions were complied with.

Dawn was about to threaten another hot, angry day when Concepcion, armored against her lady's morning outbursts, awakened Maria.

"What time is it?" the girl asked drowsily.

"A little after five," Concepcion said firmly.

"After five!" Maria sat upright and glared at Concepcion. "What do you mean by waking me at this hour? Am I to hear the cocks' chorus or perhaps vie with the early birds?"

She was thoroughly awake now and her quick temper was breaking out battle-flags from its fighting tops.

After calling Concepcion a series of carefully selected

Quiz answers

Here are the answers to quiz on page 69.

1. South America. 2. Bathurst hurr was brought to Australia in the tails of horses imported from Valparaiso, South America, in 1840. 3. England. Sparrows arrived in the Orient, which docked at Adelaide in 1863. 4. America. Brought here by Governor Phillip in 1788. 5. No. Europe. According to one authority, was brought to Victoria in the 1870's by a Dr. King. 6. European. It is the domestic breed run wild. 7. From Europe. Arrived with fodder. 8. Australia. 9. Europe. Date indefinite. 10. Dinkum Aussie.

Buccaneer's Prize

Continued from page 69

names, Maria swung her admirable legs over the side of her high bed, passed up the slippers which Concepcion offered her, and padded to the nearest window.

"The Englishman," Concepcion said, "sails with the afternoon tide."

Maria swung around. "How would you know that? I heard every word he said. There was nothing of his sailing to-day."

"True. He said nothing, himself, but one of the men in his boat told Arturo so. And now you will never know," said Concepcion with careful sorrow, "how he came to guess your name."

"It was horrible of him to name me and then walk off like an oaf!"

"It so happens, child, that Arturo and Pancho are going to Taboga this morning."

FOR a moment Maria's brows met quickly, then her laughter sounded brightly against the scarlet backdrop of the new day. "Will I ever best you, Concepcion?"

It was a brilliant morning with flying-fish skimming low over the blue water and a happy formation of porpoises going through their paces around the bow of the boat.

But Concepcion, with a weather eye astern, noticed familiar sails rising from the shore behind them. They had a good two leagues' start, she reflected, and the other boat would have to work into the wind first.

There would be trouble. Her fingers automatically sought for the medal of her patron saint. The good saint would see them through. That Don Luis! She shuddered. He is almost as fat as myself, she thought.

As they rounded the island she threw another glance over her shoulder. There was time. The wind had slackened. A longboat dropped from the English ship, touched the swell with barely a splash, cast off its falls, and began to pull for the beach with smart rhythm.

The Englishmen pulled quickly and Sir Richard Ste. Claire was waiting on the beach to hand Maria ashore when her boat drove in.

The girl accepted his hand only briefly, and withdrew her own quickly when she was on firm footing.

"You are," she said, "no doubt congratulating yourself upon a conquest. Well, you are wrong! I came to prove to you, senor, that you cannot flout a Spanish lady in the same manner as you would an English woman. I am here to demand why you know my name. I am here for no other reason."

Sir Richard bowed, his long rapier like a slightly off-centre Satan's tail behind him. "I would not presume to ascribe another reason to your ladyship's visit," he said with suspicious solemnity.

He spread a wine-colored cloak on the sand. "Will you sit while I explain?"

"I am not weary," she said. "I can stand."

"An old wound I have," he said, gesturing vaguely toward one of his sturdy legs, "makes it difficult for me to stand at long intervals."

She nodded stiffly and sat on his cloak, drawing her wide skirts primly around her.

"Well?" Maria said.

"It is a long story," said Sir Richard, moving closer, so that Maria was forced to shift herself to the edge of the cloak to avoid leaning against him.

Concepcion tittered, and the girl shot her an angry look.

"A long story," the Englishman repeated, "which begins with two boys who were born and grew up together in Devon. They both read books together, did everything together, even though one was ten years older than the other. And both loved the sea."

His voice was persuasive because he spoke of someone and some place that he loved.

Maria's determined stiffness left her, and Concepcion, whose eye had more than once been distracted by the gestures of a stout seaman waiting in the Englishman's longboat, found herself picturing the old island called England.

Please turn to page 71

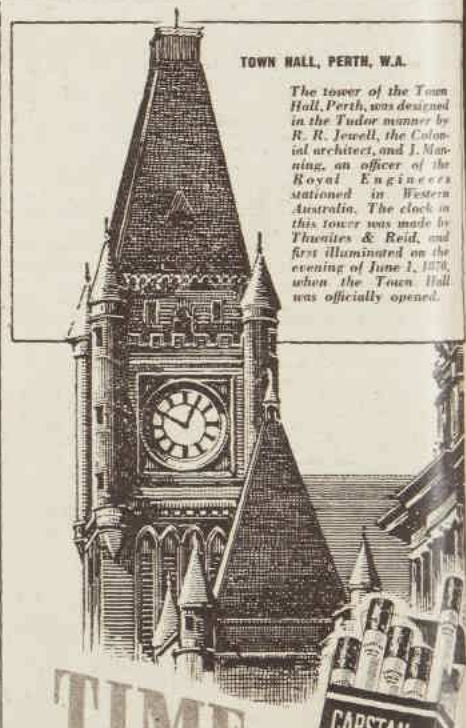
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The tower of the Town Hall, Perth, was designed in the Tudor manner by R. R. Jewell, the Colonial architect, and J. Manning, an officer of the Royal Engineers stationed in Western Australia. The clock in this tower was made by Thomas & Reid, and first illuminated on the evening of June 1, 1876, when the Town Hall was officially opened.



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HOWEVER, Con- Buccaneer's Prize

ception's mind was distracted with the portent of other things, and her fat bosom cried a silent alarm when she saw another boat rounding the point.

"And your brother's name, señor?" Concepcion said urgently.

"Juan," said Sir Richard, cocking an eyebrow at her.

Then he looked back at Maria. "John, who was a slave in Panama—and later given his freedom by a girl who believed that faith and nationality should not be a barrier among men."

Maria hugged herself like a beautiful child before a Christmas tree. "Then he got back to England."

"Some part of him. Enough of him to kiss his wife goodbye and ask a favor of me."

Maria and Concepcion held their breaths. But the little duenna was nervous. The boat was nearing the beach and she had noticed that Sir Richard's boat crew stirred restlessly as they eyed the strange craft.

"But how did you know me?" Maria asked.

"John was something of a poet at heart, you may remember. And because of that he saw people and things more deeply than others do. He told me about you."

He smiled and went on. "Not only how you looked, but what made you look the way you do at a given time. It was a gift he had. I could not have

mistaken you, once I clapped eyes on you."

Concepcion's romantic heart expanded. "And you came all this way to find her, señor?"

"Faith, I'd like to say so, but it would extend coincidence and gallantry too far. Since you'll squeeze the truth out of me, it happens that I had other business at hand and but stopped at Taboga to refill my water casks."

The Englishman laughed softly. "But fortune brought you here to remind me I owed John a favor. It came to me when I recognised you that John lamented the fact he did not have time to plant a rose for you in Devon. There's something deep in it, you'll agree."

It was then that they started to their feet when they heard the dull boom of a gun from the ship and, as they turned, saw a round shot throw up a cone of sand and water close to the bows of the boat already nosing into the beach.

"It is Don Diego and Don Luis," Concepcion said. "I saw their boat following us." The Englishman laughed when he saw the small boat with only eight men. "Calm yourselves."

He ran lightly down the beach, calling to his men, then waved his long rapier at the ship. A flash of light came back from the vessel's poop. Then, turning his back on the beach, he came back.

"There will be no more guns. Who are those men?" he asked Maria.

"My father," she told him, "and Don Luis de Valdejo, my—my betrothed."

Continued from page 70

Richard turned and eyed the bustling figures. "The elder hidalgo will be your father. The—the fat one"—his strong voice almost cracked with incredulity—"is your betrothed?"

Maria summoned what dignity she could. "His name is among the oldest in Spain."

The Englishman said, half to himself, "And full of worm-wood, no doubt." He planted his rapier point in the sand and waited for the panting men ascending the slope of the beach.

Don Diego, chuffing in the lead, did not honor Sir Richard with a glance. His hot eyes were fixed on his daughter. "You will return with us," he said.

"So she will," echoed Don Luis, swabbing futilely at his forehead.

"Only if the lady desires," Sir Richard said coolly.

Don Diego fumbled for his sword, but Don Luis' weapon was out first. The point of Sir Richard's blade flicked off of the sand and they circled each other like a pair of wary cocks in a pit.

Steel clashed, darted like live silver in the sun, and the Englishman laughed like a boy when Don Luis' rapier flashed through the air and thudded dully against a palm bole.

"A low English trick," Ste. Claire said. "And now, to show there is no bad blood, I insist that you all join me in a glass of wine aboard my ship."

Please turn to page 76

THE FAMILY SCRAPBOOK

BY
DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

HOW is a child spoiled and what do you do about it? These are two important questions.

Few, if any, children are spoiled by too much affection. A youngster is likely to be spoiled in a situation where at one time he is showered with affection, and at another either ignored or reprimanded.

In such a situation the natural reaction is either for parents to give up and allow the child to have his way, or to become severe. In either instance, spoiling results.

Children are sensitive and quick to recognise a change in temperature. So, in order to gain the upper hand, they ignore routines, throw temper tantrums, or refuse to let their parents leave without making a scene.

The cure for spoiling is a simple one, so simple that it surprises most people. What the spoiled youngster needs most of all is consistent love and affection.

Though parents who have a spoiled child may need to be quite firm, the really important thing is attention and affection. As the youngster becomes convinced that he is really loved he starts to relax, and no longer fights for attention.

SIX-YEAR-OLD Bill Reese was very proud of the wooden aeroplane he had made. When his dad came home, Bill rushed up to him excitedly: "See what I made. Dad. See what I made!"



TANTRUMS need not puzzle parents.

Unfortunately, Mr. Reese was a perfectionist. "But look, Bill, you've got the wing on crooked and that stick in front doesn't look like a propeller," he said.

Later he was worried. "Mary," he said to his wife, "I don't understand that boy of ours. I helped him with his aeroplane and he didn't seem to appreciate it."

It is important to realise that when a youngster makes something himself he rarely likes to have someone else change it. Like Billy, most youngsters are very proud of their own handiwork. Given appreciation and a few suggestions (the latter when they are asked for), they will go ahead and improve the quality of their own work. But they don't like other people to "take over."

Then, somehow, the aeroplane, the painting, the clay horse, or whatever it may be, no longer seem to be theirs. Hands off is the best policy.

(All names in this feature are fictitious.)



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RISES TO THE OCCASION — PERFECTLY



YOUTHFUL SCENE-STEALER is nine-weeks-old Christine Seidel, daughter of promising young actress Jean Hagen. Now that Chris has given her consent to her mother's return to the screen, Jean is working on "No Questions Asked."

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ The Inspector General

GO and see Danny Kaye in "The Inspector General" if you want some laughs.

It may not be the best Kaye film ever, and connoisseurs are bound to quote "Up in Arms," "The Kid From Brooklyn," and "Wonder Man," but, despite story paucity, overlong slap-stick sequences, and some goings-on that don't quite come off, a lot of laughs still remain to cheer the hopeful filmgoer.

The screen play is tied to mistaken identity. Danny's Georgi, an illiterate gipsy, is taken to be an officer commissioned by Napoleon to clean up graft in a mythical State somewhere in Balkany.

His subsequent adventures are not strong enough in themselves to maintain comedy momentum, but they do give Kaye a chance to put over several clever set numbers and clown in his own inimitable style.

A sprinkling of romance involves pretty Barbara Bates, and good support is given by Walter Slezak, Elsa Lanchester, and Gene Lockhart. In Sydney—Regent.

★★ The Goy Lady

ENJOYMENT of Eagle-Lion's "Gay Lady" depends upon a liking for Edwardian period in its heyday, sly humor, and the robust music of old-time music-halls.

If you do not happen to care for those forms of entertainment, this is not the film for you.

In itself the story of engaging Trottie True (Jean Kent), who decided at an early age to be a variety artist, and then went on to take England by storm, is commonplace.

But it is transformed by amusing touches and sharpened by some devastating comments on English society of fifty years ago.

Trottie's romances get off to a flying start when a balloon deposits a serious sci-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars—below average

tist (Andrew Crawford) in the True backyard. As the young man can only keep appointments when the wind is right the love affair blows over.

Impeccable Lord Landon (James Donald), stage-door johnnie and scion of a first family, has to be persuaded that marriage between the stage and peerage is a fine institution.

Trottie's impact on society is like a shot of plasma, and as the wife of a duke she has her work cut out to arrive at a happy ending.

Jean Kent makes a lovely, lively trouper of Trottie, and technicolor cameras give a fine account of London and the surrounding country. In Sydney—Embassy.

★ The Kangaroo Kid

THE first Hollywood-Australian sponsored film to be shot wholly in this country, "The Kangaroo Kid" is tailored to fit the lower half of theatre programmes.

Allied Australian Films selected a tame tale of an American investigator sent to this country to clear up gold robberies in the outback, and the undistinguished material is so simple that there are times when you would welcome complications in the chase theme.

Good outdoor photography gives an excellent account of the Australian countryside and fauna, and authentic settings lend an air of reality to the film.

Nobody acts very much. Ex-stuntman Jock O'Mahoney is efficient in action scenes. Douglas Dumbrille, the villain, can act but doesn't have to.

Importations Martha Hyer and Veda Ann Borg also make token appearances.

In Sydney—Victory.

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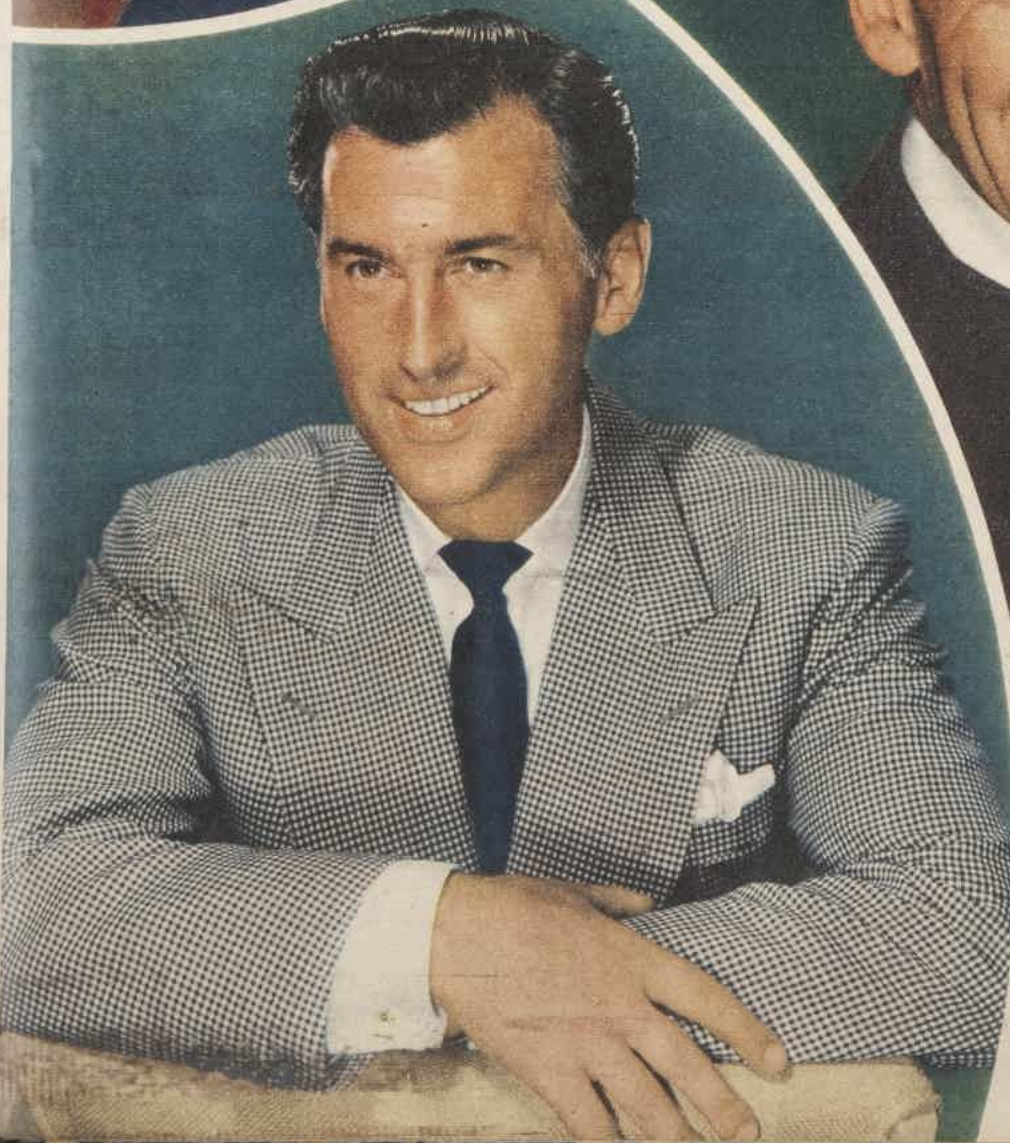


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Doing fine in Hollywood

ZACHARY SCOTT (left) has been busy at Warner Bros. on two forthcoming action films. In "Colt 45" he stars with veteran Westerner Randolph Scott and in "Lightning Strikes Twice" with Richard Todd. Ruth Roman also stars in both films.



FRED ASTAIRE, who once shared a dancing partnership with his sister Adele, is cast in a similar role for M.G.M.'s "Wedding Bells." He and Jane Powell have their first co-starring roles as a brother and sister dancing team.

STEWART GRANGER (left) is colorfully cast as a hunter in M.G.M.'s adventure film, "King Solomon's Mines." The film, which co-stars fellow Briton Deborah Kerr, has a jungle setting and was made on location in Africa.



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1 ARTIST George Petty (Robert Cummings) tries hard to convince auto magnates that advertisements featuring his drawings of glamorous girls would boost car sales. They are doubtful but consider idea.



2 SOCIALITE Connie Deslow (Audrey Long) sympathises with George when his scheme is rejected. Telling him that commercial art is unworthy of him she urges him to concentrate on serious art.

GIRL OF THE YEAR



A COMEDY with music and color, "Girl of the Year" is about America's most popular calendar subject—"The Petty Girl."

Selected by George Petty and a team of Columbia experts as the actress who would best personify the Petty Girl, Joan Caulfield makes a startling transition from the homy roles she has tiled in the past.

Supporting the stars of "Girl of the Year" are Elsa Lanchester, Melville Cooper, and 12 glamorous calendar girls.

Nat Perrin wrote the screen play, Henry Levin directed, and Harold Arlen is music director.



3 VISITING New York, college professor Victoria Braymore (Joan Caulfield) and Dr. Crutcher (Elsa Lanchester) meet George at an art gallery.

4 NIGHTCLUB which George and Vicky attend on a night out together is raided and the pair are arrested. Humiliated, Vicky returns to college.



5 UNINHIBITED George shocks teaching staff with his antics when he goes to Vicky's college and poses as a handy-man. Vicky revives his interest in commercial art, but she flatly refuses to do any modelling for him.

6 REPRIMANDED for her friendliness with the "handy-man," Vicky begs George to leave. He does so, but first she poses for one "Petty Girl" sketch. After he leaves she realises she loves him.



7 FLATTERED by interest of Connie, George is again swayed by her views. He is pleased to see Vicky again in New York, but they disagree when Vicky says that "Petty Girl" art is his main talent.

8 REVUE based on the "Petty Girl" theme is staged by Vicky. Seeing it, George realises that Vicky is right and, also, that he loves her. Their happiness is complete when the "Petty Girl" becomes famous.

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Alice in Bond's Undieland!

Adventure No. 4



"Curiouser and curiouser!" cried Alice, when she had tasted from the bottle marked "Drink Me." Because what do you imagine happened? She began to grow and grow until her head pressed against the roof! "Oh, dear," said Alice to herself, "I do wish I hadn't drunk quite so much!" But it was too late! She went right on growing and soon she had to lie down with one elbow out of the window, and one foot up the chimney. But then Alice had a wonderful thought! She remembered she was wearing her Bond's "Underlovelies" for little girls.

"Oh goody, goody," laughed Alice, clapping her hands. "No matter how quickly I grow, there'll always be a Bond's Tru-Size slip in rayon locknit to fit me, and a Bond's Tru-Size vest and matching panties, too."

Yes, Mummy! Alice can be sure of a perfect fit in Bond's Tru-Size Underlovelies, as every garment is made true to size. Your little girl can grow to her heart's content, and Bond's will keep up with her, in a tailored slip of rayon locknit, and soft Dreamlo cotton interlock vests and panties, or matching sets of unshrinkable wool and rayon... smooth, supple fabrics that are wonderful for wearing and washing, too.

Bond's "Underlovelies" for Little Girls

Available at all leading stores

DON DIEGO was purple. "I'll die before I take wine aboard an English pirate."

"One flash of my sword above my head," Sir Richard said, "will mean round shot whistling toward your little boat. And who knows what may happen after that?" His polite inclination toward his boat scarcely veiled the cool threat in his voice.

Aboard the spotless English ship, Don Diego and Don Luis barely touched their glasses. Maria sipped at hers, furtively studying their blond host, who

Buccaneer's Prize

Continued from page 71

talked cheerily into the determined silence of the two men and bawled loudly for more wine when his glass was empty.

Concepcion, sitting in a corner of the great cabin, murmured further injunctions to her patron, with promises of a golden candlestick on the saint's day.

After his second glass, Ste. Claire swung a sailor's eye to the telltale compass overhead. "The ship's swinging and the tide's turned. I can't keep you any longer. This ship," he said, smiling, "has been honored by your presence."

At the gangway he manoeuvred Don Luis to the rail first. "So you can be below to aid your lady," he explained pleasantly.

Don Luis scowled, but swung over the rail with a last malicious glance. Then, when he was halfway down the ladder, Sir Richard snatched a cutlass from a grinning sailor and slashed the ropes. There was a startled yelp from Don Luis, followed by a mighty splash and a delighted roar from English seamen.

Sir Richard turned and his full voice rang out: "Hands to the capstan! Stand by to make sail!"

"I regret," he told Maria and Don Diego, "that the sudden memory of an urgent engagement requires my presence in England. It is your misfortune that you must accompany me."

Don Diego swore magnificently, delving in his vast memory for short words he had not used since his early manhood.

Sir Richard listened respectfully. "Thank you for a most interesting lesson, senior. I hope I shall express myself half as well when I attain your venerable years. You may be interested to know that the feeling a former slave bore your house may, in time's fullness, save your lives."

Don Diego glared at him and almost started off again...

SIR RICHARD broke in, however, and said, "You will hate me awhile, I suppose, but who can say—his eyes swept Maria's face—"what will happen after the planted rose blooms in Devon?"

Concepcion, her round legs spread comfortably against the roll of the ship, assured herself that she had known something good would happen all the while.

If you wanted the young to do something, you had only to tell them not to do it.

Had not the blond Englishman grinned like a happy fool when she hissed in his ear, as they came aboard, that it would be a terrible thing to drop a man of Don Luis' rank into the sea?

She settled snugly against the butt of a cannonade. The candlestick for her patron would be forthcoming.

As soon, she amended, as she could find a suitable church of the right faith, in that place called Devon.

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RIVETS



At last I can lift my arms above my shoulders thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Read what this man says:

"Before taking Menthoids I had been going down hill for 12 months. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arms above shoulder level and was completely listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to gain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel 10 years younger..."

How the Menthoid treatment acts

Get a flask of Menthoids to-day and let the Menthoid treatment rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling, that loss of energy, those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful vigour. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a tried and proven family treatment for the painful ailments that cripple thousands of otherwise healthy people every year. Menthoids exert their cleansing tonic action on Kidneys, Bladder and Bloodstream.

Start a course to-day of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

If you are suffering constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney or Bladder Weakness, Backache, Sciatica or Lumbago, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids
6/6 and 3/6 everywhere

Get quick relief from

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sciatica
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headaches
dizziness



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment for clearing your body of the poisons that cripple you.

Stars who could win the Oscar



NEWCOMER Judy Holliday (above), star of Columbia's "Born Yesterday," is in high favor for Academy Award honors.



VETERAN Gloria Swanson (centre, above) is reaping applause for her portrayal of a faded movie queen in Paramount's "Sunset Boulevard."



VERSATILE Jane Wyman enacts another "afflicted" role in Warners' drama based on Tennessee Williams' play "The Glass Menagerie."



DOUBLE AWARD WINNER Bette Davis stands in top position for the "best actress" award for her work in the 20th Century-Fox comedy "All About Eve."

From LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

It's Oscar time again in Hollywood, and the town has temporarily turned aside from workaday happenings to indulge in the fascinating business of forecasting the 1950 Academy Awards for best film talent and productions.

THE year will probably go down in movie history as the one for which more film experts, real and would-be, nominated more stars and pictures for more awards than in any other of the twenty-two lush and prosperous years in the life of the Academy Award ceremony.

Announcement of the official awards by The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences is now only a few days off. March 29 is the date. The cavernous Pantages Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard will be the place of presentation for the second consecutive year.

The race for the "best actress" award has shaped up to a battle between four veterans and one newcomer—Bette Davis, Jane Wyman, Gloria Swanson, Claudette Colbert, and Judy Holliday.

Twice an Oscar winner, Bette Davis was a last-minute substitution for the starring role in "All About Eve." It

is a story of the Theatre, in which she plays a temperamental star who is dethroned by a fraudulent fan.

Months ago the film was acknowledged a cinematic gem by three of the most reliable authorities—the "New York Times," the "New York Herald Tribune," and the "New York Film Critics."

They also named the star and her director, Joseph Mankiewicz, best in their respective classes, and favored George Sanders as the best male supporting player.

Another film that made nearly every list of "best picture" awards is Paramount's "Sunset Boulevard," in which veteran Gloria Swanson made a striking return to the screen.

Described as "the most surprising and relentlessly brutal picture of the year," "Sunset Boulevard" presents a dark-horse male candidate in William Holden, who plays the ill-fated young writer bound by Swanson's obsession for a return to film stardom. His might well be one of the "best actor" class.

Most highly regarded

DARK HORSE Claudette Colbert might capture a golden Oscar in the final balloting for her work in the Fox wartime drama "Three Came Home."

Hollywood conversion from Broadway is "Born Yesterday." It brought with it the most impressive of all the dumb blondes of theatrical history, Judy Holliday, whose presence made "Born Yesterday" a popular choice for the "best picture" award and she herself a candidate for feminine honors.

Another actress whose work is of a familiar and conspicuously high order is Jane Wyman. Winner of the 1948 Oscar for her portrayal of the deaf-mute in "Johnny Belinda," Jane's noteworthy achievement of 1950 again finds her in the role of an afflicted girl, the crippled heroine of Warners' version of the Broadway play, "The Glass Menagerie."

Earmarked for the starring role in "All About Eve," but forced to see it go to Bette Davis through accidental injury, Claudette Colbert, a previous award winner, was partially comforted by the reception given her dramatic portrayal of an American mother imprisoned in a Japanese wartime prison camp in "Three Came Home."

Claudette is given the outside chance of taking an award.

There are a good many other candidates for the "best picture" award in addition to

those in which possible best players appear.

"The Men," "Annie Get Your Gun," "The Asphalt Jungle," "The Third Man," "Destination Moon," "King Solomon's Mines," "Caged," "Panic in the Streets," "No Way Out," and "Cyrano de Bergerac," a faithful celluloid version of the Edmund Rostand classic, are among those mentioned most frequently.

Leading candidate, among the wise heads for the "best actor" award is Jose Ferrer, the actor chosen to play long-nosed Cyrano. He is the distinguished Puerto Rico-born actor who appeared simultaneously as the Dauphin in Ingrid Bergman's "Joan of Arc" and as the star of the stage play "The Silver Whistle" in New York.

Other masculine contenders mentioned are veteran Louis Calhern for creating the title role in "The Magnificent Yankee" and James Stewart for his comedy performance in "Harvey." In the same film the performance turned in by wispy-haired little Josephine Hull as a humorous old-maid sister of the star is thought by many to rate her as the best supporting actress.

Gregory Peck, easily the most frequent candidate for Oscar honors, is back again for his performance in "The Gunfighter."

The picture for which Spencer Tracy stands to win his third Oscar, one called "Father of the Bride," finds him in the role of a humorous, betroubled American father preparing for his young daughter's wedding ceremony.

This is the Oscar situation as it appears just a few days before Academy Award winners are announced. There are a good many other lesser categories to which champions must be voted, and there are foreign films and players who, like Sir Laurence Olivier and his "Hamlet" of two years ago, may capture the golden prize from under Hollywood's nose.

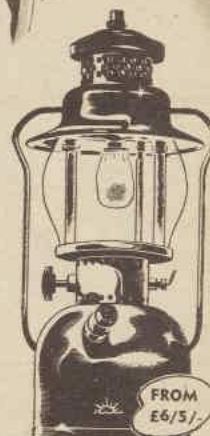
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Ann Blyth as she co-stars with Craig Stevens in Universal-International's Production "Katie Did It".

"I'm a Lux Girl"

says ANN BLYTH

Sparkling Ann Blyth has appeal you can't resist in her newest screen role. Her lovely Lux Complexion is so radiantly fresh in the close-ups!

"Naturally, I'm a Lux Girl", says Ann. "Active-lather facials give my skin wonderful protecting care!"

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HOLLYWOOD FASHION NOTE

Ann Blyth loves denim tomboy shorts

Note the way her shorts turn up raga-muffin style. Note the thick seams. Ann loves the mannish look. But that's where her masculine ways end—her complexion is radiantly feminine. "Naturally, I'm a Lux Girl," says Ann.

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Ann Blyth's beauty bath

"The big new bath size Lux Toilet Soap is so luxurious—I love this handsome, larger cake." Ann tells you. For flawlessly smooth arms and shoulders, back and legs, enjoy a Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath at least once each day.



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SHADES AND SLIP-COVERS FOR LAMPS

● Making lampshades or trimming plain shades to match the decor of your rooms can be a fascinating as well as a profitable hobby.

ACTUALLY, the complete making of a shade is not often possible, as wire frames to order are hard to get, and the first stretching of parchment, buckram, silk, and other materials on to the wire frames is a difficult job for the amateur.

So, in order to make it easier for you, we tell you how to dress up an untrimmed white buckram shade in five different ways.

White buckram gives good light and is easy to work on.

In many parts of Australia a washable shade is desirable. The slip-cover type is the perfect answer to this problem. One that can be ironed flat is preferable.

Two charming slip-cover suggestions are shown on this page. Both should be made from a washing fabric that can be starched to keep that stiff freshness so important to this type of shade.

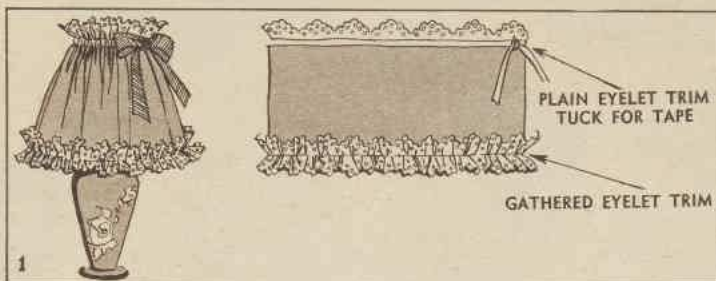
You can make them of white or pastel-toned handkerchief linen, organdie (doubled), madapolam, or muslin. You are strongly advised to wash materials before making up slip-covers in order to avoid shrinkage when laundering time comes round.

Use a buckram shade as the foundation for working out your pattern. Diagrams will aid you in the making.

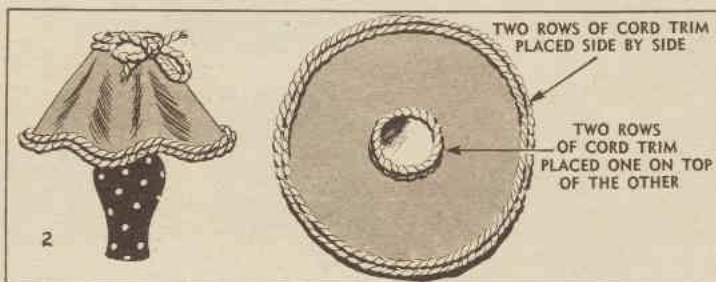
SHADE 1: Before cutting out the long, main body of the slip-cover, measure the circumference of the lower edge of the buckram shade and double this for the required length of fabric. This will give desired fullness when the completed cover is slipped over foundation shade. Sides, which are cut to the exact depth of buckram shade, can be joined together or hemmed. If hemmed, use press-studs for joining purposes. Shade can then be opened out for easy laundering.

The heading or trimming of this shade is made from eyelet embroidery sewn on to a gathering tuck through which a gathering tape will be drawn. The lower edge of the shade is trimmed with a double row of frilled eyelet trim. This completes the cover, which is then ready for slipping over the buckram shade. Pull the gathering tape in to fit the top of the buckram shade tightly, tie the tape and loosely stitch on a large ribbon bow to cover the ends of the tape.

SHADE 2: This is for a simple circular shade, which should be made from a stiff material such as double organdie or a cotton that can be well starched. The hole in the centre should be just large enough, after binding with bias binding for a hem, to fit the top of the shade and the outside circle edge should be two inches longer than the depth of the buckram shade. Trim this shade with thick cord, one row on top of the



A REMNANT of fine cotton material and a yard or so of eyelet embroidery, in white or pastel tonings, makes this charming slip-cover for a plain lampshade. Diagram above and directions on this page will guide you to success.



A SMART SHADE like this is expensive to buy, but you can make it easily and well for the mere cost of materials. See directions for Shade 2 on this page—and note diagram above.

other for the head trim, and the lower edge may be trimmed in the same way. A cord bow as a finish to the head trimming can be added if desired.

Place this shade over the buckram foundation and help it to fall in a soft, waving line all round. This is easily done by pinning it to the lower edge of the buckram shade, and, when the effect is pleasing to you, stitch here and there just to hold it in place.

SHADE 3: If slip-covers are beyond you, then trim a plain shade. Long tassels to

match the color scheme in your home are a simple but most effective trim. Attach these at the top of shade at even intervals and allow them to fall softly down the buckram shade.

SHADE 4: This is a most attractive shade. Ribbon is attached round the lower and upper edge of the buckram shade and tied in a flat bow. The body of the shade is decorated with cut-outs of the furnishing material used in the room. If the material is of the fraying type, button-hole each cut-out, then

arrange in position to a design to suit, then glue to the shade with fabric glue.

SHADE 5: A tailored shade trimmed with brass paper-clips and colored string is yet another simple idea. Attach the clips at regular intervals around the top and lower edges of the shade, twine the colored string around the neck of each clip and work from top to bottom around the shade to give a diamond effect.

TAILORED shade is suitable for boy's room or a study.



TASSELS as a trim give a decorative finish to a plain shade and are easy to do.



REBON and floral motifs can match your general furnishing scheme.



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Cheddar Tomato Surprise — A PERFECT LENTEN DISH

4 medium-size tomatoes; 4 ozs. Kraft Cheddar; fine, dry breadcrumbs; 1 egg; 1 tablespoon water.

Peel the tomatoes and scoop out a $\frac{1}{2}$ in. core from the stem end of each tomato. Fill with grated Kraft Cheddar. Roll tomatoes in breadcrumbs. Beat the egg and add the water to it. Now dip the tomatoes in the egg and roll in breadcrumbs again. Fry in deep fat until golden brown. Serve hot. Serves 4.

Cooked dishes that contain Kraft Cheddar are enriched with vitamins and minerals. They're tastier too, because the appetising flavour of Kraft Cheddar is just as appealing cooked as it is straight from its hygienic wrap. Sold everywhere in the 8 oz. packet, or the economical $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. loaf.

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Good Catch

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

There are so many types of fish and so many appetising ways to serve them that fish could be served in a different way on each of the three hundred and sixty-five days in a year.

NOTHING is easier to cook than fish, provided a few simple rules are followed.

The most important point to remember is that fish should be cooked just long enough to bring out the delicate flavor. When the flesh is soft, white, and easily separated from the bone it is time to turn off the heat.

Overcooking breaks the flesh, spoils the appearance, and destroys the flavor.

For best results remove the skin from coarse-skinned fish. Use a sharp knife and salted fingers or a small piece of clean cloth to grip the slippery skin. Start at the head and remove skin by first cutting, then pulling against the flat of the knife blade.

Rubbing with salt will remove dark skin from inside of fish.

Season fish with lemon to enhance the flavor. Lemon for garnishing is best cut in small wedges, not in thin slices.

Plain boiled fish is apt to be flat and lacking in flavor, especially as large coarse fish (cut into slices, cutlets, fillets, or sometimes left whole) are usually selected for boiling. Flavor is considerably improved if fish is cooked in a well-seasoned liquid such as court bouillon.

When cooking fish in liquid keep just at simmering point; if allowed to actually boil fish is likely to break.

All spoon measurements are level.

COURT BOUILLON

(A well-seasoned liquid in which to boil fish.)

One large or 2 medium carrots, 1 large onion, 1 stick celery, sprig of thyme, $\frac{1}{4}$ bay leaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup parsley sprigs, 10 peppercorns, 2 teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, 1 quart water.

Prepare carrots and celery in usual way. Chop roughly; chop washed celery. Place in saucepan with all other ingredients. Simmer 1 hour; strain.

Boiled Fish in Court Bouillon: Bring strained liquid again to boiling point; immerse fish. Simmer gently until fish is tender. Serve with white sauce flavored with parsley, capers, chopped hard-boiled eggs or oysters.

SAVORY GRILLED FISH

Four small whole fish (whiting, bream, flounder, or garfish), lemon, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon finely minced shallot, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 3 tablespoons melted butter mixed with 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, and pinch of salt and cayenne pepper, parsley sprigs.

Wash and dry fish, rub inside and out with lemon. Dust with salt and pepper. Cut 3 or 4 incisions in back of fish and insert shallot and parsley mixed together. Brush with some of the melted butter; place on well-greased tray. Cook under hot grill for 7 to 10 minutes, turning carefully several times. Lift on to heated serving-dish. Warm melted butter with lemon juice, extra parsley, salt, and cayenne pepper. Pour over fish. Garnish with parsley sprigs.



BAKED WHITING DUCHESSE may become baked bream or flathead duchesse if whiting is difficult to obtain. The fish are stuffed with seasoning delicately flavored with mushrooms or prawns, and oven-poached. Baked tomato halves and green peas add a touch of color when serving. Lemon wedges and crisp parsley sprigs are a "must" for garnishing fish.

CREAMED FISH WITH SPINACH AND EGGS

Two cups flaked cooked fish (or tinned fish cutlets), $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups white sauce, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 hard-boiled eggs, pinch cayenne pepper, 3 cups well-drained cooked spinach (finely chopped and seasoned with a little lemon juice, pinch of nutmeg, and a little melted butter), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon butter, parsley.

Combine fish, sauce, lemon juice, quartered eggs, and cayenne pepper. Spread spinach in bottom of greased ovenware dish. Cover with fish mixture, top with grated cheese mixed with breadcrumbs. Dot with butter. Bake in oven until top is lightly browned. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

STEAMED FISH A LA ROYALE

Six fillets of bream, onion, lemon, pepper, salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine (or use milk), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon butter, parsley.

Remove all bones from fillets, rub lightly on both sides with lemon, then with a cut onion. Season with salt and pepper. Roll each fillet lightly, place in ovenware dish with wine or milk. Cover, cook in moderate

oven until flesh is soft and white but not broken. Time will depend on thickness of fillets, about 12 to 15 minutes. Drain liquid from fish and make up to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup with extra milk. Add cheese, beaten egg, and butter. Stir over boiling water until cheese is melted and mixture smooth. Pour over fish, brown in oven or under grill. Garnish with parsley and lemon wedges. Serve hot. If available, a few peeled, chopped mushrooms may be cooked in the liquid with the fish.

TUNA-PRAWN CURRY

Four tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons curry powder, 2 cups milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sherry or 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, salt to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated onion, 1 tin tuna (7oz. size), 1 cup shelled prawns, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Melt butter, add flour and curry powder. Cook 2 or 3 minutes without allowing to brown. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Season with sherry or lemon juice (or both), sugar, salt, and grated onion. Fold in drained, flaked tuna and chopped prawns. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley. Fluffy boiled rice may be served with this curry.

BAKED WHITING DUCHESSE

Four whiting, $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, salt, pepper, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 3 peeled, chopped mushrooms (or substitute $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped prawns), milk, tomato halves, cooked peas, lemon wedges, and parsley to garnish.

Wash fish well in salted water. Pat dry. Trim fins and tail with kitchen scissors, carefully remove eyes with small, sharp-pointed knife. Rub fish inside and out with cut lemon, dust lightly with salt and pepper. Mix breadcrumbs, melted butter, lemon rind, parsley, and mushrooms or prawns. Moisten with a little milk if necessary. Fill into fish, close opening by sewing with needle and thread, leaving a long end of thread so that it is easily drawn out when fish is cooked. Place in well-greased ovenware dish or baking-dish, add small quantity of water. Cover with greased paper and bake in moderate oven until flesh is soft and white but not broken. Remove thread, lift fish into serving-dish. Garnish with tomato halves (grilled or baked), lemon wedges, and parsley. Serve cooked peas in same dish.

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GROCEER SAM SAYS: Swift FOOD PRODUCTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD!



SAUSAGE AND POTATO WEDGES topped with apple slices make appetising and substantial fare for luncheon or dinner. Garnish with tomato wedges and parsley, and serve with green vegetables. See prize-winning recipe on this page.

RECIPES WIN PRIZES . . .

● An appetising and substantial meat dish for luncheon or dinner wins this week's main prize of £5.

APPLE honey crunch, a light dessert that can be served hot or cold, and an unusual Italian sandwich for luncheon or Saturday night's tea win consolation prizes of £1 each.

All spoon measurements are level.

SAUSAGE AND POTATO WEDGES

One pound sausage meat, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mashed cooked potato, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon each of finely chopped parsley and onion, salt and pepper, 1 apple, 1 dessertspoon melted butter.

Divide sausage meat into two portions, one a little larger than the other. Roll large portion to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness on floured board. Grease a 7 in. sandwich-tin, coat sides and base with crumbs. Carefully lift sausage meat into tin, press into shape of tin. Beat egg, stir into mashed potato with milk, onion, and parsley. Season with salt and pepper, fill into meat-lined tin. Roll remaining portion of sausage meat to fit top of tin, place in position. Pinch edges together, glaze with milk, top with slices of peeled and cored apple. Brush apple with melted butter and cook in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 35 to 40 minutes. Serve in wedges garnished with tomato and parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Stagatich, 15 Ozene St., Alberton, S.A.

ITALIAN SANDWICH

One small green or red pepper, 1 small onion, 3 dessert-

spoons butter, 1 cup skinned, chopped tomatoes or tinned tomatoes, salt, pepper, 4 slices toast, 4 poached eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, grilled bacon rolls, parsley to garnish.

Wash green or red pepper, remove stem and seeds, dice finely. Place in saucepan with butter and chopped onion, cook slowly until lightly browned. Add tomato pulp, continue cooking until tomatoes are cooked and mixture has reduced a little. Season with salt and pepper, spread over toast slices. Place a poached egg on top of each, cover with grated cheese. Place under grill until cheese is melted. Serve piping hot with grilled bacon rolls and parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to M. Maclean, Ferres St., Wilston, Brisbane.

APPLE HONEY CRUNCH

Four large cooking apples, 6 cloves, juice of 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$

teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey.

Topping: Three tablespoons butter, 1 cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plain flour, 3 tablespoons honey, pinch salt, 1 cup salted peanuts or mixed nuts.

Peel, core, and thinly slice apples. Arrange in greased ovenproof dish, dot with cloves. Mix together honey, lemon juice, and cinnamon, pour over apples. Cover, bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 30 to 40 minutes until apples are tender. Prepare topping by creaming butter and brown sugar and adding remaining ingredients in order given. When well mixed, spread over cooked apples. Return to oven or place under moderate grill until topping melts and browns. Serve hot or cold with whipped sweetened cream or substitute or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Morris, 24 Thornleigh St., Thornleigh, N.S.W.

Refrigerator wrinkles

FOR best results from your refrigerator or ice-chest, remember these points:

- Bananas will spoil very quickly if placed in either ice-chest or refrigerator. Apples also need a little extra care. When over-chilled they lose a certain amount of flavor and gain quite tough skins in the process.
- Meat will be more tender if removed from refrigerator and restored to room temperature before cooking.
- The new plastic wrapping now available has many advantages. It is odorless, color-

less, and washable. Food wrapped in this thin film and stored in refrigerator or ice-chest remains fresh and moist for days, particularly salad ingredients and vegetables.

- Sweet and savory jellies lose flavor and become "leathery" in texture if over-chilled. Chill only until firm.
- Hot foods should never be placed in refrigerator or ice-chest until quite cool.
- Do not overcrowd the storage compartment. Leave room for ample circulation of air around dishes.



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"VANIX" is priced at 6/10 a bottle (boxed 7/6) from Italian's Pty. Ltd., 123 George St., Sydney, and all branches: Washington H. Soul, Pattinson & Co. Ltd. (all branches, Sydney and Newcastle), Myer Emporium, Melbourne and Adelaide, Swifts Pharmacy, 172 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 87 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Heats Ltd., Perth.

For informative folder, mention the paper and write to "VANIX," Box 38A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

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from Emporiums, Jewellers and Hardware Stores



Two versions of a popular fashion

● Both the French waistcoat and English jacket are easy to knit, and either version would be a smart addition to your wardrobe.

FRENCH WAISTCOAT

Materials: 8 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof crochet wool, shade No. 2189, rust (this is the only wool that should be used); 1 pair No. 10 needles; 4 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19½ in.; bust, 36 in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together. **Tension:** 7 sts., 1 in.; 9 rows, 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 125 sts. Work in twisted st-st. by knitting into the back of all k sts. for 1 in.

Next Row: K 62 sts. in twisted st-st., p 1, k 62 sts. in twisted st-st.

Next Row: P 62, k 1, p 62. Rep. these 2 rows, dec 4 sts. every 4th row as follows:

4th Row: P 2 tog., p 58, p 2 tog., k 1, p 2 tog., p 58, p 2 tog.

Cont. in this way until dec. to 93 sts. When work measures 5 in., inc. 4 sts. where dec. every 6th row until inc. to 125 sts. When work measures 13 in., shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armholes measure 7½ in., shape shoulders

by casting off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off. Make 1 in. hem along lower edge.

POCKETS (2)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 25 sts. Work in twisted st-st. for 4 in. (leave on a spare needle).

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 3 sts.

1st Row: K into back of sts. **2nd Row:** P twice into 1st st., p to end, cast on 10 sts.

Repeat 1st and 2nd rows until inc. to 58 sts.

Next Row: K into back of 29 sts., p 1, k into back of 28 sts.

Next Row: P twice into 1st st., p 27, k 1, p 29, cast on 10 sts.

Next Row: K into back of 39 sts., p 1, k into back of 29 sts.

Next Row: P twice into 1st st., p 26, p 2 tog., k 1, p 2 tog., p 35, p 2 tog.

Cont. to inc. 1 st. at centre front edge 9 more times and at the same time dec. 1 st. each side of the k st. and at side seam edge every 4th row (3 dec. in all) until dec. to 55 sts. When work measures 5 in., work as follows:

Next Row: K into back of 11 sts., leave next 25 sts. on a spare needle for pocket, k into back of 19 sts., cast on 7 sts. for facing.



FRENCH WAISTCOAT is shown at left, English jacket above. Knit and wear either as part of a smart business outfit or for golf and riding.

Next Row: P 26, work the 25 sts. of 1 pocket, p 11.

Cont. to keep centre st. of pocket in p and inc. 3 sts. (1 each side of centre st. and 1 at side seam edge) every 6th row until inc. to 86 sts. Now work across all sts. in st-st., working into back of all k sts. until side seam measures 13 in. Cast off 5 sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 7 sts. of facing, p 2 tog., p to end.

Cont. to dec. 1 st. at centre front edge every 2nd row and at the same time, k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. Cont. to dec. 1 st. at centre front, every 2nd row until dec. to 30 sts. When armhole measures 7½ in., shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with

left front, making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being ½ in. above 7 sts. cast on for facing and 3 more 2½ in. apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: K 1, cast off 3 sts., k 6, cast off 3 sts., work to end.

2nd Row: P to last 7 sts., cast on 3 sts., p 6, cast on 3 sts., p 1.

POCKET TOPS

Using No. 10 needles, work 25 sts. of pocket in twisted st-st. for 2 in. Cast off. Fold in half and stitch back on to wrong side of work.

REVERS

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 16 sts. Work in twisted st-st.

1st Row: K into back of sts.

2nd Row: P 2 tog., p to end, cast on 3 sts.

Repeat last 2 rows 5 more times. (28 sts.)

Next Row: K into back of sts.

Next Row: P 2 tog., p to last st., p twice into last st. Repeat the last 2 rows 19 more times.

Next Row: K into back of sts.

Next Row: P 2 tog., p to end. Rep. last 2 rows 3 times. (24 sts.) When work measures 7½ in., cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of every 2nd row 3 times. Work other revers to correspond, working each row from the end to the beg.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, stitch back facings on each front. Make 1 in. hem along lower edge of fronts and ½ in. hem around armholes and revers. Sew on revers, sew buttons on left front. Stitch pocket linings on to wrong side of work.

THE ENGLISH JACKET

THIS sleeveless knitted jacket is a useful addition to a blouse and skirt. It can also be worn under your winter suit or coat. It is simple to knit and the pattern is reversible, the two fronts being made alike.

Materials: 5oz. Patons "Beelive" 3-ply fingering wool (Patonised); one pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 5 buttons.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to lower edge of waistband, 16½ in.; width all round under arms when fastened, 31 in.; stretching to fit a 32-34 in. bust.

Tension: 7½ sts. in width and 10 rows in depth, 1 in.

BACK

Cast on 108 sts. on No. 10 needles and proceed in ptn.

1st and 2nd Rows: K 2, p 2 to end of row.

3rd and 4th Rows: P 2, k 2 to end of row. These 4 rows form the ptn. Rep. them for 7 in.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of needle on every row until 84 sts. rem. Cont. in ptn. without further shaping until armholes measure 7 in. in depth.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 1 st. at beg. of each of the next 6 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

FRONTS (Both Alike)

Cast on 56 sts. on No. 10 needles and work in ptn. for 7 rows. Inc. 1 st. at end of next row and every following 8th row 7 times (working the extra sts. into the ptn. as the work proceeds).

Continued on page 87



Don't endure ill health any longer

You CAN relieve the pain and suffering of these "acid-bloodstream" ailments and regain the joy of living.

Have you forgotten what it FEELS like to be really well? No matter how long you have suffered, no matter how many different medicines and treatments you have tried without success, good health may be right within your reach. Thousands of people have proved beyond all doubt that R.U.R., by treating the basic cause of their sickness, has put them on the road to splendid health again.

IT COSTS SO LITTLE to try this remarkable treatment—and yet it can mean so much to you. Read what R.U.R. has done for others, and then resolve to try it yourself. After just a few doses you will begin to feel better and, within three or four weeks, you will forget you were ever ill. That is the experience of people in all walks of life. Prove it—at our expense.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. So confident are the makers of R.U.R. that they promise your money back if you fail to feel better after a month's treatment!

HOW DOES R.U.R. WORK? You may find it incredible that one formula can bring relief to SO MANY DIFFERENT ILLNESSES, but it is perfectly true. The reason is that all these complaints have one basic cause—"acid bloodstream." R.U.R. corrects this condition; restores the bloodstream to its normal alkaline condition. In addition, it contains a liver stimulant, blood tonic and kidney cleanser. By allowing these vital organs to function correctly, your body is able to fight infection, build up resistance to illness.

LUMBAGO

"I feel it is nothing short of my duty to tell you of the wonderful results I have had from your medicine. Your month's treatment certainly helped me, and I only wish I was in a position to let every lumbago sufferer know of the marvellous effect of R.U.R. in my case."—(Sgd.) D. M. Clarke, 290 George St., Sydney.

OUT OF SORTS, KIDNEY AND LIVER

"Some time ago I could feel my body burning third and, when awakening in the morning, I had that dull feeling and was rather depressed. I took R.U.R. faithfully for a fortnight. Since then I have taken two doses a week and feel a different man."—(Sgd.) Ronald Mudge, 12 Chesham St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

RHEUMATISM AND SCIATICA

"About 15 years ago I took ill with rheumatism and sciatica and for twelve years I was practically confined to my bed. After taking a couple of bottles of R.U.R. I commenced to get better. Now I can ride all day on my property and drive a car."—(Sgd.) T. J. Hartman, Lewis Ponds, Orange, N.S.W.

THE IMPORTANCE OF REGULARITY

Nature places much importance on the elimination of waste matter from the system through the elimination of the kidneys. The principal ones being the kidneys and the bladder. These two eliminating organs respond quickly to the benefits of R.U.R. as you will agree after reading the letter published here, from Mr. Walter, 2 Wilson St., Harold, New East, Wollongong, N.Z.



"For a long time I suffered with constipation, together with a dull headache more or less all the time. I used also to get stabbing pains in my knees and different joints in my body, and there became so painful I decided to try your R.U.R. remedy, and although I haven't finished my first bottle, I have completely lost all signs of pain. Instead of being in the morning with a heavy head and dull spirits, I am beginning to jump out, feeling it is really good to be alive. Each dose seems to give me a more and more pleasant feeling and I am much more alert than I was. With all these and pain gone, thanks to R.U.R., I am beginning to enjoy life again."



Bus driver's incredible escape!

Sufferers from lumbago, sciatica, rheumatism, or similar complaints, can gain new heart from this remarkable experience of a young bus driver. Mr. Walter's own words state: "I was doubled up, and could hardly walk, and sleep was out of the question. I could not bear to lie in bed and many times I would fall to the floor and writhle in pain. After the first packet of R.U.R. I began to get relief, and could at last stand up straight, and sleep returned to me. I then took a course, and am honestly very happy to say I am back at work again, and run errands in the garden. I now take R.U.R. twice a week and am feeling my old self again."—(Sgd.) Geo. V. Walters, 104 Queen's Road, Five Dock, N.S.W.



READY-MIXED PACKAGES

The ORIGINAL dosage form of R.U.R. The health-giving medicaments in a dry form are simply added to a tumbler of water according to directions. R.U.R. contains no harmful drugs, does not affect the heart, and can safely be taken by young and old alike. 4/6.



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FOOD COOKING



All the convenience of a gas or electric stove! The Aladdin pressure-kerosene elevated oven has 5 burners, adjustable to any heat required. Ideal for pressure cooking. Oven cooks to perfection. Simple and safe to operate.



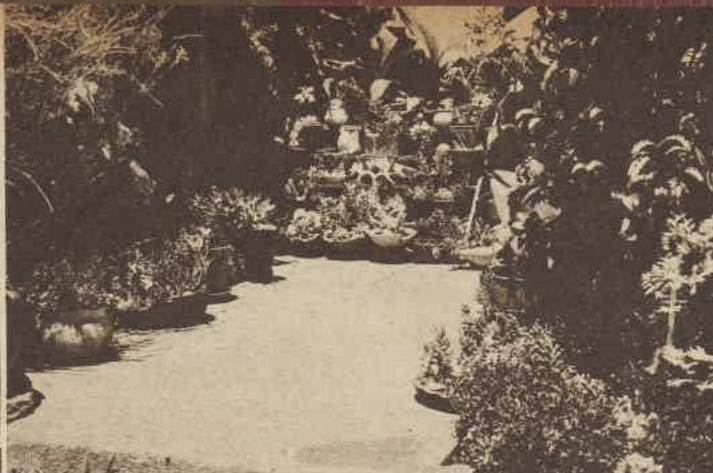
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EXTENSIVE COLLECTION of cacti and succulents growing in pots and large shells in the garden of Mrs. F. C. Whittaker, of Grafton, N.S.W.

Prize for all-round gardener

● Winner of the £2/2/- garden prize this week is
Mrs. F. C. Whittaker, of Somerset, 174 Bacon St.,
West Lawn, Grafton, N.S.W.

MRS. WHITTAKER has a beautiful garden consisting of all sorts of shrubs, trees, perennials, annuals, and biennials, and a large collection of cacti and succulents growing in shells, quaint pots, and other containers.

Mrs. Whittaker also has a large rose garden containing about 150 varieties.

She does not employ labor and does not grow flowers for sale. Flower production has been her hobby for a number of years.

Mrs. Whittaker was the most successful exhibitor at the 1948 Grafton Flower Show and last year won a local garden competition.

Mrs. Whittaker has been highly successful as an exhibition gardener because she:

- Watches the seasons closely and never puts off until tomorrow what should be done today.
- Makes use of low-growing border plants, such as alternanthera, gazania, and phlox nana compacta, which give masses of color without requiring much attention.
- Trims her lawns regularly and never lets them go too far without mowing. In this way they are kept green most of the year.

Each week we award a cash prize of £2/2/- to the reader

who sends in the best snapshot of a home garden with a 200-word description of the work done on it.

Black-and-white snapshots should be printed on glossy paper.

A special cash prize of £5 will be paid for color pictures used. Only transparencies will

be accepted for snapshots in color. Negatives and transparencies will be returned if stamped addressed envelopes accompany entries.

Stories and pictures should be forwarded to the "Home Gardener," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

How to make compost

A COMPOST heap is a necessity in every garden whether the soil is sand, loam, or clay. Here are directions for making one, given by our Home Gardener.

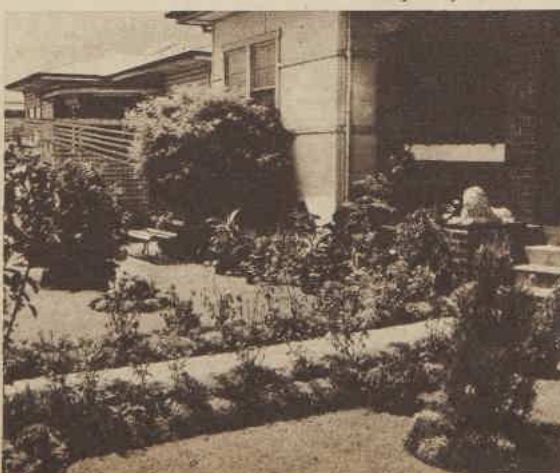
Compost is merely the result of heaping manure, dead leaves, spent plants, vegetable tops, or vegetable matter of any kind for some months until it has fermented and decayed thoroughly. It is one of the most valuable of all manures, as it supplies both humus and plant food elements in safe, convenient form.

Compost is usually made by putting down a basic layer four to six inches deep of old turf (inverted), chopped maize or dahlia stems, or other coarse material, and then placing whatever vegetable matter is available in well-defined layers 4in. to 5in. thick on top. Each layer should be given a light scattering of fresh poultry, horse, cow, sheep, or pig manure to assist decomposition.

Commercial fertilisers can

be used instead of other manures but are not preferred. Five pounds of complete fertiliser may be added to each 100lb. of material in the heap. Lime can be used alone at the rate of 5lb. to every 100lb. of green material, and then a light sprinkling of superphosphate and nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia may be given to each layer. The lot should then be given several inches of soil. Leave the top hollow and wet occasionally with the hose, but do not allow the heap to become drenched. During a wet season keep the heap covered over by an old tarpaulin or sheets of iron, or build a light shed over it.

Every three or four weeks turn the heap over with the fork, putting the outside inside and the inside outside. Moistened slightly each time the compost is turned to assure even decomposition. When the material has lost its strong smell and has an odor rather resembling tobacco, it is fit and safe to use for potting, as a mulch for flowers and vegetables, or for building up the humus quantity of the soil.



WELL-TENDED front garden of Mrs. F. C. Whittaker, of Grafton, this week's winner of the two-guinea cash prize for the best garden picture and story submitted. It is a model of tidiness and full of color and charm.



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CHASES DIRT



THIS 3-PIECE OUTFIT for little girls and the twin set specially chosen for the well-groomed matron of to-day are included in the 1951 Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book For Adults And Children. More than 50 designs are presented in color and rotogravure in this book, which is now on sale at all newsagents and bookstalls for 2/-.

The English Jacket

CONTINUE in ptn. without further inc. until front measures 7in. from the cast-on edge, finishing at shaped edge.

Shape Armhole and begin Front Slope: Cast off 6 sts. for armhole, ptn. to last 2 sts., work 2 tog. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on the next 10 rows, at the same time dec. 1 st. at front edge on every following 3rd row until 24 sts. rem. Cont. ptn. without further dec. until armhole measures 7 1/2 in. in depth.

Shape Shoulder: * Cast off 8 sts. from armhole end, work to front and back again. Rep. from * once more. Cast off rem. 8 sts.

WAISTBAND

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 1 st. K twice into this st. (3 sts.). Now working in k 1, p 1 ribbing, inc. 1 st. at each end of needle on every row (keeping the rib correct) until there are 26 sts.

Next Row: Make a buttonhole thus: Rib 11, cast off 4, rib 11.

Following row: Rib 11, cast on 4, rib 11. Cont. in rib, working into the backs of the 4 cast-on sts. on next row only, for 3in. Make another buttonhole as before on the next 2 rows. Cont. in rib until band measures 31in. from beg. Cast off.

BUTTONHOLE BAND

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 14 sts. * Work 18 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Make a buttonhole on the next 2 rows as follows: Rib 5, cast off 4, rib 5.

Continued from page 84

Following Row: Rib 5, cast on 4, rib 5. Rep. from * twice more. Cont. in rib until band measures about 31 1/2 in. Do not cast off until band has been tacked to fronts. Do this carefully, easing fronts to the band and slightly stretching band. Then oversew on wrong side and flatten seam with tip of thimble.

Cast on 160 sts. for each armhole band. Work 10 rows in k 1, p 1 ribbing, dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row. Cast off, working in ribbing.

TO COMPLETE JACKET

Lightly press work, except ribbing, on one side only. Join shoulders and underarm seams, and press. Oversew buttonhole band to fronts — the buttonholes to the right front. Then pin armhole bands to armholes, the widest edge to the armhole, and oversew on wrong side.

Oversew buttonholes to make them taut.

Now pin waistband to lower edge of jacket, the straight end to the left front, which should project 2in. from the edge of buttonhole band, and the buttonhole end projecting 1 1/2 in. from the edge of the right front.

Slightly ease the fronts to the band so as to make the waistband fit nicely. Then oversew all round on the wrong side and lightly press the seam. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

Watch pre-natal weight

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE gain in weight during the early months of pregnancy may be very slight, especially if you are below your usual average weight. But there is a normal gain of up to one-and-a-half stone during pregnancy.

Your doctor, however, keeps a check on your weight and on the size of the developing baby. If you are putting on too much weight he will adjust your diet.

He will advise you to cut down on sweet and starchy foods.

Your doctor may restrict the amount of salt in your diet, and cut your fluid intake.

On no account try any method of weight control during this important period except under your doctor's orders.

If the protective and tissue-building foods are restricted, your own nutrition and that of your coming baby may be seriously impaired.

This problem of weight control and other essentials for a healthy pre-natal period are discussed in a special leaflet. This can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.



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